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NUMBER 1.

July, 1895.

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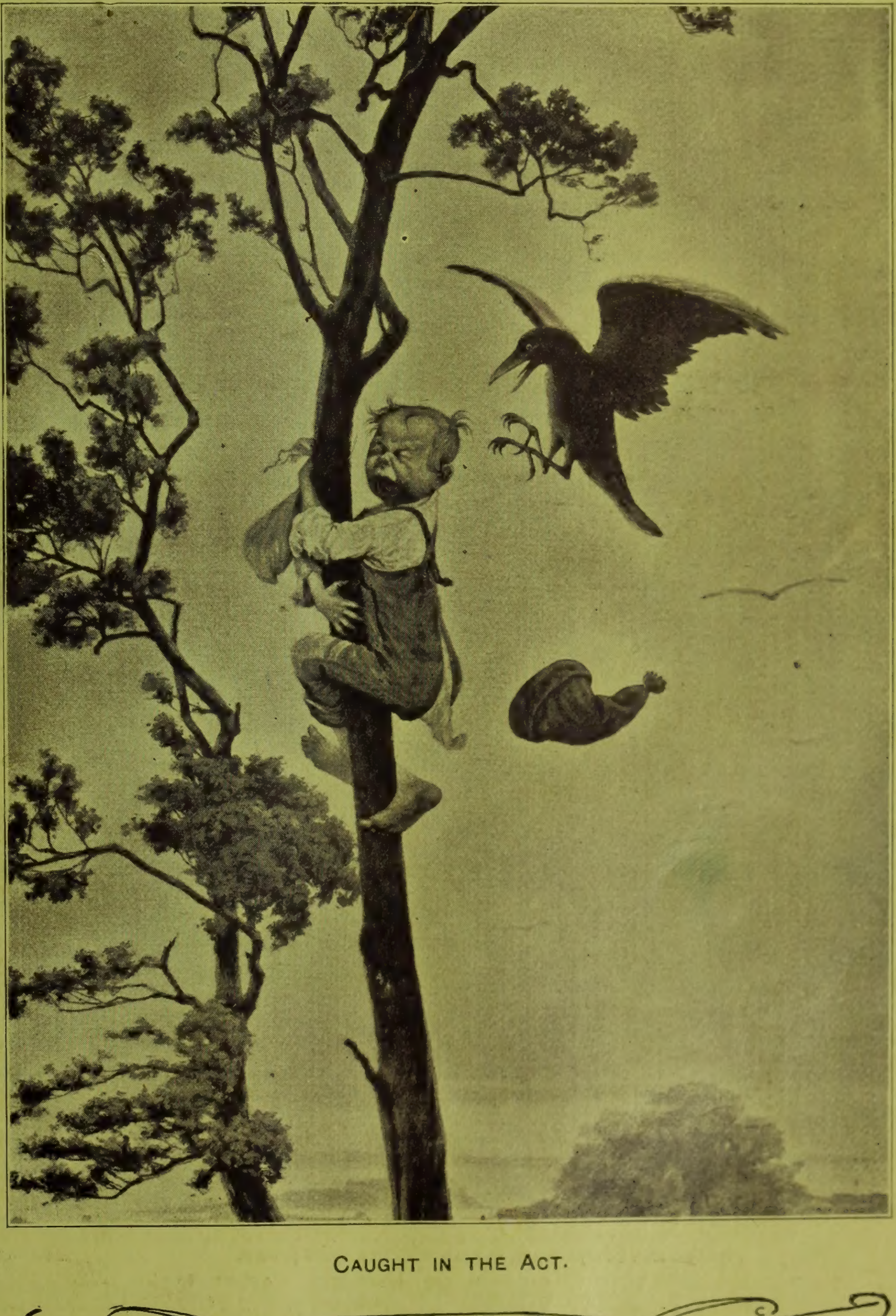

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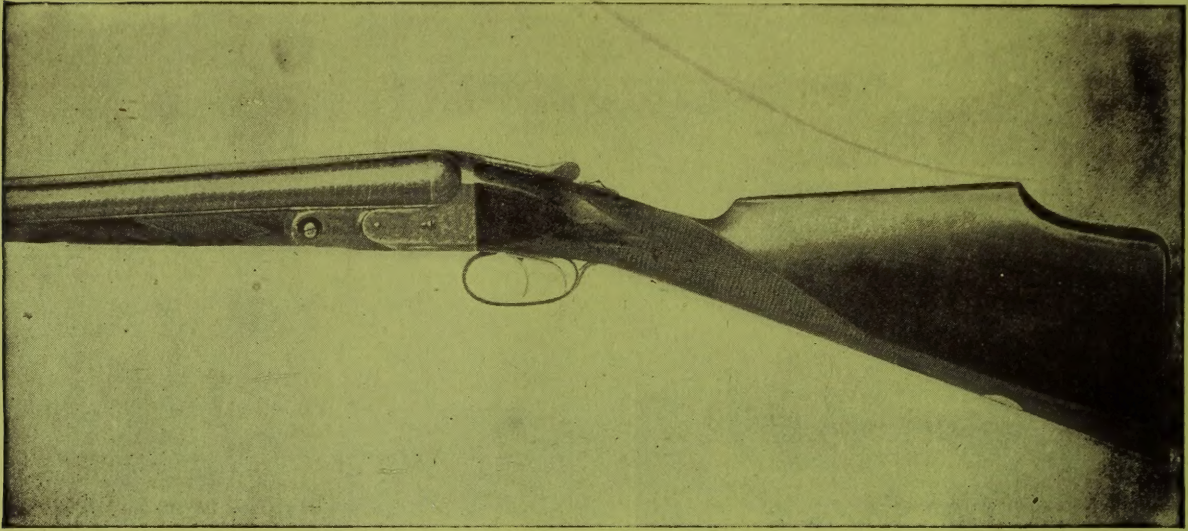

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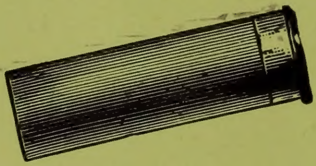

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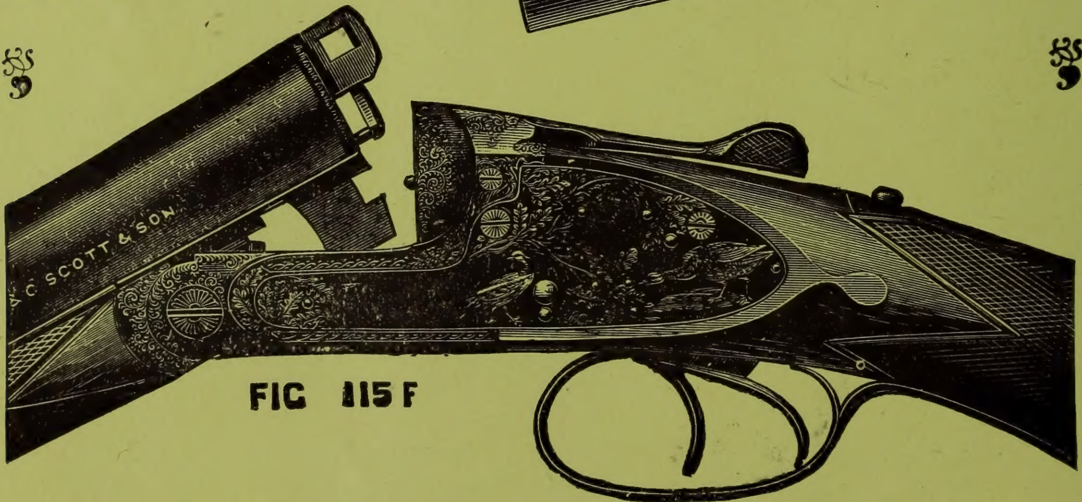

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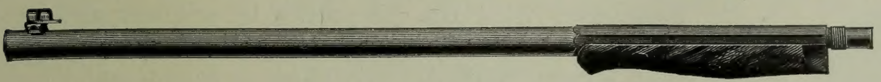

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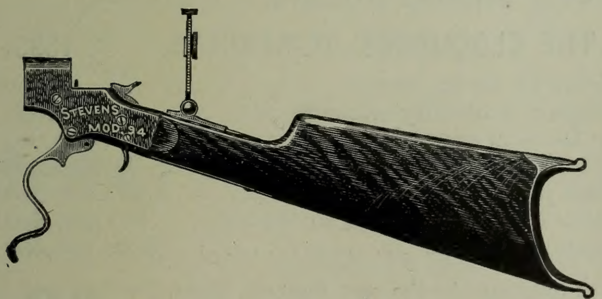

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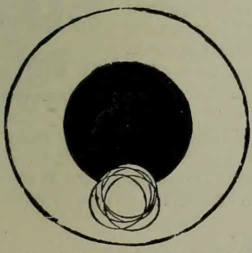

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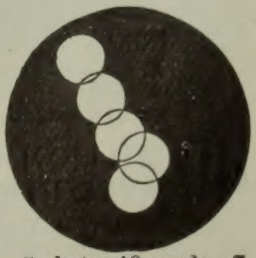

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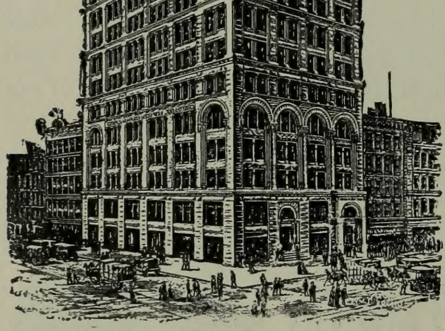

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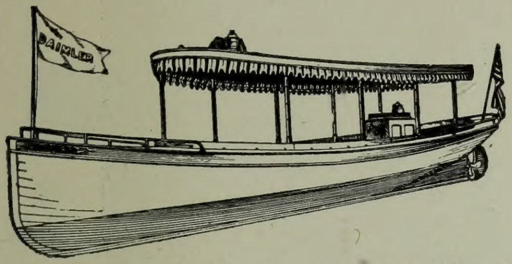

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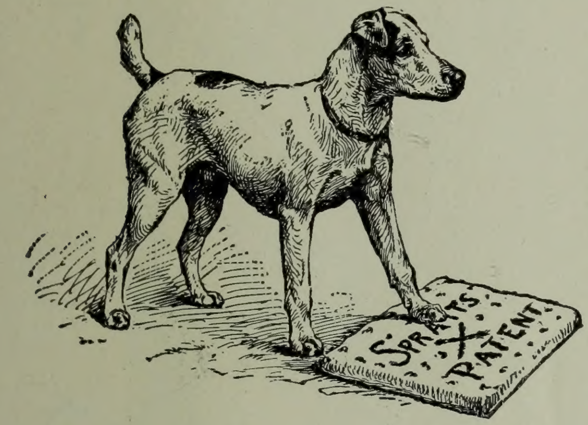

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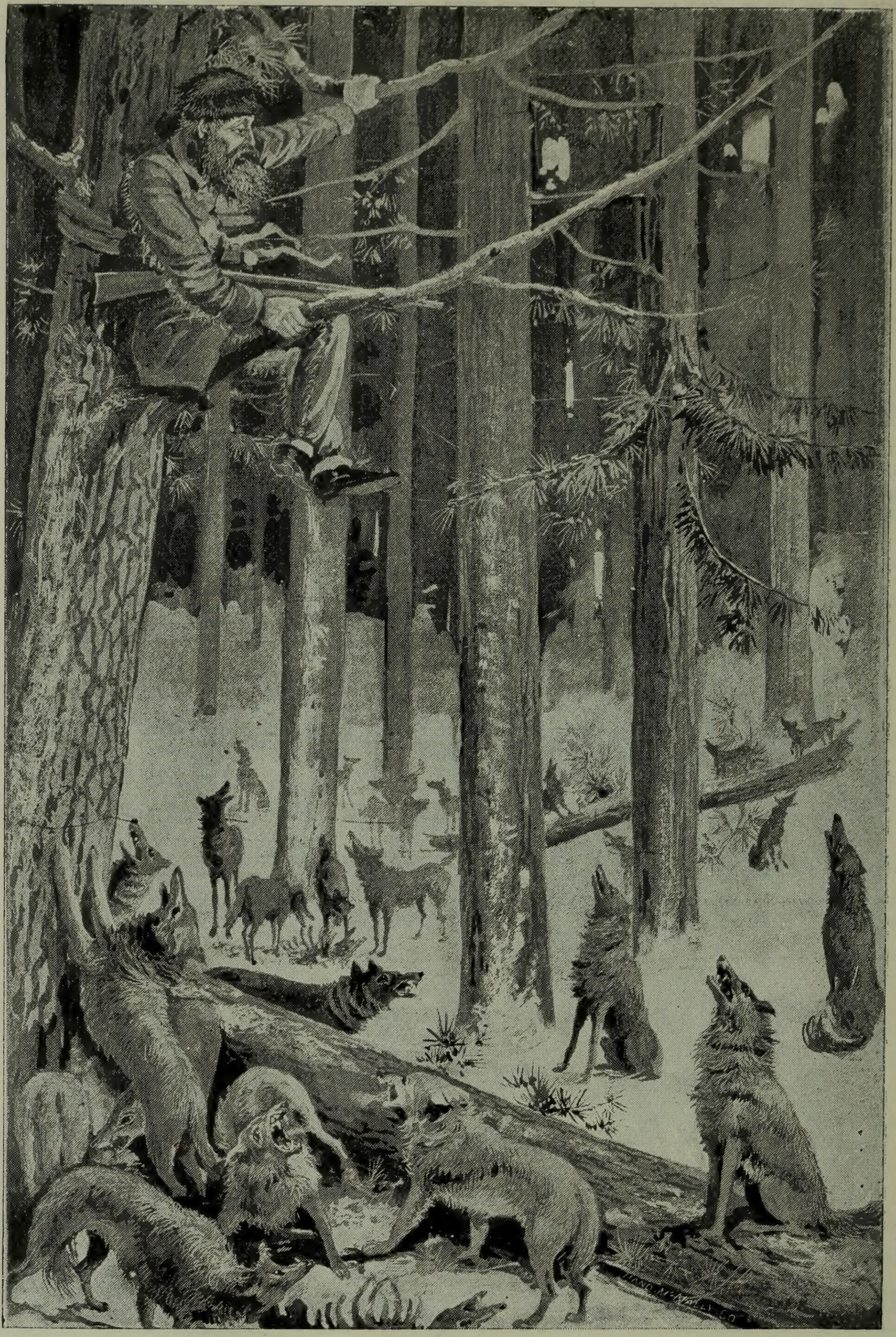

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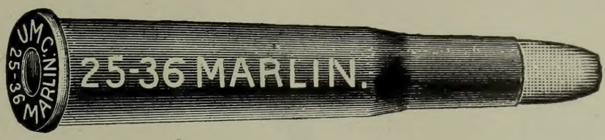
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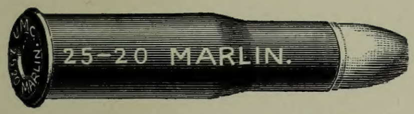
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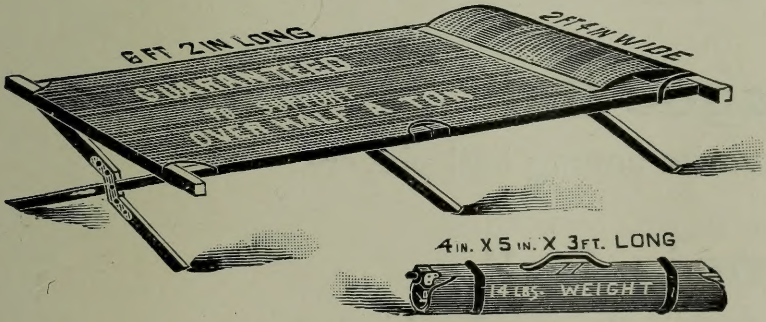
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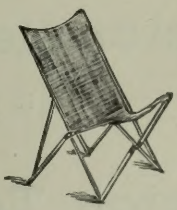

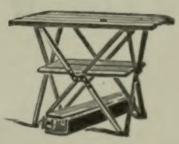

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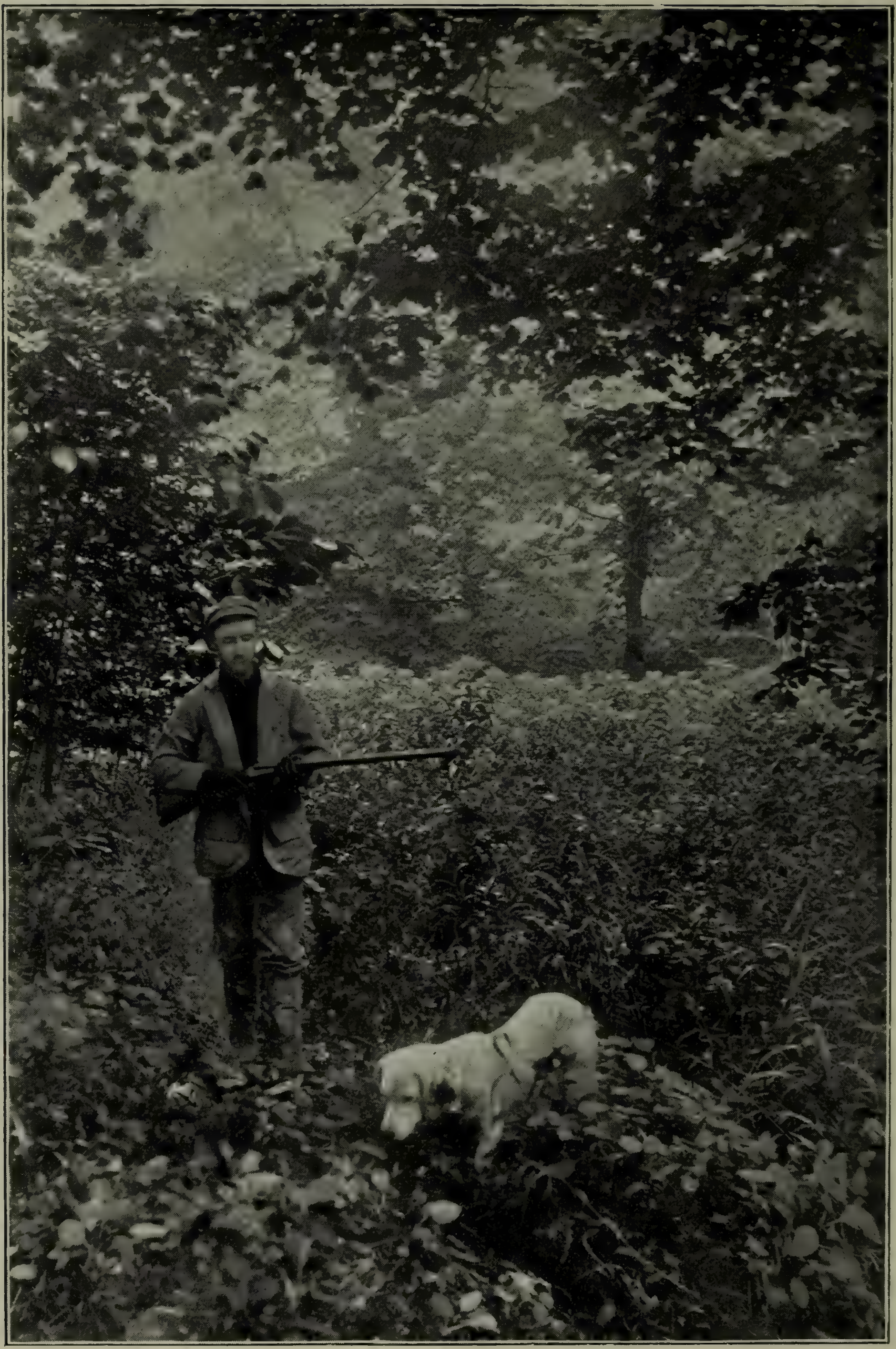

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—"STEADY."

Amateur Photo. by E. P. Robinson, Sidney, O.

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VOLUME III. JULY, 1895. NUMBER 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

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WOODCOCK ON THE ISLANDS.

F. W. G. JOHNSON.

THE first of September was at hand, and the Colonel and myself had decided to devote it to the woodcock.

The Colonel's portable shooting cabin was already set up on an island some four miles from our shooting ground (which was itself a large island)—the meeting place settled on being about six miles from the town where I was then living.

Five o'clock on the appointed morning found us in the kitchen, satisfying the inner man. Thirty minutes later I was at the boat house trying to awaken the man who kept the key of the shed where oars and sails were stored. At last the skiff was pushed off into the sluggish current of the Richelieu river, the sail hoisted, and with a hearty "*bon voyage*" from the boatman, I was off on my first shooting trip of that season.

It was was only a few hundred yards to the broad St. Lawrence and we were soon gliding quietly on its bosom, steering to get the benefit of the current.

A large ocean steamer rounded the bend, a mile above, and, leaning lazily against the weather coaming I lit my pipe and watched the wall of white water thrown from her bows, speculating as to where she would pass me.

Suddenly a puff of wind from the southwest heeled us gently over. Another and another, till the white caps covered the erstwhile placid surface of the river, and the uneasy movements of the gentle-eyed setter warned me it was time to reef, if I didn't want a sick companion.

Hardly was sail shortened, and the skiff squared away again on her course, ere the mighty steamer passed 200 yards away, her bow wave catching us and tossing us on its crest a few moments later.

It did not take long to cover the six miles. Just as the steamer's masts disappeared behind the tall trees on Isle à la Pierre, we reached the meeting place, and I let go the sheet with a run as the keel grated on the sandy beach.

The Colonel's skiff could just be discerned coming out of the Chenal du Moine, a mile away. He had had a heavy pull against wind and current, but in spite of his 60 years, he has the muscles of a caribou, and before we could count a hundred he was abreast of us and heading for a small opening in the reeds surrounding the island. I joined him and men and dogs exchanged greetings.

We entered the cover at once—big trees, with heavy undergrowth of tall ferns and nettles. An occasional hidden stump caught us on the shins, but we can express ourselves fluently in two languages, so that our feelings were quickly relieved. Neither dog could be seen under the great ferns, but we did not let them range far, and could easily keep track of them by the waving of the undergrowth.

It was not long before the Colonel's 10 gauge spake, 50 yards to the left. I could not see him, but confidently made my way in his direction, to get a feather from the first woodcock of the season, wherewith to adorn my cap. Nor was I disappointed. We admired the beautiful plumage, and, as we looked upon the rapidly glazing eye, moralized on man's inhumanity to the smaller animals. Nevertheless, our hearts were soon hardened again and we were off. Our dogs were out of sight in a moment, but we knew they would carefully cover every foot of ground.

Surely those bushes to the right must be a favorite hiding place! The ground is clearer than usual in front of them,

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—"THE SHOT."

Amateur Photo. by E. P. Robinson, Sidney, O.

WOODCOCK SHOOTING.—" GOOD DOG."

Amateur Photo. by E. P. Robinson, Sidney, O.

enabling me to see the little setter, eagerly working her way alone. She enters the bushes, hesitates a moment, moves a few yards further, and stiffens out. One moment of delightful anticipation and I flush the bird, which darts out with the old familiar whistle, and I drop him just as he tops the bushes.

Into the game pocket he goes; the faithful little dog is duly praised, and on we go again. It is hard work, this forcing one's way through the ferns and bushes, and no ordinary wind can get in here to cool us off. At length we reach the other side of the woods, and lighting our pipes, take a well earned rest on a convenient stump. Nearly two hours hard work, and only two birds—not very promising so far—but at it we go again.

I strike into a soft swampy piece of ground, and have hard work to get across it, notwithstanding my hip boots. The Colonel is far ahead of me. Soon his gun wakes the silent forest once more and the faint "halloo" which follows announces the success of his shot. Working over toward him I get a snap shot at a bird which flushes wild, and miss him clean. He alights not far away, and the dog locates him without difficulty. I get him this time with the first barrel—missing with the second another cock which flushes from behind an adjoining bush. By this time we are nearing the Colonel, who, marking down the bird, walks him up and shoots him.

After an hour's adjournment to the boats for lunch and pipes, we take another turn through the woods, getting a couple more birds; then, although it is yet early, we remember that there is a six mile beat against the wind and current for one of us, so with many good wishes and promises to meet again, at an early date, each boards his little craft, and our first shoot of the season is as a sweet dream.

SALMO FONTINALIS.

A. O. Pritchard.

ON the high-lands of Pictou and Guysboro' counties, Province of Nova Scotia, there are many lakes, the surplus water from which finds its way into the Straits of Northumberland, on the one side of the province, and into the Atlantic Ocean on the other. In times past these lakes abounded with trout, but of late years the development of the mineral resources of this province, lying close to the lakes, has injured the fishing. The irrepressible miner (in spite of fishery laws) with his torch and spear, his trawl, his net and, above all, his dynamite cartridge, is doing his work of destruction. In spite of all these destructive agencies the deciple of Walton can still find grand sport by penetrating the heart of the forest. The trout found in all these lakes belong to the species *Salmo Fontinalis*. So far as I know the largest yet caught did not exceed six pounds in weight. They vary in size according to the nature and quality of the food the lake produces. They are of a dark color, and are beautifully marked, but when taken from the water the color soon fades. They have been introduced into the lakes of the Highlands of Scotland, where they seem to thrive better than in this country, for they have been caught there up to seven pounds. It has been conceded by connoisseurs that in form, color, flavor and "fight" there are no trout to compare with them in the British Isles.

In the month of July, 188–, I hired a wagon, and in company with a friend, drove from ———, in Pictou county to Caledonia in Guysboro' county, a distance of about 20 miles. It was nearly dark when we arrived at our stopping place. We hired a man to pilot us to a lake about three miles from the settlement, and shouldering our load of provisions, entered the forest under the light of a beautiful moon, and in about two hours time found ourselves on the shores of Round lake. The heat was oppressive, and as the night was unusually calm, the water of the lake warm, the sky cloudless, I concluded our prospect of success on the morrow was slim. Then the raft was not visible, but had been carried off by the wind to some other part of the lake. I ordered the hired man, John, to go in search of it before daylight. With my plans for the morning thus settled, I rolled myself in my blanket and fell asleep. I was awake at the first glimmering of dawn. I gazed on my friend by the light of the camp fire (who, for obvious reasons, I will designate Snooks) who was snugly ensconced under his blanket. He was evidently in the seventh heaven of sublunary bliss; with his mouth wide open, "driving the pigs home" in fine style, while the mosquitoes were holding carnival about his nose and eyes. The smile on his countenance was celestial. So blissful, so peaceful were his slumbers that I had some compunction about disturbing him. I called him, but without effect. I poked him with my rod, when, after some incoherent remarks about the windows being open, and a big fight with the mosquitoes, he inquired what I meant by going fishing in the middle of the night; so without further parley I picked up my rod, and wended my way through the dark glades in the direction of that part of the lake where I had been informed the trout were likely to be found, as there was a small stream of cool water coming in from that quarter. Now every experienced angler knows that in sultry weather, when the air is balmy and still, and the water is above the temperature favorable for fishing, his only chance of success is just about daybreak, when the trout are waiting for the flies to come down on the water. After considerable difficulty in finding my way through the bush, I at last arrived at the destined spot. I took from my hat a favorite cast, made up of Orvis flies. The Brown Hackle, the Royal Coachman, and the most killing of all, in these waters, the Montreal for tail fly. My gear being properly adjusted I waded as far as I could into the lake and made my first cast. It was still dark. Not a breath of air stirred the calm surface, not a

CAMP ON ROUND LAKE.

fish rose to break the monotony and inspire me with hope. I made several casts, in a desultory manner, and at last felt a tug at my line. For a moment I thought my flies had struck a snag; but that notion was dissipated by the sudden whirr of my reel. The fly had been taken under the water, from which I inferred I had no mean adversary to contend with; and that, under such unfavorable circumstances, it would require more than ordinary strategy and maneuvering to land him: especially as my cast was a fine one. The fish made several desperate spurts and once rose to the surface, made a loud splash and went down again. It was his last desperate effort. Just then I heard a voice from the bush saying, "You have got a big un there!" It proceeded from John, who was looking for the raft. It only then occurred to me that I had left the landing net at the camp; so I dispatched John with all speed for it. In the meantime I reeled up my trout, and getting my fingers under his gills, dropped him into my creel. He weighed, on the following day, over three pounds and might be considered a fine sample of the Salmo fontinalis indigenous to these waters. During the interval occupied by John in bringing the net, I caught four fine fish and only lost one. They varied in weight from one to three pounds.

It was now broad daylight when I sat down on a stone, lit my pipe and, as Pat says, had a little conversation with myself. I cannot say I regretted the absence of my friend Snooks, much as I valued his friendship and the wonderful versatility of his conversational powers. I do not want a loquacious companion when I am fishing. I can dispense with the voice of the charmer then, "let him charm ever so wisely."

While I was enjoying my pipe, I turned my eyes in an easterly direction and there I espied my verdant friend Snooks up to his waist in the lake, whipping away at the water as though he were threshing out grain on a barn floor. I was just in the act of rising for another cast when I heard a loud splash, and turning, saw Snooks with his little bamboo half doubled, hauling away at a fine trout which he had brought to the surface. How in the name of fate his cast stood the strain I cannot say. It was almost a miracle. I shouted with all the force of my lungs,

"Give him the line!"

He, in return, hallooed, or rather groaned.

"Bring me the net!"

I answered his demand with all the speed I could muster. Now Snooks was standing on a large submerged stone, which was covered with a slimy substance peculiar to this lake. To retain your footing in such a position requires great care, otherwise your equilibrium may be jeopardized. Snooks in the excitement of the moment was making some grotesque movements of his body, and as John afterward suggested, "was dancing a hornpipe like a injun rubber man." I called out, as I approached the scene:

"Look out! You'll get in," but in vain. He was deaf to all counsel. I felt that unless some special providence intervened on his behalf he would come to grief. My suspense was of brief duration. He slid ungracefully from his perch into the water and for a moment was lost to view. Then he bobbed up, and in his efforts to recover his position, performed some feats worthy of a submarine acrobat.

At last he stood on his feet with his head and shoulders out of the water. Through all his struggles he retained his hold of his rod. Now, when a man meets with a mishap, under the circumstances I have described, through his own indiscretion, in the ordinary course of nature some one or something has to be blamed. Human nature finds a solace in venting its superfluous spleen on some irresponsible object, animate or inanimate. The stone from which Snooks had so suddenly disappeared was duly anathematized in terms which I regret to say were not in harmony with his Sunday school training. Then he poured forth his maledictions on my unoffending head, for not, as he contended, being sharper.

"Now," said he, "through your loitering, I have lost the finest fish in the lake. I swear it weighed seven pounds if it weighed an ounce."

He might have prolonged this strain to an indefinite period, but suddenly a splash was heard, about ten feet from where he stood, and, incredible as it may seem, his trout was still on the line.

SCENE ON ROUND LAKE.

He soon reeled it in. Wading out in the water as far as I could and watching my opportunity I slipped the net under it and brought it to shore. I need not say that Snooks was a new man. His first impulse was to pull out his flask and

> "Drink a sweet draught to moisten
> his clay."

His next was to give three cheers for himself. Under the influence of the draught, he waxed eloquent. His trout was a five pounder, he had no doubt. He dilated upon his own merits as a fisherman.

"Did you observe," said he, "the artistic manner in which I made that throw? It was worthy of Sir Isaac Newton"

"Isaak Walton, you mean," I said.

"No, it was Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of fishermen. Why," he continued, "my flies fell so gracefully on the water that no fish could resist the temptation. It was all done, sir," said he, in a subdued and confidential tone, "by a scientific twist of the wrist."

After this oration he drew again from his bottle and commenced his fishing anew. I say it with pain, and it is painfully true, that it is galling to the vanity of an experienced angler to find some greenhorn in fishing, like this Snooks, by mere accidental circumstances "taking the cake." I must confess that I looked upon his superb catch with a jaundiced eye; and for a moment "a Cain-like feeling" took possession of me. Here was the greenest of greenhorns, who had never caught a trout in his life, before, in possession of a prize that I would have given five dollars to have captured. I tried hard to repress this feeling, and calmly reminded my friend that hooking a trout was one thing and landing it was another. Then I returned to my station.

As there were some clouds in the sky, the fish began to rise in earnest; and I was soon busy hauling them in. This fact was soon discovered by Snooks who changed his base of operations and came plunging like a hippopotamus into the water, too near to me to be agreeable. Twice he succeeded in crossing my line, and getting his flies entangled with mine. Another time with "a scientific twist" he managed to fasten his line in the boughs of a tall spruce tree in his rear.

The sun was now up and so were the mosquitoes, the sand flies, the midges, the black flies and every species of the winged creation that prey upon man. They literally enveloped us in clouds. They made Snooks the special object of their attention, while he was engaged up in the tree, in the delightful operation of disengaging his flies from a bough. I was glad when I saw John coming with the raft. I found I had caught, between dawn and sunrise, thirteen trout, the smallest of which weighed nearly a pound. They more than filled an ordinary trout creel. Snooks caught seven, including the big one referred to, which on the following day weighed three and three-quarter pounds. He always afterwards claimed it weighed five pounds, and has made this assertion so frequently that he now believes it himself.

I wish I had the graphic pen of Warner, or Prime, or Christopher North, to portray in enduring characters all the scenes which are so endeared to me, and the undying memories of the events of long ago, which it has been my lot to witness on the lakes I have referred to.

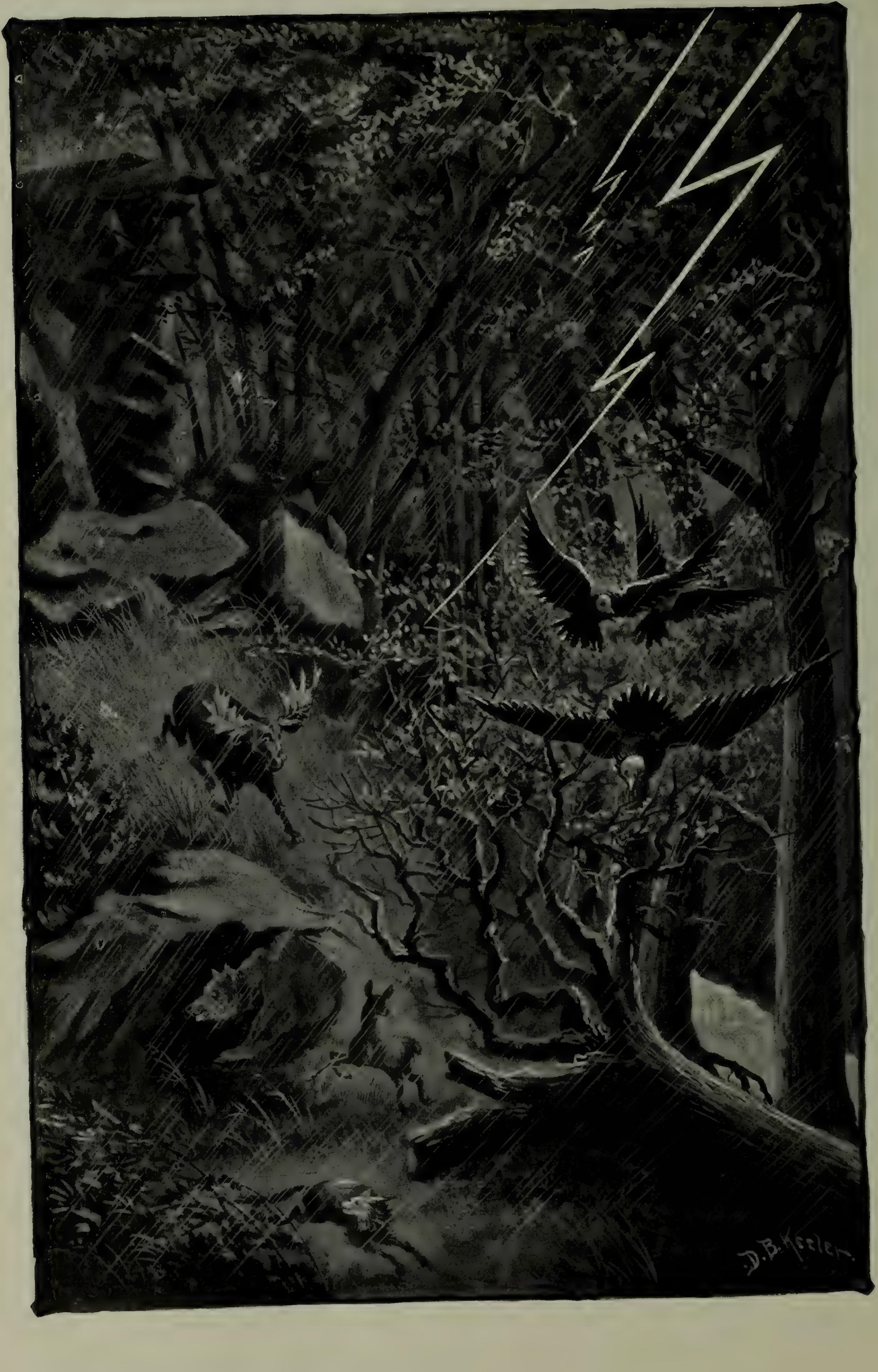
Man's short tenure of life is a mysterious combination of sunshine and shadow. I have had my experience of both. The intervals of the one were sweet and ephemeral, the others have fallen on my path in every phase of life; but if there has been one gleam of sun shine brighter than another,

> "One solace in this melancholy vale,"

that has filled my ideal of earthly happiness, it has visited me after a good day's fishing as I lay before the camp fire, in the depths of the virgin forest, with the majesty of solitude brooding over all. To me there is more solid enjoyment in landing a fine trout or salmon than can be realized in all the flowery glades of this mundane sphere. And further the happy experiences of an angler's career do not fade like the flower, or die like the fish in the creel; they leave an indelible impression in the heart. They come to him in the visions of the night. They are with him in the calm shelter of his peaceful home,

> "When all his active powers are still;"

and as age creeps upon him, and the sear and yellow leaves are scattered around him, he is borne in fancy and grateful remembrance "beside the still waters," amid the scenes of his earlier days.


D. B. Keeler.

A Mountain Storm

FRANCIS P. OWINGS.

In weird dun light, gleamed the glowering signs,
On the horizon's edge in shadowy lines,
And the swaying tops of quivering pines,
Precede the rising gale :
Instinctive dread of the coming foe,
Scared mountain birds come flying low ;
Wild beasts shelter with the timid doe,
On the mountain trail.

By fitful winds, storm swept and tossed,
Loosened rubbish its pathway crossed,
Subdued as strength was shorn and lost
'Gainst some granite cliff ;
Then shrieking past o'er the darkening crest,
Wrenching mighty trees with wrathful zest,
The sheeted rain poured from the west,
Where black clouds drift.

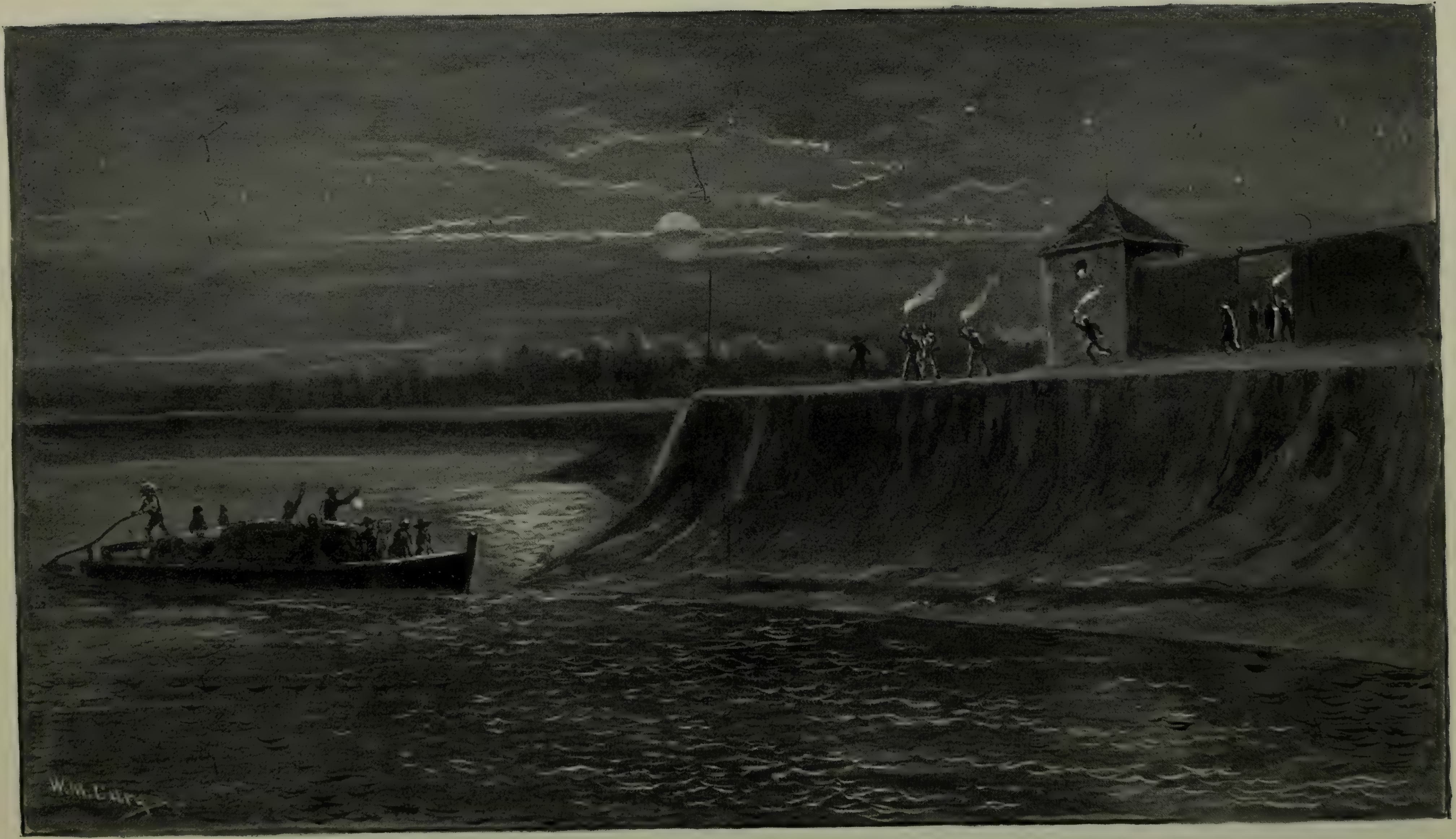
Up echoing flume—the thundering boom
Of Heaven's artillery pierced the gloom,
And swollen brooks splash and foam
Down the wild cascade.
With howl and moan and crashing roar,
Through gulch and glen the thunder bore,
And trembling ash and sycamore
Tossed and swayed.

The crashing shocks—shook the riven rocks,
Uprooted pines delved in deep lochs,
Waters rushed and gushed o'er granite blocks
In chaotic mêlée.
Up through gloomy gorge and ravine haunt,
O'er crag and spur and boulders gaunt,
Thunders echoed in noisy taunt,
A hoarse melody.

Then with angry dash and lurid flash,
The canyons echo the distant crash
Of splintered crags as they ringing clash,
And burst asunder ;
And the shrieking voice of a shivered oak,
Falling crushed 'neath the lightning's stroke,
Mingled loud—as the tempest broke,
With pealing thunder.

On rugged crests—the lightning lagged,
Like fiery tongues from Hades dragged,
Next instant sped as forks zigzagged
From crest to gorge.
Death lay concealed with talons wreathed,
Sublime—in the dread vengeance breathed,
As Azrael's flaming sword unsheathed,
From a demon's forge.

Low in gloomy lair—crouched the grizzly bear,
Wolves shrink in awe from dazzling glare
Of lightning bolt and thunder's blare,
Of the tempest's wrath.
Deluge of sheeted rain—midst destruction grim,
Débris of splintered trees—and dismembered limb,
And waste of waters o'er canyon's brim,
Was the aftermath.



OLD FORT UNION, ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

CROSSING THE ROCKIES IN '61.

Maj. W. H. Schieffelin.

Continued from page 399.

Our hunting party remained at Fort Union six long weeks, while Mr. Dawson, chief factor of the American Fur Co., went up to Fort Benton and brought down a train of wagons to carry back the supplies and merchandise, for trade with the Blackfeet. During this long wait we had some interesting experiences. We passed most of our time in fishing and shooting in the vicinity of the fort, and in watching the Indians who often visited there. At one time 400 lodges of the Assiniboines camped near and stayed several days, so we saw all the Indian dances, amusements, horse racing, etc.

Three white trappers were found one day, only a few miles from the fort, almost starved. They had been wounded with over twenty arrows. A party of haymakers brought them in, and by careful nursing they finally recovered. They were so emaciated that we had to be very careful in feeding them. For the first few days they were only given one teaspoonful of beef soup every hour. Finally, we gave them small bits of bread, and later thin slices of meat, increasing the quantity gradually, as their stomachs became accustomed to the food.

* * *

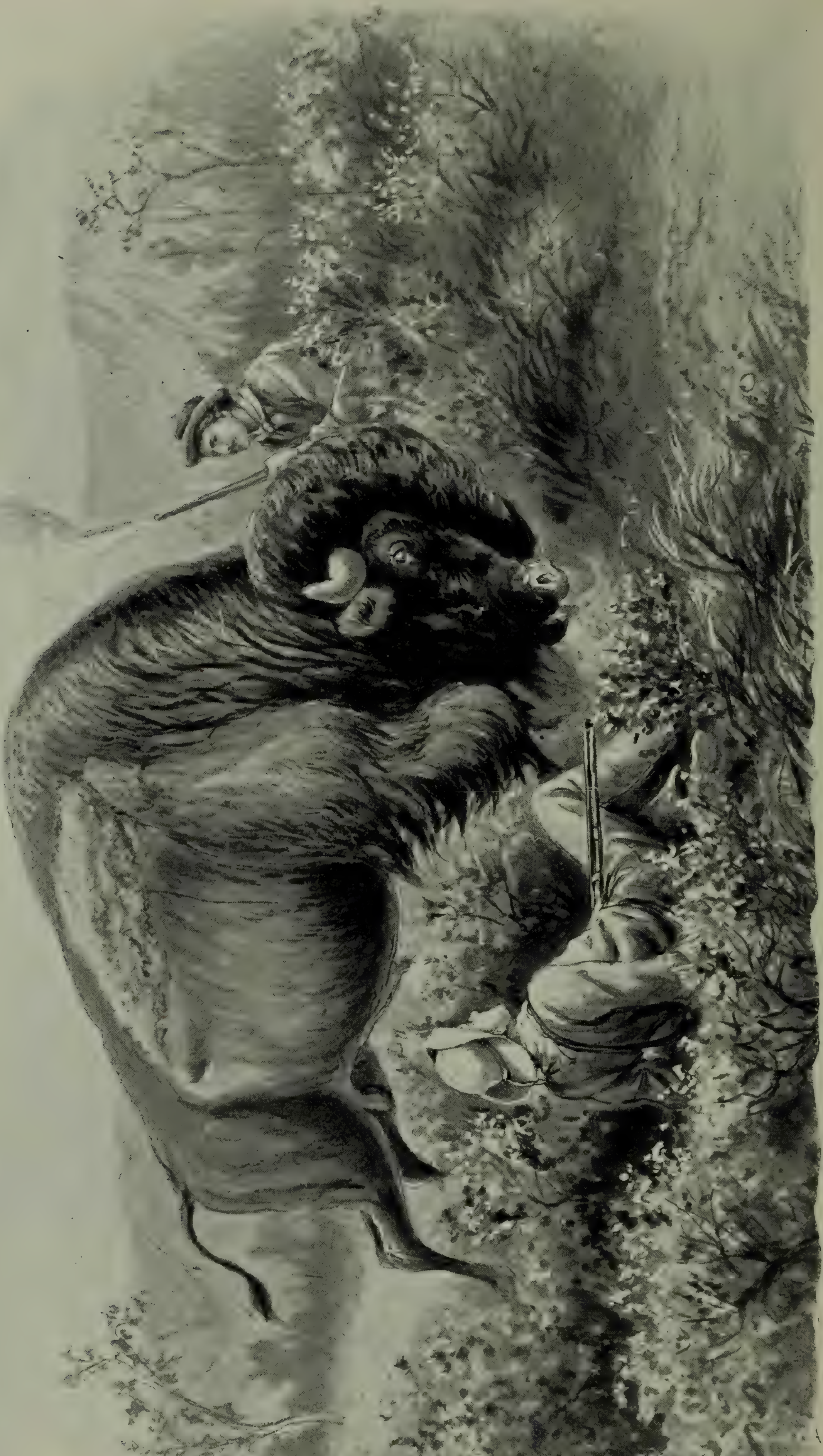
We were told that it would be proper for us to give a ball and finding, on inquiry, that there need not be much expense incurred, we issued our invitations. The orchestra consisted of one old fiddle and a fife, played by several volunteers, including the hosts, as one after another tired of playing, or wanted to take a hand in the dancing. The old trappers and their squaws seemed to enjoy the dancing more than do the people who attend the Delmonico balls, in New York, though there was no round dancing, or German. Indian squaws are not noted for gracefulness of movement. The hard work and the rough life they lead makes them heavy and awkward of movement; yet they did their best. The dancers all wore solemn faces, and worked as if earning wages. They jumped, stamped, slapped their thighs and clapped their hands, as if trying to make as much noise and as hard work as possible. In fact, the dance was a sort of mixture of negro breakdown and Irish jig. The ball lasted about four hours and cost about $10, and was voted the best one of the season. In fact, it was said to be a complete success, inasmuch as it ended in a fight and a stabbing affray.

* * *

There was a pet grizzly bear at the fort. She was very playful, and always seemed to enjoy a wrestling match with any of us. One day, however, when outside the fort, her natural love of freedom seemed to have taken hold of her, and she went away, and was no more to be found. The Indians had no love for, or confidence in her, and she was useful as a guard to clear the inclosure when too many of them came inside. The minute she was turned loose all the Indians would leave. Of course, they did not want us to think that the looseness of the bear had anything to do with their going, but they always seemed to conclude, whenever we untied her, that they had visited about long enough and must be going.

* * *

Early one morning some of our hunters crossed the Missouri and went after buffalo. The others of us had slept too long, and so were left behind. However, we three, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Cary and myself, went on a hunt on our own account, our colored man rowing us across the river. The weather was very hot, and I soon had enough of hunting, so returned to camp. L. and C. continued to hunt, and soon saw a large buffalo bull coming down a trail near them. They stationed themselves, one on each side of the trail. As he came near, L. set the hair trigger of his rifle, so as to be all ready, but unfortunately touched the trigger too soon. The buffalo turned, and nearly ran over Cary, who rolled out of the way, and then took a



"BUT UNFORTUNATELY TOUCHED THE TRIGGER TOO SOON."

flying shot, which made the bull shake his head; but he kept on about 200 yards, when he made a bad shy at something that had frightened him, in the brush. The boys wisely concluded to return to the boat and pull for the fort. It was probably a lot of hostile Indians that had frightened the bull, as about three hours afterward three of them swam the river, stole all our horses—six in number—and escaped with them.

The alarm was at once given, and a party dashed out of the fort after them, on foot. Lawrence and myself were asleep. Cary was reading, and, grabbing his rifle, ran out bare-footed, but (fortunately for the Indians) he stepped on a cactus, which prevented his aiming straight. Whether all the men stepped on cactus or not I don't know, but none of the many shots fired at the hostiles told. They went on with the horses, and we were again on foot. It was several days before new horses were brought in from the nearest trading post, and meantime we stayed close to camp, keeping our rifles always at hand.

* * *

One of the best and most eloquent speeches I ever heard was delivered here by an Assiniboine chief, named "Broken Arm," at a council between the Assiniboines and the chief factors of the Fur company. When he began talking he had a handsomely ornamented black buffalo robe over one shoulder, and held it about his waist; but as he proceeded and got warmed up with his subject, he dropped his robe to the ground and stood before us naked, except a breech clout. He was a tall, handsome, athletic Indian, well developed and straight as an arrow. His gestures were graceful and forcible, and though I hardly understood a word he said, I was deeply absorbed in his speech from beginning to end, and was sorry when he had finished. The robe he wore was decorated on the inside with Indian paintings, illustrating some of his exploits. The next day it was brought to the fort and exchanged for goods, and I bought it of the Fur company.

* * *

We attended several of the Indian dances. They were the same as those so well described and illustrated in Catlin's works. The music was very monotonous. It consisted of banging a drumstick on a sort of tambourine, a long note and a short one, and of singing a song that sounded like "Hi ya" —the "Hi" a long note and the "Ya" a short one.

One of the Indians at the fort concluded one day to be good. That is, he up and died. The funeral ceremonies were very impressive, and were conducted according to the rules of the highest circles of red society on the upper Missouri. The relatives of the dear departed mourned and howled until you could have heard them 200 yards, and we wished they were at least 1,000 yards away. Somehow we did not sympathize with them, as we ought. We did not seriously regret the death of the defunct. In fact, since his friends had stolen our horses, I don't think we should have mourned so loud as these mourners did if the whole band had died at once.

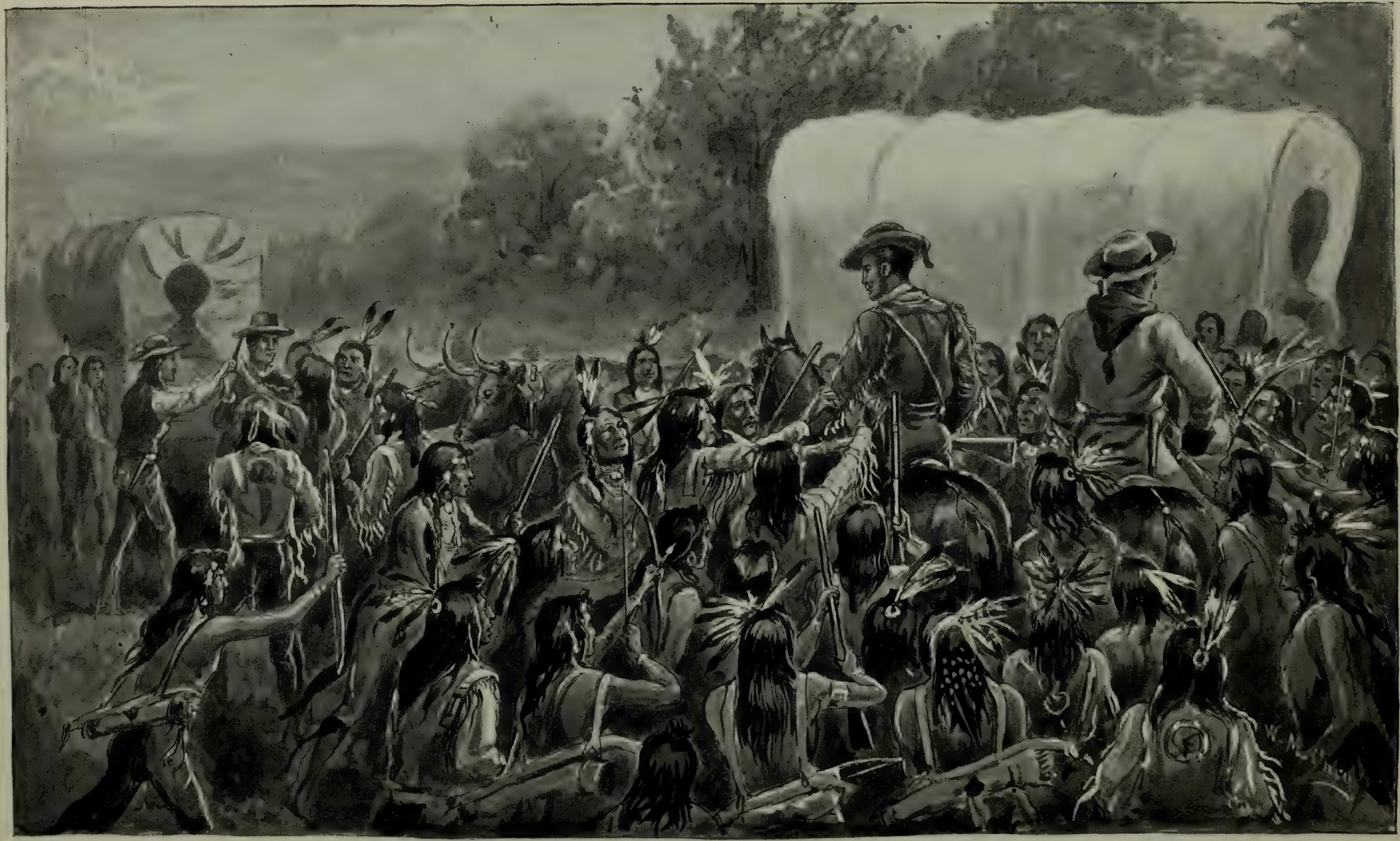
As a fitting close to the obsequies, a fine young horse belonging to the dead brave was turned out, when two of the young warriors ran up to him and shot him with arrows, driving the cruel shafts nearly through him. The horse was buried beside his late master.

* * *

Finally, after six long weary weeks of waiting at Fort Union, Mr. Dawson returned from Benton. Our hunting party bought an old Red river cart, put our provisions, traps, and our skin lodge in it, and started, with the train of 21 ox-wagons, about August 10th, on what we knew must be a long, tedious journey.

We had bought a new skin lodge of the Indians, with a set of poles. The first night out we tried to set it up. At first we did not succeed, so we tried again, and again, and again. Meantime, some Indians, who were travelling with us, stood around laughing at us. The weather was sultry, and we got into the same condition; but we couldn't make the blooming ten pins stand. We were not that kind of carpenters. Finally, we had to admit our inferiority to the noble red man, and employ a couple of red women to build our house every night. We managed to tear it down in the morning.

On the way up the river we passed a



"WE WERE IMMEDIATELY SEIZED AND TAKEN PRISONERS."

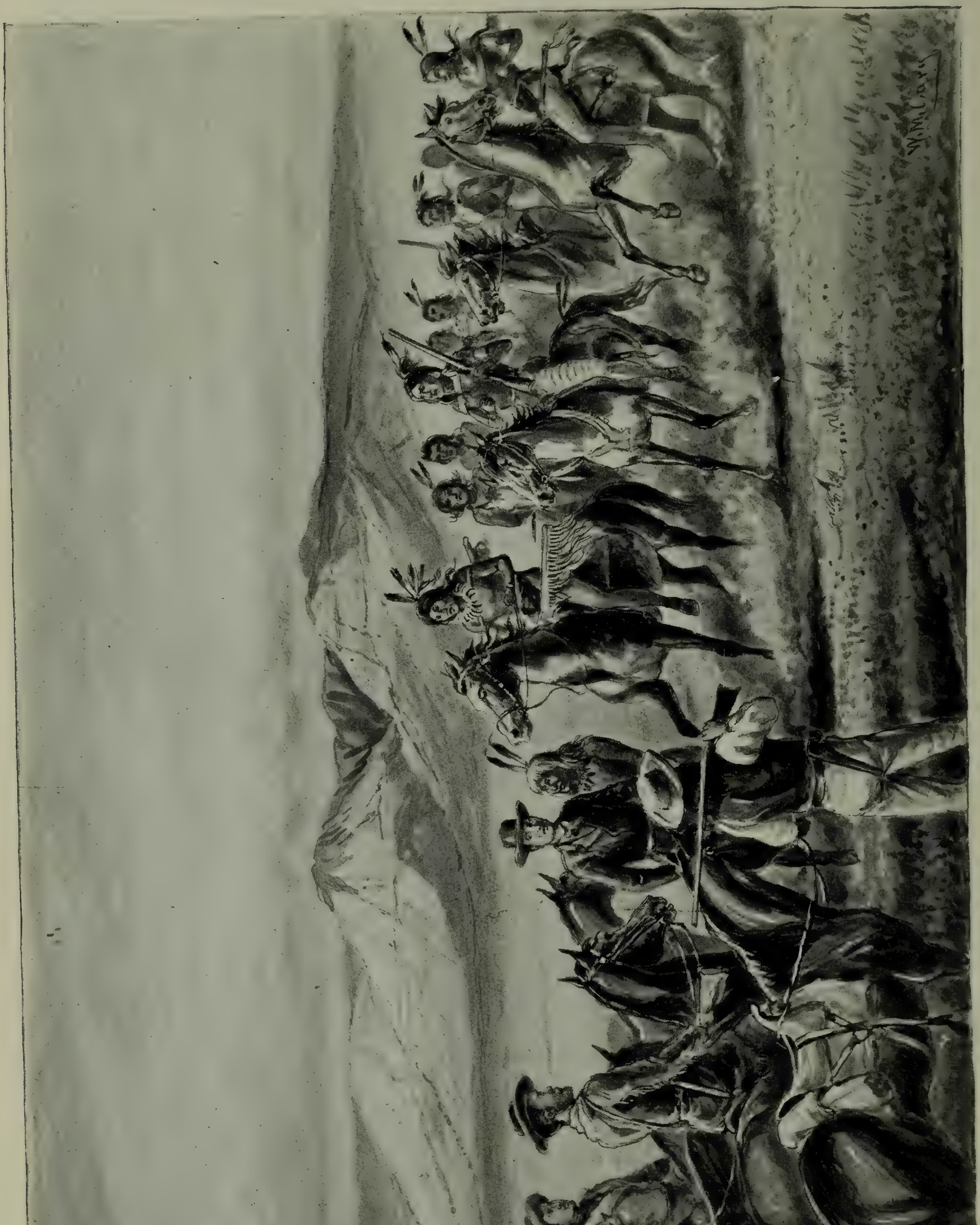
large camp of Crow Indians. We called on the chief, and were invited to dine with him. The appearance of his lodge and of his squaws did not whet our appetites, but as a matter of policy we accepted his hospitality. A large iron pot was placed on the ground, in the center of the wigwam ; we were seated round it, and told to help ourselves. The meat was tender, and had a really delicious flavor. We enjoyed it, and thought it must be a fawn or a kid antelope; but, as we rode away, Mr. Dawson rudely destroyed the grateful relish of the banquet by telling us we had been eating dog—low-down, plebeian, flea-bitten, Indian dog! However, regrets would not then have been in good order, and we made up our minds to hold fast to that which was good.

On leaving the banquet hall, we found that the Indians had been trying to stop our train. They were sharp enough to know that the wagons contained some of the goods destined for their trade, and that if the supplies were allowed to reach Benton, they (the Indians) would not get as much for their skins as formerly. One of the Indians, while trying to steal some extra ox-bows, which hung under one of the wagons, was kicked down by the half-wild ox, one of the wheelers, and run over before the driver could stop the team. He was badly hurt. His friends stopped the wagon, and were going to shoot the oxen and take the goods, when Mr. Dawson and the four of us rode up. He tried to conciliate them, but they paid little attention to him. Finally, he lost his temper and drew his revolver. This was a serious error. It was at once taken as an excuse for open hostility. We were all immediately seized and taken prisoners, about 200 of the Indians aiming guns and arrows at us, and all anxious for an excuse to fire. I could look down the barrels of several of the guns, and could see just where the ball from each would probably hit me. I knew that the Indians had guns that had a way of going off too soon. My heart went down into my boots, or somewhere away from its right place. Fortunately, Mr. Dawson had been unable to raise the hammer of his pistol, and the others of us did not have time to get ours out at all before we were seized. If a shot had been fired, we would have all been killed within a few seconds. At this moment, the chiefs who had dined us came riding up, and rescued us from the hands of their men. A large circle was formed, a council held, and by the payment of sundry blankets, provisions, etc , the affair was settled ; but it gave me a dose of Indian that I shall never forget.

Then the train strung out, and we moved on. We had gone about a mile, and were congratulating ourselves on our rescue from death, when we saw; riding towards us with the speed of the wind, eleven naked Indians, in full war-paint and feathers, their horses covered with foam. They were led by a noble looking, old-white-haired chief, and were a fierce, wild looking lot, nearly all stripped naked, armed and full of fight. When I first saw them, about a mile away, I felt like running. The experience I had just gone through was all I wanted of Indians that day. Mr. Dawson took a good look at them, and then said, "That's all right, gentlemen." The hangers on of the Crows, who had been following us to steal whatever they could, began to fall back and leave us. The eleven rode up, and stopped in front of us. The old chief, dismounting, threw his arms around Mr. Dawson. Our leader was an old Scotchman, a tough nut, accustomed to thrilling scenes of frontier Indian life for many years, but this was too much for him. He turned to us, with tears in his eyes, and, in a broken voice, said :

"Gentlemen, let me introduce to you my father-in-law, a Blackfoot chief. He says he heard that we had been seized, and were about to be killed, by the Crows ; that he, with his ten warriors, could not do much against 3,000 Crows, but that they had come down to die with us."

My heart, which had been anywhere but in the right place for the last few hours, now came back to me, and I felt like going back and facing the whole Crow tribe. For true nobility, courage, friendship and self-sacrifice, this act of those poor Blackfoot savages has rarely been equalled ; and it shows the real character of the Indians before they were contaminated by the whites, who have, as a rule, set them the example of murder, thieving and drunkenness ; killing Indians on the slightest provocation,



"THEY HAD COME DOWN TO DIE WITH US."

and often for no cause, and cheating them whenever possible.

We then learned that when we were first seized, a small, half-breed boy, who was with our wagon-train, had ridden ahead and informed this chief of our trouble. The chief and his party of ten chosen braves had come to a stream, which was the boundary of the Blackfoot country, and were there waiting to meet us, as they could not trespass on the Crow lands without inviting war. As soon as they heard of our capture, they stripped for fight, and came to us on a run of ten miles. You can imagine what a picture these excited braves and horses made when they hauled up in front of us. Eleven heroic Indians rushing to sure death, as they thought, actuated only by pure friendship and loyalty to a white man! I have been through many thrilling experiences in my life, but have never seen one equal to this. It made me believe that Cooper's Indian hero stories were founded on truth, not fiction, and when I returned home I reread the "Leather Stocking" tales with renewed pleasure and interest, with the knowledge that the scenes described there represented the true Indian before he was spoiled by the so-called civilized whites.

MURDER!

Charlotte W. Thurston.

I am a murderer, a murderer!
That awful name to me doth cling;
That dreadful word will haunt me ever
Because I did that fearful thing.

Yes, a murderer I am forever;—
Oh, the horror in that word;—
The sound of his hated voice so near,
My wrathful, fiery temper stirred.

He came when on my silent couch
In blissful dreams I sleeping lay;
I woke, and heard his hated voice;
I raised my guilty hand to slay.

And now I see his mangled form,
For in an instant all was o'er;
His presence raised in me a storm,
I'll see his death gaze ever more.

I sprang up from my happy sleep,
So weak with rage I scarce could stand;
I gave one cruel, vengeful blow—
A *mosquito* lay beneath my hand.

"HEAP GOOD MAN."

Wm. Edward Coffin.

IN November, 1891, it was my good fortune to make a successful hunt for moose in the state of Maine. The pleasure of the wild free life, the freedom from care, can only be appreciated by the man who has held down his love for the woods and mountains through two years of that hard, harassing labor which the "struggle of life" entails on most of us. My guide was a full blood Penobscot Indian, a hard worker, a good still hunter, neat in his person and habits, but taciturn to a degree, and apt to forget, in the excitement of a hunt that the ability to cover distance over logs, through brush and up mountains, silently and quickly, requires both heredity and years of practice. He had no other faults than his inability to plan for a party, or to husband the few pots of Scotch jam which were included among our supplies.

For an entire day we would paddle the canoe up winding streams, and along the margin of beautiful lakes, or climb mountain sides, without a word being spoken. At the sight of game, his stolid face would light up, and his very hair seem to bristle with nervous energy. No labor was too great, no wait too long, to insure me a good shot. His name was Sebattis, I presume a relic of the days when the Canadian French traded with the Penobscots and led them in forays upon the English settlements. He was a fairly good canoe man, though I have never seen the Indian who could handle a canoe with the consummate skill and cool daring shown by Jock Darling, the prince of Maine guides.

One golden Indian summer day, from distant Katahdin down to the margin of the water, the rolling hills were clothed in a glory of yellow, red and brown, set off by the green of the cedar and spruce ; while the blue lakes, with their fringe of white boulders, reflected back the blue sky dotted with fleecy clouds. The sun was setting in a crimson purple and golden halo, contrasting with the deep blue haze in the east, north and south. The air, frosty and clear, tasted like wine to the lungs of a man from the seaside, and the "altogether" was a realization of the jaded man's dream of freedom.

We had been skirting the shores and watching the lagoons on Upper Matagamon lake, and were going through the narrow, deep and rapid thoroughfare leading to the Lower Matagamon lake, on which we were camped. I sat in the bow of the canoe, my gun in hand, watching each bank and curve with that eager hope which "springs eternal in the breast" of the hunter.

At a sudden turn in the stream I motioned to a small hut which could be dimly seen through the trees. With a twist of the paddle, Sebat brought the canoe to the bank, and without a word walked toward the hut. I quietly followed, and as he unlatched the door we both entered. The hut itself was perhaps eight feet by ten feet, built of rough slabs and covered with birch bark. In one corner a rude fire place of stone, plastered with mud ; above a substitute for a chimney, made from slabs. In another corner, a rough bunk, partially filled with dry hemlock twigs, yellow with age. In a third corner an old pork barrel, covered with birch bark, held down by a stone. There was no flooring beyond the rough ground, uneven with hollows, stones and the roots of trees. Upon the walls hung a few traps, a forked branch evidently used for a gun rack, several deer and moose skins, and a pair of moose ears. There was no other furniture, and the air, heavy with the unpleasant muskrat odor, told of winter evenings spent in skinning animals by the light of the fire. Involuntary I thought of the hardships of a life which called such a place home, and blessed those ancestors of my own who had risen through the stone and other ages to a point where life had some color, some comfort, some variety.

Sebat was apparently beyond such impressions, for lifting the lid from the barrel, and fishing with his hand in the brine with which it was filled, he produced a piece of meat which with one

JOCK DARLING—RETURNING FROM A BEAR HUNT.

word he pronounced to be "moose," and started towards the door. Now we had only bacon in camp, for as we were hunting moose I had abstained from shooting at any other game, but the remains of a careful training bothered me, and I exclaimed against entering a house and foraging in that way. To this Sebat replied, "This John Seymour house; he heap good man," and moved toward the canoe. I solaced my conscience by laying fifty cents on the barrel cover, and in silence we paddled to camp. We had a good supper of moose meat fried with onions, fried potatoes, bread and tea, topped off with apricot jam. Now I am very fond of apricot jam. We had but three pots, and it was painful to watch one whole pot disappear before Sebat's vigorous attack, but I found consolation in my pipe, and soon the pots and pans were washed—something I always leave the other man to do, if possible—the fire replenished, and myself ensconced on a pile of boughs with my back to a tree. For a while we smoked in silence, but I was in a conversational mood, and determined upon an effort to make Sebat talk. Turning upon my elbow, I asked why John Seymour was "heap good man." My success surprised me, for in his broken English my guide told this story:

John Seymour was an Indian trapper, and had the true India contempt for game law. If he wanted game, he shot it without regard to season. Old Archie McLeod was a game warden, and had the true game warden's faults. Too lazy to consistently enforce the law, he would for months overlook, almost connive at offences. Occasionally, prompted by fear of losing his position, or by a desire to show his authority, he would pounce upon some unlucky and friendless offender. Against John Seymour he seemed to have an especial grudge, and seven times arrested and twice fined him. Doubtless the Indian was guilty, but he only killed for food, and unable to understand why others should be spared, he mused and brooded over his wrongs.

Now McLeod's daughter had married a man named Jones, and had seven small children. Jones who was boss of a lumber camp working some forty men, contracted a heavy cold, neglected ordinary precautions, and within three days was raving in a delirium of fever. Doctors are scarce in the depth of the Maine woods. The men were kind in their rough way, but one night the watcher, wearied by a hard day's work, dropped to sleep, and Jones wandered out into the storm. By the time he was missed the falling snow had covered all tracks. All night, and for several succeeding days, the forty men searched the woods but could find no trace, and at last gave up in despair. Clark & Robinson, owners of the outfit, offered one hundred dollars reward for the man or his body if dead, and so the matter rested. Early in the spring, John Seymour found the frozen body under a pile of drift wood in a shallow stream whose rapid current prevented its freezing over. Making a rude sled, he wrapped the body in his only blanket, tied with thongs of deer hide, and with infinite labor, dragging the burden twenty miles to the settlement, collected the one hundred dollars reward.

A crowd of idlers followed him, expecting free drinks and a jollification, but pushing his way through them, John Seymour strode to the house of his old enemy, Archie McLeod, where Mrs. Jones was living. He pushed open the door without a knock, and stood regarding Mrs. Jones and the baby in her arms, then throwing the roll of money into her lap, he turned and went back to his traps.

Here Sebat leaned over for a coal to light his pipe. Then, as the smoke rose in clouds, added between his teeth, "John Seymour heap good man."

"ES IST DAS GLÜCK EIN FLÜCHTIG DING."

(Adapted from the German of Giebel.)

DR. E. L. TIFFANY.

The elf called Luck is a fickle elf,
From beginning of days 'twas so;
And were you to chase 'round the world for pelf,
You never could catch him, I know.

Then care-free spin on your whirling wheels,
All the wide world over,
For whether you rest in the roadside grass,
Or lie in fields of clover,

He'll dodge the fellow who lazily rides
In chariot, drag, or trap,
And out of the noontide heavens' blue,
Will drop his gift in *your* lap.

Then fill your glass to this elf called Luck,
Fill it, fill it to the brim;
Drink, too, a health to the wheelman bold,
And the girl that loveth him.

THE GORDON SETTER.

Dr. J. Whitaker.

Sportsmen differ widely in their love and admiration of the various breeds of dogs, yet all are striving for purity and excellence in field qualities. Some prefer the English setter and others the pointer; my choice is the Gordon setter, the oldest and purest of all known setters, which I will prove as I go along. The origin of the Gordon is somewhat obscure, yet we know the Duke of Gordon was a breeder of this type. The name comes from Gordon castle, though the strain may be much older.

About 90 years ago we find the noblemen of Great Britian breeding their dogs to the Duke of Gordon's dogs, as they were the only noted setters of that day. They were black and tan, and sometimes black, white and tan. The Duke generally drafted the black and tan, and thus retained the color. The McKinnon kennels, Inverary Castle kennels, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Edgecomb, Mr. Joblin, Mr. Lanstaff, Duke of Beaufort, Sir Arthur Chichester, Sir Mathew Ridley, Mr. Adamson, Mr. Pearse, Mr. Stakes, Lord Bolingbroke, and a host of others bred from the Gordon castle stock. With these facts before us, we have a right to claim that the Gordon is the oldest and purest of all setters showing the Duke of Gordon's blood in them. When Mr. Malcolm, of Baltimore, Md., was advocating the organization of the Gordon Setter Club of America, a great many writers assailed him on the breeding of his Gordons. Some of these went so far as to assert that the Gordon setter blood had a sheep dog cross in it.

One writer, a bitter opponent of Mr. Malcolm's and a friend of mine, one who claims to be an authority on the origin of breeds, wrote some brilliant letters to the English *Stock-keeper*, under the heading "Origin of Breeds." The editor said to him in a foot-note, printed under one of these:

"The Gordon setter is a setter, the collie is a collie, and we do not for one moment believe that either had anything to do with the creation of the other, though it is certain that Gordon blood was introduced in some strains of collies, and it took genuine sheep-dog fanciers some years to breed out the rich tan and the flap ears."

Hence I say that the Gordon setter of to-day, that can trace back to Gordon castle without any crosses, is the purest setter of all. There is not an English setter anywhere, that can boast of an extended pedigree, but what has Gordon blood in his veins. Among pure bred Gordons, I may mention Old Moll, the dam of Dash I, color black and white with light tan; Dan, Nell, Lad, Flash and Myrtle. In the pedigrees of nearly all well bred English setters you will find the names of some of these dogs.

The development of the Gordon setter in this country, of late years, has been wonderful. In place of the large black and tan that used to be exhibited at our shows, as a Gordon setter, we now find a more beautiful, symmetrical animal, built on proper lines. Owing to the determined efforts of Mr. Harry Malcolm, the cross bred black and tan is gone, never to be benched again before the American public. At our early bench shows, taking in 1879, dogs were exhibited as Gordons, weighing 60 or more pounds, and not full grown at that. The breeders of these did not know, at that time, what a Gordon setter really was. A typical Gordon should weigh 40 to 50 pounds, and should stand 22 to 24 inches in height.

The Gordon has a wonderful memory. Anything once learned is never forgotten. He has a most affectionate disposition, and is easy to teach. Neither the pointer nor the English setter can surpass the Gordon in nose, endurance, staunchness, obedience or speed. His instinct teaches him where to look for game, and he does his work in a business-like way. Such dogs are rarely seen at our bench shows, but many such are kept by prominent sportsmen, all over this country. They keep them for their own private shooting and care nothing for the empty honors of a

" RESTING."

bench show. Mr. Joseph Lipari, of Texarkana, Texas, owns about 20 Gordons, which he keeps for his own pleasure.

The Gordon should resemble the Llewellin setter, except as to color. The nose of the Gordon should be a shade heavier and wider, with no fullness under the eyes; nose should be wide and large in the openings; the end of the nose should be a good black; ears be a little longer than those of the English setter. They should be set low and lie close to the cheeks. The eyes must be full of animation, and of a rich brown color, medium in size, mild and intellectual in expression; the neck should be of good length, clean and racey, with gradual rise from shoulders to head and slightly inclined to arch; the shoulders should be deep with moderate sloping blades, a narrow deep chest, with racey front; should be strong and positively free from lumber, showing great liberty of action. The back should be straight, with short loins, strong and slightly arched; thighs must be strong with muscle extending well down toward the hocks; the stifles should be moderately well bent and set somewhat apart; they should be long from point of hip to hock-joint. The fore-legs must be straight, strong in bone, with elbows standing close to chest. The hind legs must conform in bone with the fore-legs and should be moderately bent; hock must be straight; the feet round and hard, well padded with hair between the toes. The stern should be set slightly below the line of the back and carried in nearly a straight line from the body. A cork-screw tail is a blemish; when carried down with the hand it should not reach below the hock-joint; it should taper gradually to the end, with a fine straight flag. A curly tail is always objectionable.

The color of the dog should be a rich, glossy plumb black, with beautiful tan markings of a rich, dark mahogany shade. A Gordon setter should not be cast aside as being impure if it should have white on breast or on frill; yet white on the frill, tail or feet is a blemish. The coat should be soft and fine, feeling to the hand like down, and should be perfectly straight. A tendency to curl is a blemish. The feather must run down to the feet on fore legs, and to the hock on hind legs.

The Gordon should display strong character. The general outline must bespeak the thorough workman all over; must be free from lumber, appearing like a fine structure with architectural design. The average breeder of Gordons is hard to please. No dog suits him, except those he has bred himself. He is cautious in the selection of a sire. He does not want one with a snipy nose, pig jaw, a sway back, or with legs standing under his chest. The color must be perfect. White on chest, tail or feet bar him for breeding purposes. He believes that like produces like, other things being equal. He prefers a dog with a good character—not only good himself, but one that comes from stock that was invariably good. He values family excellence even above that of the individual. Experience has taught him that fine qualities must exist for many generations, in order to render their perpetuation reasonably certain. If a dog has a good head, and if his sire and grandsire were deficient in this point, the chances would be against his offspring if the female be weak in the head, and vice versa. Other points must be well looked after; good form, speed, range, natural bird sense, as well as staying qualities. No breeder in America understands the science of breeding better than Dr. Jas. N. Maclin, of Tenn.

The disposition should be carefully watched. Never breed to a dog with the same disposition as the dam, unless both are perfect animals otherwise, and unless their good points date back, in both families, through at least three generations. To breed for luck, just because the sire and dam have good pedigrees, is all nonsense. Like produces like only when you breed back with a double cross of the same blood, and then the same strain must be known to be strong in those qualities that are most valuable both in the field and on the bench.

It is far easier to lose the good points of any breed than to breed out bad qualities. All the education that can be given to a dog will not remove an ugly disposition, or make him loving, kind and obedient to his master. We must admit that good housing has a great deal to do with the disposition, as well as the health of the dog. The popular idea that any place is good enough, is always painful to a lover of the dog. Many people house their dogs in small boxes at all times of the year, with scarcely any covering, while others chain them in stables or other out-houses, where it is cold and damp, where they must breathe foul air and obnoxious gases. No wonder the poor dog's health is impaired and his constitution undermined. Such treatment makes him an easy victim to inflammatory diseases.

PANSY, OF TUXEDO PARK.

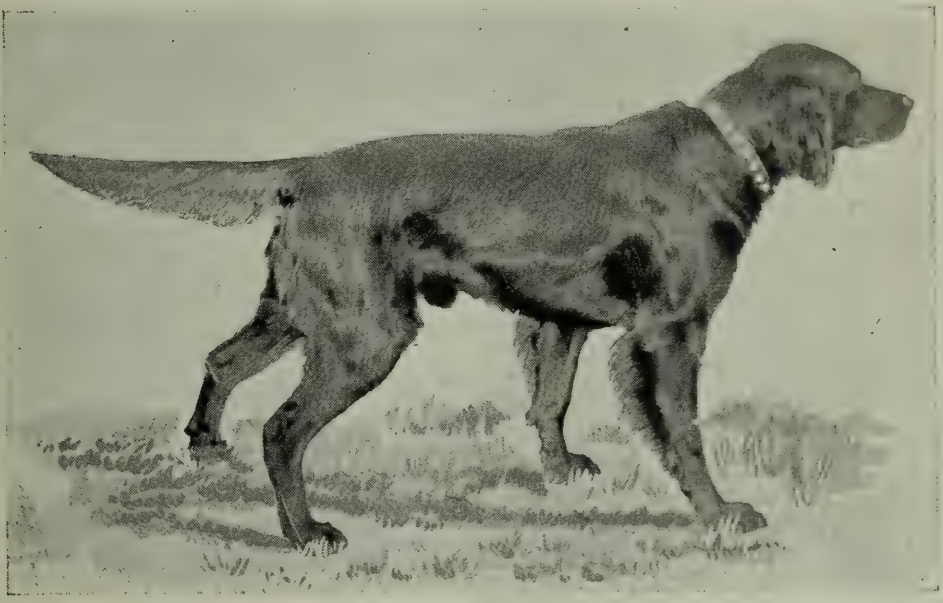
To properly kennel a dog I would dispense with the old style box or barrel and make him a small house—one that he would appreciate, for he well knows a good house from a bad one. I would build it large, with a hall-way wide enough for the dog to turn around with ease, having his bedroom to one side and above the main hall. I would use lumber that joins together. I would not use any of the tar-papers for lining, with the idea of making it warmer for winter. These tend to keep your kennel damp. In place of tar-paper, use shingles or weather-boards. I prefer a double floor for dryness. The house should be built so the dog can see his master's abode, through an open door in summer and a closed window in winter. If you have a number of dogs, build your kennel on the plan of a Pulman car, with berths raised from the hall-ways, with strips nailed on the sides to keep the beds from sliding off. When straw is used the dogs should not be allowed to take meat or bones to bed with them, as they are likely to swallow straw with their food, which may interfere with digestion, and have a tendency to obstruct the bowels. Keep the house clean and change the beds frequently. Put in fresh straw every third day and deodorize once a week. Disinfectants are essential to good health. Permanganate of potassium is good ; about the strength of one ounce to ten gallons of water, used the same as white-wash, with a large brush. For the open yard where the dogs run, sprinkle copperas around the borders once every three or four weeks. By so doing you will have no foul gases to annoy you or your dogs.

The yard should be large, so that the dog can exercise himself. Only thus can you have proper muscular development. Carry out these instructions and with proper feeding the health of your dog will be good. I consider Spratt's the best food a dog can have, either for field work or bench show purposes.

Training a Gordon setter is an easy matter to one who knows their grand qualities. Before you buy a Gordon puppy, have a kennel prepared for it, and when you take it home allow no one to call on or attend it but yourself. He should be left to his new home for at least two nights and two days before being taken out. After that time you can allow him a short visit to your house. Repeat this every day, making his calls from the kennel to the house, and you will establish a habit in the puppy which he will always abide by.

IDA SIMMONS.

Teach him cleanliness, at the start. If possible, prevent him from acquiring bad habits, remembering at all times that you must be a kind, gentle, affectionate and intelligent master. Show your dog that you love him, make him your companion and he will soon learn to understand your language. Then all he will need in the field, on game, will be practice. I do not believe in spike collars and brute force to teach a dog what you want him to do. If you are kind to him and he knows what you want him to do, he will do it, with pleasure. My dogs are taught without whips or collars and they love to obey me. Dogs that I train myself do not know any bad habits.



MAC'S PAUL.

Never attempt to teach your dog two things at one time. Teach him as you would a child, one word at a time. When you know he has learned that, give him another word to learn, and so on. Read Mr. Waters' book, "Modern Training and Handling," and Ashmont's "Kennel Secrets."

The Gordon setter is different from all other setters as to coat; therefore, he needs very little work to prepare him for the bench. In place of rubbing his coat with raw eggs, as some writers recommend, feed them to him, and in a few days you will see how beautiful and glossy his coat will be. Wash him thoroughly, using the best soap, dry well, and use the following:

Carbolic acid, 1 oz.
Rect. spirits of wine, 6 oz.
Glycerine, 3 oz.

Apply externally once in three days and rub well, so as to moisten the skin.

This will promote a healthy skin and is a preventative of mange, a thing most dreaded by all lovers of the dog.

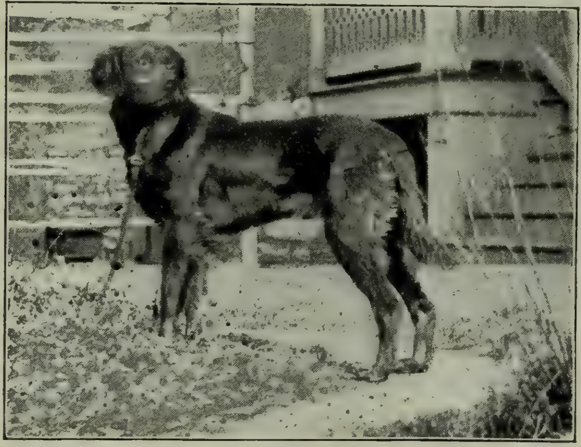
After preparing your dog as above, put him in a light, roomy crate—one that he can turn around in. Arriving on the bench the handler should see that the dog is fed lightly, and above all things that he has all the clean water he can drink while on the bench.

Here are the names of a few Gordons that are a credit to those who own them:

Pansy, of Tuxedo Park, was from fine lineage; her mother was the Countess of Devonshire, from Mr. Bullock's kennels, England; her sire was Mr. Malcolm's Stubble. He is well known both on the bench and in the field. She was loved and admired by all who knew her. My little grandsons would tell her to bring their shoes and stockings in the morning, and she would bring them, one at a time, and deliver them in the same manner as she would deliver snipe to me.

Sancho Panza is owned by the writer of this article, and was whelped May 3, 1892. He is by Don 11,233, Vol. V., out of Panzy of Tuxedo Park 13,945, Vol. VI.; she by Stubble, out of Countess of Devonshire, imported. Don is by Malcom's Othello, out of Grouse. His height is 22½ inches, weight 46 pounds. You can see by his picture that he is wide awake. He is kind and gentle and loves to be under fire in the field.

PANSY, of St. Louis, is owned by G. C. Kleinecke. She was whelped May 8, 1892. She is out of Ida Simmons, 18,689 Vol. VII., by Malcolm's Golden Rod. She is a typical character of her race, and a beautiful animal. She is a kind, affectionate companion, and is admired by all who see her. Her field qualities are excellent. She is a hard worker on game, a fine ranger, a good retriever and perfectly staunch on point. She was broken by that good old sportsman and trainer, F. P. Smith, Wheeler, Miss. I must say that Mr. Smith has left nothing undone in her education. She stands 22 inches high and balances the scale at 42 pounds.



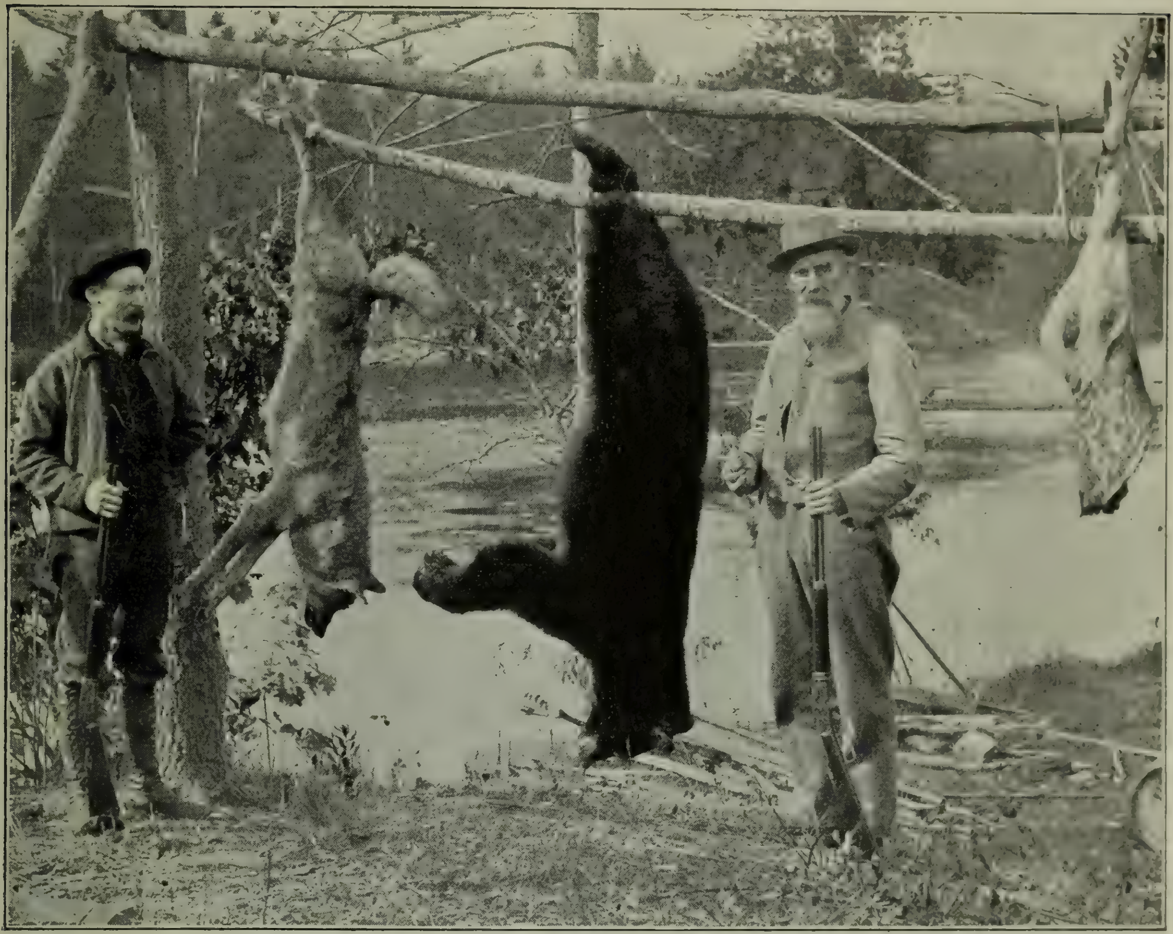
SANCHO PANZA.

LAUFF'S ROSALIND is owned by Mr. Phillip Lauff of our city. She is a family pet, is well educated and full of vivacity. She is so fond of hunting, that she will follow any one who carries a gun, but to have her do her best work you must not miss too many birds. If you do, she will give you a look that will make you ashamed of yourself. She has a beautiful coat of black, and is the finest Gordon in St. Louis. Her weight is 46 pounds; height, 22½ inches. She was whelped April 8, 1891; is by Rap 13,666, Vol. VI., out of Countess of Devonshire 2d, 12,271 Vol. VI. Her sons and daughters will be of the same breeding lines as Mac's Paul, who is well known to all readers of our sportsman's journals. He is owned by Col. A. G. Cochran of St. Louis, a thorough gentleman, well known in the West and Middle states, being the general solicitor of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. He bought Paul of Marshall McDonald, December 1, 1894, for $500. Paul is built on the proper lines, and he demonstrated this by defeating all the crack Gordons in the East, taking first money at Assonett, Mass., in November last. He stands 22½ inches high, and weighs 44 pounds. He is beautifully marked with good tan. Mac's Paul was whelped February 24, 1892. He is by Don 11,233, Vol. V., out of Challie No. 23,169; she by Whip, No. 11,255, Vol. V., out of Countess of Devonshire 2d, No. 12,271, Vol. VI.

PANSY, OF ST. LOUIS.

IDA SIMMONS is owned by Mr. John Schlachter, of St. Louis. She is, without doubt, one of the best Gordons in the city. She is a fine field dog, being especially good on quails. She has a loving disposition, is as gentle as a lamb and is a family pet. She is of the right color, with good tan markings. She was whelped November 9, 1888, by Don, 11,233, Vol. V., out of Gypsey, by Jung's Dan out of Stansbury's Nellie, by Milk out of Daisy; Dan by Sambo out of Gordon Nell. She stands 23 inches high, and weighs 47 pounds.

The reader will notice that all the dogs I mention are below 50 pounds in weight, and below 23 inches in height, keeping in line with the rule laid down as a standard, by Mr. Malcolm, the champion of the Gordon setter in America.



A MORNING WITH THE VARMINTS.

UTILLES BAIRD.

During the latter part of October, 1894, our party camped on one of the many beautiful spots to be found on the Canadian waters.

Soon after leaving camp, in the morning, the hounds gave notice of having started a deer, but seemed to be heading in the wrong direction for us. Presently, all was quiet. Then, the crack of a rifle near by, indicated that some still hunter had found game. A few minutes later another shot was heard, then a shout that might wake the dead.

On investigation it was found that the cause of the racket was the killing of a fine large black bear. The first shot had broken his spine, and the second finished the work.

Congratulations were scarcely over when, marching along the ridge, the doctor came carrying a large gray wolf. This was the result of the first shot. The bullet had passed through the animal's head. Congratulations were again in order, and then the music of the hounds sent every man to his stand. Presently, a fine large buck came bounding along. Bang! bang! bang! went the rifles; but the deer moved on. There were unmistakable evidences that he had been wounded, but he took to the water and was found a day or two later, dead. The head and hide were saved, but the meat was spoiled.

We returned to camp in a happy frame of mind, and enjoyed our dinner as none but hungry hunters can enjoy a meal.

Our amateur photographer took some views of the game when the wolf was hurried off to get into the hands of the taxidermist as quickly as possible.

The bear was dressed, the oil tried out and put in suitable packages for the individual members to take home. We had several bottles of syrup with us, and by some chance one of the bottles of oil was put in the box with these. One member of the party bethought himself to have a glass of lemonade before retiring. The supposed syrup was freely poured in with the other ingredients, all thoroughly shaken and held up to the admiring gaze of his comrades. The process of drinking was checked, at the half-way station, by the discovery of an unusual smoothness in the liquid. Then the sense of taste asserted itself, and the reveler began to eject the obnoxious mixture, meanwhile using some strong language about the man who would put up such a job on an orphan.

Having the instructions in view which were given us on our way up, to keep the left hand shore on going down, a party in one canoe, being in the lead some miles, got along swimmingly; but seeing a sail off to the right concluded the boat had come from the port they wished to make. Not being quite certain just where they were, they concluded to overhaul the strange craft and get more certain directions.

The stranger pointed to a large black snag in the lake half a mile away, and beyond that a prominent rock.

This latter point was to be reached and then, further on, a log cabin was the landmark. With these instructions the canoeists settled themselves down to business. The black snag was passed, as also the rock.

After a half hour's paddling it was suggested that the cabin had not shown up yet. All this time the mixed instructions for navigating had been faithfully carried out and no thought of a mistake entered the minds of the navigators.

Another half hour's pull brought to view two familiar objects—the black snag and the rock. The discovery was then made that instead of the left hand shore being the main land it was an island, and that a complete circuit had been made of it. The rock was again the target. This time the main shore was discernable, and all apprehension about the course was over.

The result of the two weeks hunt was seventeen deer, one wolf and one bear, besides numerous partridges, and all the black bass we could use

All returned home in good health, anticipating the pleasures of next year's *Recreation.*

"I want to be an angel,"
A maiden gayly trilled.
Just then a trolley car came along—
Her wish has been fulfilled.
—*Harlem Life.*

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

XI.

Mr. J. G. Messner, whose portrait is shown herewith, astonished the shooting world, in April last, by killing 35 birds straight, from five ground traps, at 18 yards rise, and thus winning the grand American handicap. Mr. Messner was then, and still is, a novice at the traps, having never before shot in a regular match and only twice in friendly practice matches. He had previously shot at less than 200 birds all told. In this event he was matched with 47 other men —many of them of national reputation, and including such redoubtable champions as J. A. R. Elliott, Frank Class, Capt. Jack Brewer, Capt. A. W. Money, Noel E. Money, and others of equal prominence.

MR. J. G. MESSNER.

Capt. A. W. Dubray, writing of this achievement, says:

"It is doubtful if any onlooker will ever forget the methodical imperturbability and innate *sang froid* of the winner; nor can one ever forget the stoical and masterly manner in which Messner killed his last bird, making himself thereby, at one stride, the hero of the hour. The most hardened veteran, the most accomplished pigeon shot living could not have achieved a more brilliant victory nor displayed greater nerve and courage at so critical a moment.

"Conscious of his own inexperience, alive to the fact that the slightest error at this critical juncture meant absolute defeat; aware that this one shot would make him famous or drop him into oblivion, whence he, as a shooter, had heretofore been, Messner, in spite of a most aggravating and unpardonable balk, calmly, coolly and serenely turned to the referee and remarked that he had not called "pull." He was ordered to shoot another bird—faced the traps, grasped his old reliable Parker gun, a trifle tighter mayhap, settled the but to his powerful shoulder, glanced along the barrel, knowing that the old gun would never fail him either in its fire or in the delivery of its charge. He called "pull" distinctly and clearly, bowled over his bird in splendid style and landed in the twenty-fifth straight, the first man to get there, with two other possibles to follow.

"Later along, when Class and Elliott had also reached the goal and the tie had to be shot off, this unheralded man stepped up and killed his ten straight, beating his formidable opponents, winning the handsome purse of $760 and being declared the winner of the Grand American Handicap of 1895. Really, it was a grand performance, terminating in a glorious finish and crowning Messner, the quiet, serene and iron man of Pittsburg, the king of the event."

Besides being a man of iron nerve, Messner is a most generous, kind hearted, genial gentleman and is loved by all who know him. He is a staunch friend of, and a regular contributor to RECREATION. Several short articles from his pen have been printed in former issues, and others are in hand for later use.

GALLERY OF GOOD DOGS.

V.

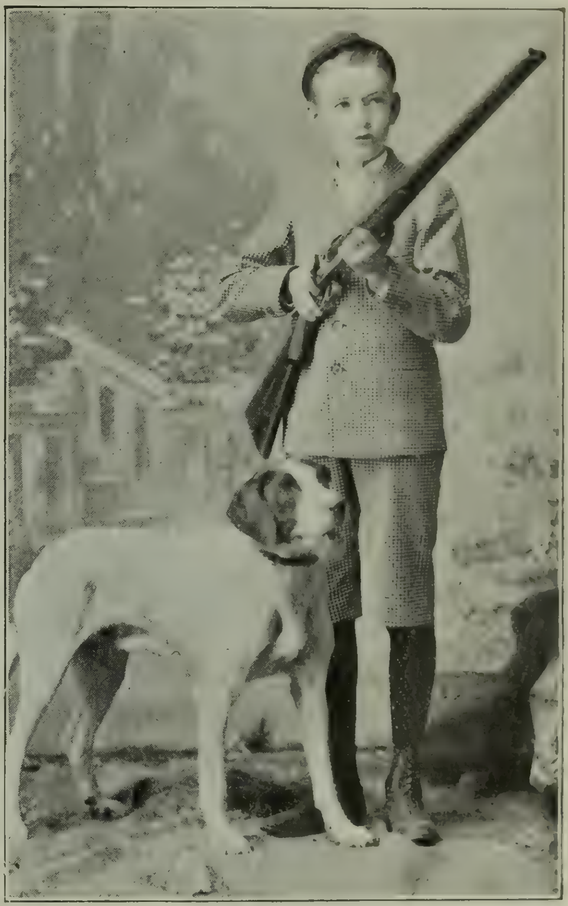
Matchless IV., whose portrait is shown above, is owned by Mr. J. H. Wheeler, Newburyport, Mass. He is a well bred dog carrying in his veins the blood of Count Noble, Belle of Piedmont, Mamie Gladstone, Count Windern, Bob Gates, and other famous bench and field trial winners.

Matchless IV. is a capital field worker and has been well trained at home and in the field as shown by the obedient and graceful manner in which he poses before the camera.

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

VII.

Willie Hamm, whose picture is shown below, lives at St. Stephens, N. B., began shooting when 9 years old and is now 14. He is fond of both rod and gun, but his preference is for the latter. His pointer, "Rover" also appears in the group. These two and a foxhound, "Homer," are boon companions and they make merry with the game of that region whenever their young master is out of school. Willie has killed several foxes in front of Homer, and many ruffed grouse and woodcock with the aid of Rover. He has also a beagle with whom he has had many a royal day's sport on rabbits. Willie Hamm has shown his appreciation of good sportsmen's literature by securing and sending in ten subscriptions for RECREATION as a premium for which I have sent him a 22 caliber Davenport rifle. He is now equipped for squirrels as well as other game.



Enclosed find money order for $1.00, in payment of a year's subscription to RECREATION.

I sincerely hope you may be successful beyond your expectations with your new magazine, as it should certainly be in every sportsman's hands. I am glad to see your high standard of photogravure illustrations, which no other publication of the kind has ever had. JEROME CLARK.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

THE GREAT SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, New Haven, Conn., made an exhibit in section 59 that attracted the attention of all lovers of rifle or shot gun. It showed a full line of reloading and cleaning implements for both arms, all of which bore evidence of having been designed by practical shooters and produced by expert workmen. Prominent among these were the special tool and perfection bullet mould ; the cylindrical mould ; the number 4 and number 6 tools, with bullet sizers, that enable the shooter to use any desired mixtures of metals for bullets ; the well known dipper, pot and cover, for casting bullets; the Ideal loading flask for riflemen ; the universal powder measure ; the Ideal loading machine for shot gun shells, and the Ideal high grade closer. Persons who were not fortunate enough to attend the exposition may get full information about all these implements, by writing to the company for a copy of the "Ideal Hand Book."

Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, New York, showed a lot of specialties for which they are the general agents. Prominent among these were the Charles Daly gun, a strictly high grade gun for field and trap shooting ; the Marlin rifle ; the Wright and Ditson tennis goods ; the "Sterling," "Gales," "Manhattan" and "Gotham" bicycles ; the "S., D. & G." fishing rod, etc.

The Dupont Gun Powder Works, Wilmington, Del., gave an interesting and instructive display of the materials used in making gun powder, such as salpetre, crude and refined ; sulphur, do.; willow wood ; willow charcoal, common charcoal ; also samples of their various grades of rifle and shot gun powders ; blasting powder, gun cotton, artillery powder, etc., all in glass cases.

The Overman Wheel Company, New York and Boston, showed a full line of Victor bicycles, and the most complete line of athletic goods ever shown in this country—all of its own make. Its factories are at Chicopee Falls, Mass.

Every dog man paused at stand number 13, and examined Spratt's display of dog foods and medicines, which included dog cakes, pet dog cakes, puppy cakes, cod liver oil cakes, greyhound cakes, game meal for pheasants, quails, etc.; dog soap, dog collars, chains, leads, couples, muzzles, brushes, combs, gloves,

F. BANNERMAN.
MANUFACTURER OF
SPENCER REPEATING ARMS

blankets, shipping hampers, etc. Any dog that could not find in this exhibit, everything he could want to eat or wear, would be mighty hard to please.

The Natural Science Association of America, showed Mr. Studer's great work, "The Birds of North America," in various bindings. This book includes over 800 plates, drawn and colored from life. A special edition of the book was offered, at a special price, in commemoration of the great show, and I am glad to learn that a large number of copies were sold.

The Obrig Camera Company was there with a full line of cameras and other photographic supplies.

The Iver Johnson Arms and Cycle works, Fitchburg, Mass., showed a good line of guns, revolvers and bicycles of their own make.

Hermann Boker & Co., 101 and 103 Duane street, New York, occupied space number 61. They showed the Spencer repeating shot gun, in twist and Damascus barrels, and the special Spencer repeating trap gun. The Hollenbeck hammerless shot gun, manufactured by the Syracuse Arms Company in twist and Damascus barrels; and an ejector gun made by the same firm also attracted the attention of all wing and trap shots.

Wiebusch & Hilger, New York, were in line, with a fine display of high grade hammer and hammerless shot guns; smokeless powders for shot gun and rifle purposes, and the well known "Stevens" rifles and pistols; working models for hammerless guns; carved stocks, and samples of Damascus barrels in their different stages of manufacture.

The exhibit was surmounted by the letters, in electric light, "Smokeless S. S. Powder," for which the exhibitors are general agents.

SYRACUSE ARMS CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

An interesting feature of this exhibit, during a part of the week, was the beaming countenance of Mr. J. E. Taylor, manager of the J. Stevens Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass. All who have ever done business or had correspondence with that house are indebted to Mr. Taylor for the kind and courteous treatment they have received. He will go further out of his way to tell the truth, and to deal honestly and candidly with his customers, than most any man I know of. The Stevens rifles are all made under his personal supervision, and I have never heard of one being defective in any way.

The Maine Central Railway Company's log cabin was one of the wonders of the show, and was crowded all the time—inside and outside—with admiring throngs of people. S. L. Crosby, the Bangor taxidermist, decorated it with heads of big game killed in Maine.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Company, Bridgeport, Conn., showed ammunition suitable for killing any kind of game, from a Jersey mosquito up to a moose, and put it up in such attractive doses as to almost tempt one to commit suicide. The Company also made an imposing display of all grades of metal and paper casings for breech loading firearms, from the 22 calibre revolver cartridge to the great polished brass shells for use in naval warfare. Among the products shown were percussion caps, primers, gun wads, paper shot shells, brass shells, primed shells, bullets, metallic ammunition and loaded paper shot shells.

Wm. Lyman, of Middlefield, Conn., has made so many riflemen happy by equipping them with perfect sights for their weapons, that his name is heard in every camp and in every rifle club in the land. His exhibit was full of interest, and his good natured right bower was kept busy, day and night, answering questions and booking orders.

At the exhibit of the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, N. Y., the popular Lefever gun was shown in various styles and grades, together with a working model of the new Lefever ejector, which has recently been placed on the market. For this mechanism the manufacturers claim many original features, all of which are set forth in their new catalogue. Send for it if you are interested.

The Hardware Publishing Company and the *Iron Age*, showed their interest in the gun and tackle trades by having offices in the Exposition and by printing full and complete reports of it in their subsequent issues.

Capt. A. W. Du Bray, had charge of the exhibit of Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., and no one, unless it be old Sam Tucker, can talk the Parker gun any more intelligently or forcibly than Du Bray. His stock in trade consisted of 50 Parker guns, in various grades and styles of finish, from 8 to 20 bore. A feature of this display was the latest model "Parker Pigeon Gun," made in the highest manner, and finely finished in every respect, embodying the Whitworth fluid pressed steel barrels. Beside this there were guns suitable for any purpose for which a shoulder gun can be used—a bear gun, goose gun, the special pigeon gun, field gun,

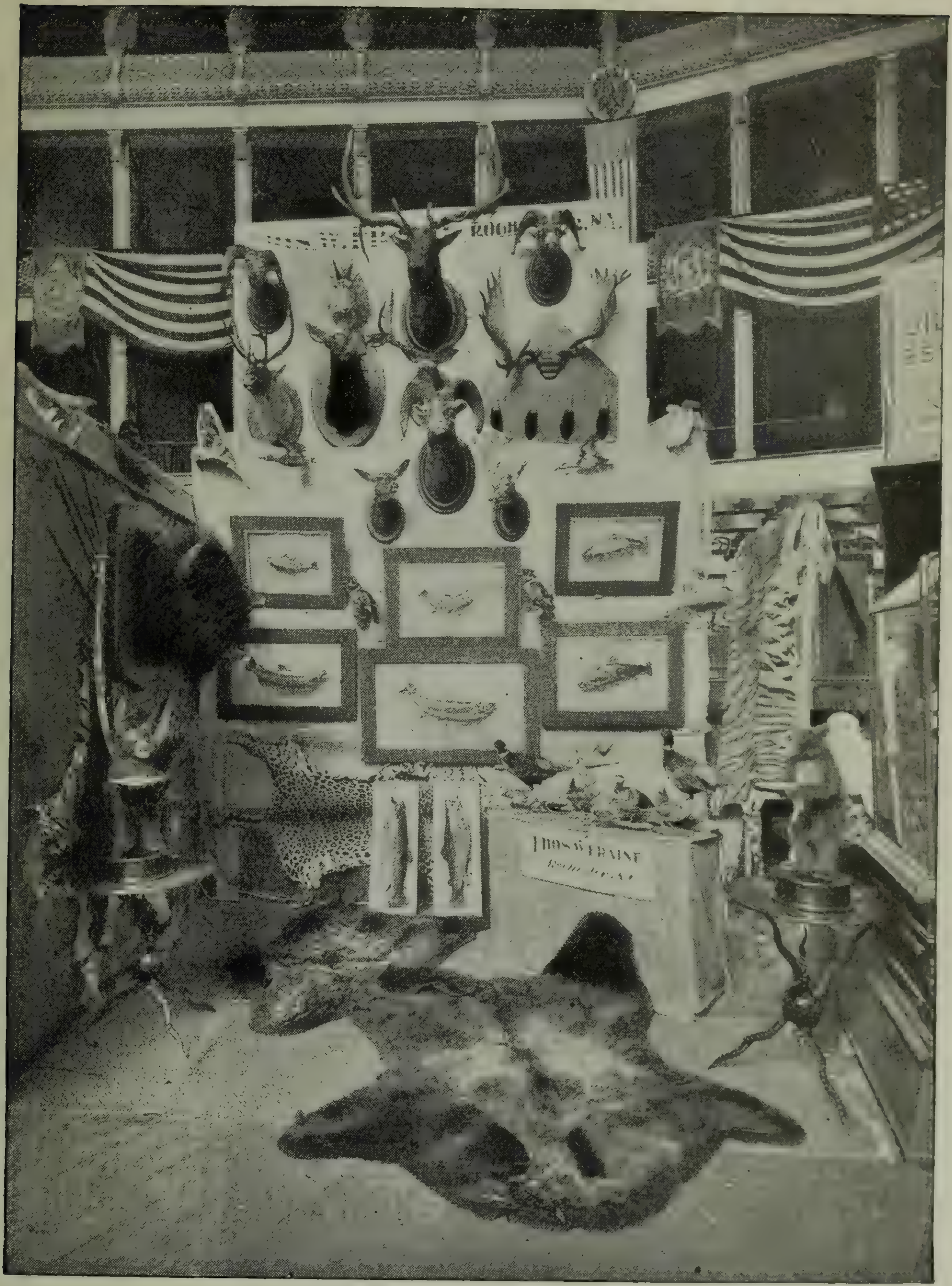
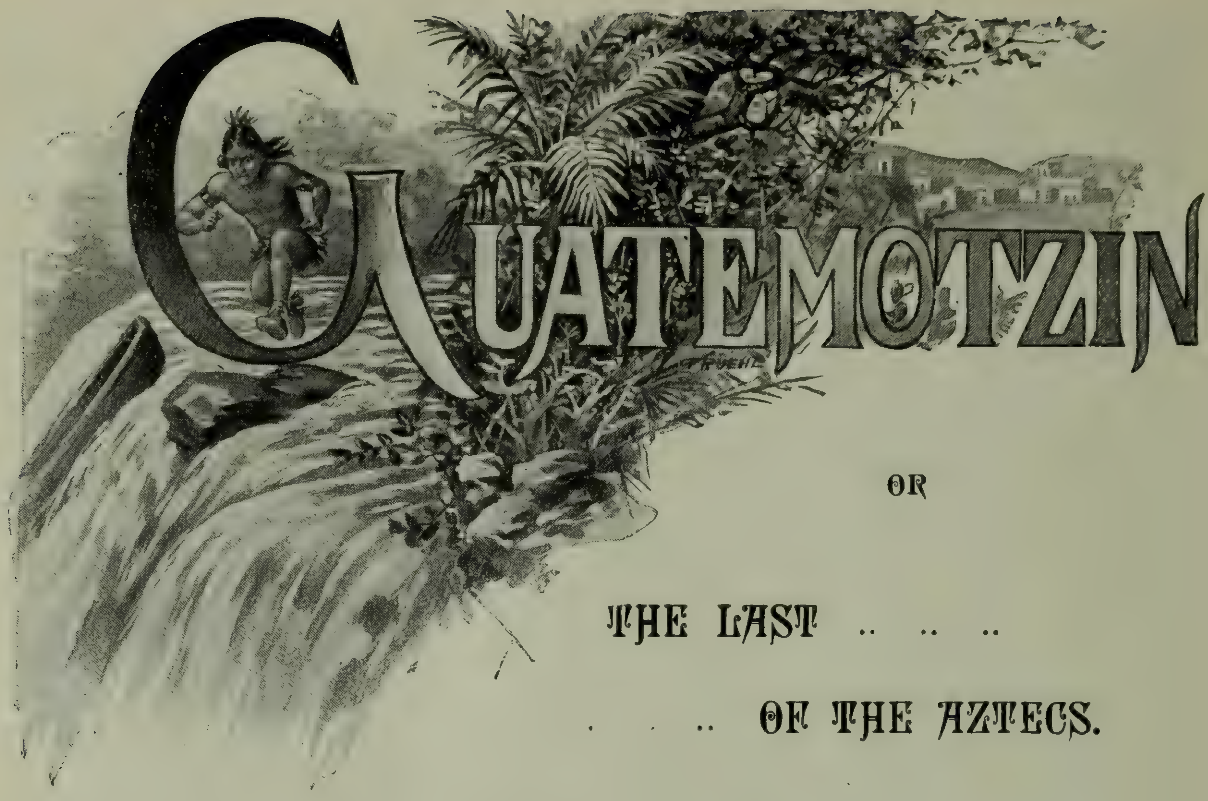


EXHIBIT OF THOS. W. FRAINE, TAXIDERMIST, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

and a collector's or taxidermist's gun. Parker Bros. have been making guns for more than 30 years, and what they don't know of the business could be printed in a short paragraph.

The Remington Arms Company, New York and Ilion, N. Y., showed, among many other interesting and beautiful samples of work, a full line of the popular hammerless, semi-hammerless and hammer Remington guns; sporting, Flobert and target rifles. It also showed the process of manufacturing the hammerless gun, from the crude material to the finished arm. These parts were exhibited in two long show cases, so that any one could see the consecutive work in the making of a gun. On revolving stands were shown the types of military arms made by the Remington Company since its organization in 1816. The Remington factory is one of the largest of its class in the world. It is managed by progressive men, and may always be relied on.

Thomas W. Fraine, a Rochester taxidermist, exhibited a lot of fine trophies of field and stream, including mounted heads of animals, mounted game fishes and game birds, as well as skins of the Royal Bengal tiger and Indian cheetah. Specially attractive was the specimens of mounted trout in the act of taking the fly—a work to which the exhibitor has devoted much time, care and study. A rainbow trout was exhibited, killed in Caledonia Creek, N. Y., said to be the largest of its species yet taken in Eastern waters.



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J. Tucker.

Chapter V.*

MR FARRINGTON LAYS DOWN THE LAW.

As I dismounted at the lawyer's door, he came out, and shook hands with me.

" My dear boy," he said kindly, " this wretched business has agitated you terribly ; you are pale and as haggard as a ghost, and you are trembling like a leaf."

" That is because I nearly ran down six children on Robert le Diable."

" Is it possible." He looked at the horse and said, " Allen, my boy, I believe Robert the Devil is broken at last, and what is more he is ruined, for his wind is broken."

I turned anxiously to the animal, and saw from his spiritless eyes, drooping head, trembling limbs, and short, quick gasps, it was indeed true. That noble leap he had taken, for his life and mine, had proven too much.

" Lead him around to the veterinary surgeon," said Mr. Farrington, " and return to my office. I wish to talk with you."

I did as directed, in the meantime having the diagnosis of the lawyer confirmed. Robert's spirit, as well as his wind, was broken, though he eventually proved a valuable animal for some purposes.

On entering the lawyer's office, he pushed aside a mass of papers, bade me be seated, and said,

" You came to see me about the business in connection with the farm, Allen ?"

" Why, yes, sir ! " I replied, " I understand you have been retained by my father and brother ; and as you drew up my mother's will, I came to hear what you had to say before I engaged a lawyer, for I am determined to fight every inch of the ground."

" Quite right, quite right, my boy," he replied, smiling. " But I believe there is no necessity of your so doing ; you will hear nothing further from your father or brother on the subject."

" Would you mind telling me all about it, as I never before took any interest in my mother's will ? "

" Certainly," he replied. " Twenty-two years ago your grandfather died, leaving your mother a small sum of money. He was a physician, who objected to his daughters marrying, owing to some organic affection of the heart, which he feared would result fatally if subjected to any strong excitement.

" Her father's death left her alone in the world, and rather than endure the lonely life she led, she married your father, who was a fine, smart young farmer, but penniless ; and who was not more robust than his wife. Her small fortune was invested in the farm you still have. After you were born, the physician who attended her deemed it prudent that you should be provided for out of the property, and though there was no fear of immediate dissolution, he advised her to avert future complications that might rise in case she died suddenly. I was called in to draw up the conveyance, and your father insisted on the property being left to you in its entirety; for, as he said, he was not much stronger than his wife, and if he died suddenly his relatives might claim some portion of the property. I assured him, that while you lived they could have no claim; but he was obdurate, and the will was drawn, leaving you the sole legatee. The following year your mother died, after giving birth to your brother. This was an unexpected event, as no provision had been made by the will for any subsequent issue. I believe your father would have fought tooth and nail against inserting a codicil in behalf of your brother, had it been possible, as he ardently loved your mother, whose death made him a careless, shiftless fellow without ambition. I acknowledge a great injustice was done your brother, but his birth was unforeseen, as your mother was an extremely sensitive woman who concealed her condition until it was necessary to call in the physician. After your brother's birth she never recovered consciousness.

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*Continued from page 415.

I did not think much of the terms of the will until yesterday, when Steve summoned me to the farm. Your father and he had previously gone over the instrument together, being anxious to find if it could not be broken. Your brother's argument was that you owed your father board for 20 years, which at the rate of $5.00 a week, with what had been expended for clothing, would exceed the value of the farm.

"'My dear sir,' I answered, 'what would apply to your brother applies equally to you. Your father cannot charge him for board without charging you the same; even if a parent could charge children board and lodging, during their minority, your brother can prove he was fed and clothed with the proceeds of the farm. Again, if your father should enter a claim for wages as hired man or manager of the farm, Allen can sue him for unfaithful stewardship. It is a bad business, which ever way you look at it, sir, and I advise you to think no more of contesting the will. I have,' I concluded, 'a reputation of having never lost a case, which, while not being strictly true, has been obtained by always choosing the right side; I shall reserve myself to defend your son and brother if you still decide to fight the will.'

"I bowed myself out, leaving them the picture of consternation. Now, my boy, let me tell you there is something beside the mere desire to get possession of your acres as a farm. A young man of Steven's ability could locate a claim under the homestead laws, of finer land, in some western state."

"My dear sir," I said, "I am willing to divide the farm between them; I have no desire to be a farmer, and cannot endure this estrangement."

"You cannot dispose of your property until you become of age," Mr. Farrington replied, coldly. "Until then, do not say any more about it, after which do not ask me to assist you in any foolish action."

We conversed on the subject some little while longer, when I left, determined to retain possession—and feeling assured that Steve and father could not take the property without my consent. A great load was lifted from my mind, but I felt how much better pleased I would be if I had achieved the victory over Steve in regard to Miss Sheldon than with the property.

His calling upon her so early in the morning was evidence that he had been as deeply impressed as myself. I knew his pretext was to inquire about her lame foot, no doubt deploring that his good-for-nothing brother was the cause of her suffering. I gnashed my teeth with rage, and smiting my clenched fist into my hand, I cried, mentally,

"You attempted to steal my farm, and now you are attempting to steal what is of infinitely more value than life itself; but by heaven, if you win her, it must be by fair means and not by innuendoes and subterfuges."

I was called to my senses by a voice I instantly recognized as Mr. Sheldon's.

"Verily, the hot headed youth is conjuring the evil spirit that possesses him."

I looked up with a gasp and saw the wondering brown eyes of Jessie Sheldon gazing into mine with cold amazement. With a startled cry, I turned and fled down the street with the speed of a deer, never heeding the calls of the old gentleman to come back. I sped on until I stopped from sheer exhaustion, when I flung myself on the grass by the wayside and wept aloud from vexation.

"Why is it?" I exclaimed, "that every time I meet Jessie Sheldon I am making an idiot of myself. How like a fool I must have appeared, sawing the air with my arms, my features convulsed and my lips working like a madman's. Even her father has gone over to the enemy and believes I am possessed of the devil. "I wish," I cried, tearing my hair, "that the devilish horse had broken my neck and his own, instead of nis wind, for then I should not be tormented with a fight in which even fate is against me."

There was no further object in calling upon Mr. Sheldon, as he was no longer unbiased. He appeared on friendly terms with my brother, and why should he not? Steve had befriended his daughter while I had injured her; besides, I had given them both a shock that very morning—they would doubtless feel for many a day.

I hated the idea of going home and encountering the gloating eyes of Steve, so I determined to spend the next few days at a neighbor's, where I was always welcome.

At the end of a week I returned home and found a scene of utter neglect and desolation about the place impossible to credit. On the table in the dining room laid a note from Steve. Picking it up, with trembling hand, I read:

"September 14th, 1859.

"Allen—Father and I have concluded we have worked long enough without compensation. We have been informed the farm is yours and we have no interest in it. This being the case, we do not care to do all the work while the owner is galloping over the country and ruining the live-stock by jumping hurdles. Father says, as you will be of age in a month or two, you can dispose of the farm, and if you still care to study medicine he will give you a fair price for it, as he would hate to have it go out of the family. Whatever you do, give him the first chance for it. We intend to take a house in Wilkesbarre, and leave you in possession at once. We expect you home every moment, so you will have to look after the farm and live stock, as we have discharged all the help, believing you would not care to employ men of our choice.

Yours, etc.,

STEVE."

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIGNS THAT NEVER FAIL.

When man knows how to match a ribbon,
When woman learns to drive a nail,
When man can thread a needle deftly,
When mice don't make a woman pale,
When woman gets off right from street cars,
Instead of facing toward the rear,
When man stops smoking bad tobacco,
And drinking stale sour smelling beer,
When woman doesn't block the sidewalk,
With spreading skirts and puffed out sleeves,
When man stops flirting with new charmers,
And to his lawful darling cleaves,
When man can understand the baby,
And woman, petting it, talks sense,
When man proposes a new bonnet,
And woman shies at the expense—

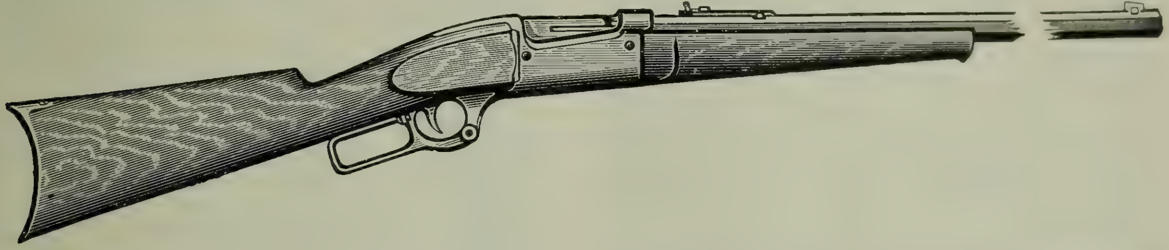
Phenomena like these, and others,
May strike surprised observers dumb,
But they will know, by these same tokens,
That the millenium has come.

—*Somerville* (Mass.) *Journal.*

THE NEW SAVAGE HAMMERLESS REPEATING RIFLE.

The Savage Repeating Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., has now ready for the market its New Hammerless Rifle—model 1895.

It is made by the Marlin Fire Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., and embodies the result of years of careful experimenting by Mr. Arthur W. Savage, a practical sportsman, who spent several years in hunting in Australia. It includes the best features of several well known systems, and combines simplicity, strength, lightness and ease of manipulation. The rifle is built to use metallic ammunition loaded with smokeless powder in its full strength.

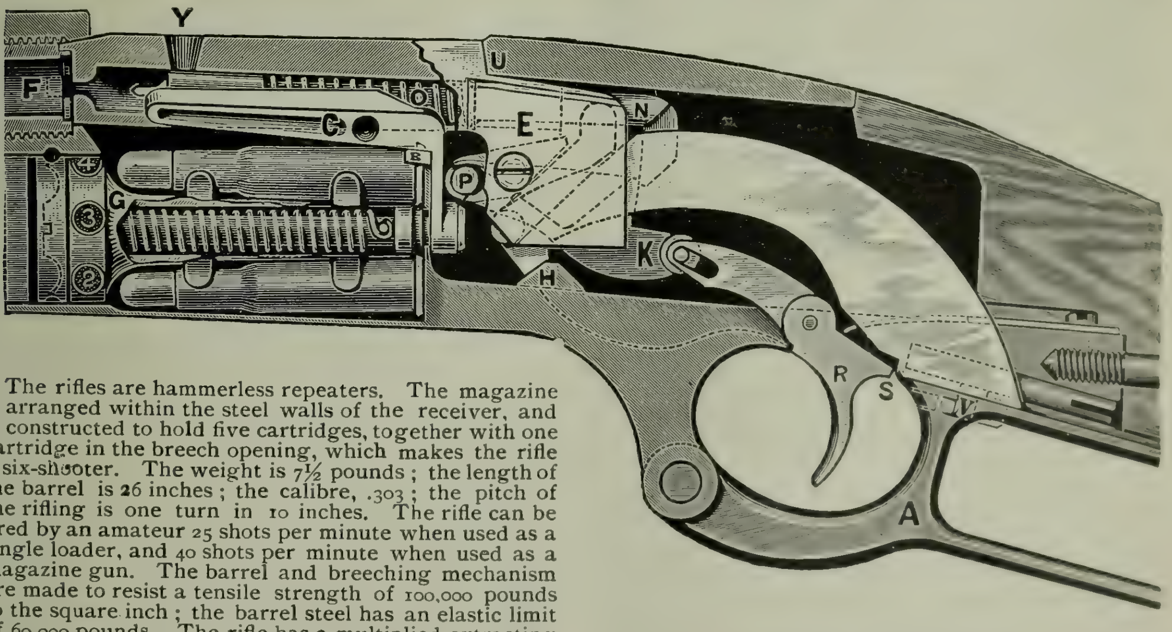


The point-blank range of the Savage Rifle, with smokeless powder ammunition, is 200 yards for accurate shooting; for practical hunting, 250 yards.

The "stopping" power of the small metal-jacketed bullet, driven by smokeless powder, is, it is claimed, far more deadly in effect on game than that of the larger calibre lead bullet driven by black powder. The superiority lies in the extremely high velocity of the bullet, which imparts a portion of its energy to the flesh and bone, both of which become, in a sense, projectiles, producing a frightful wound, which must be seen to be understood.

Rifles of substantially the same calibre, using smokeless powder, are now being constantly used in hunting large and dangerous game in Central Africa.

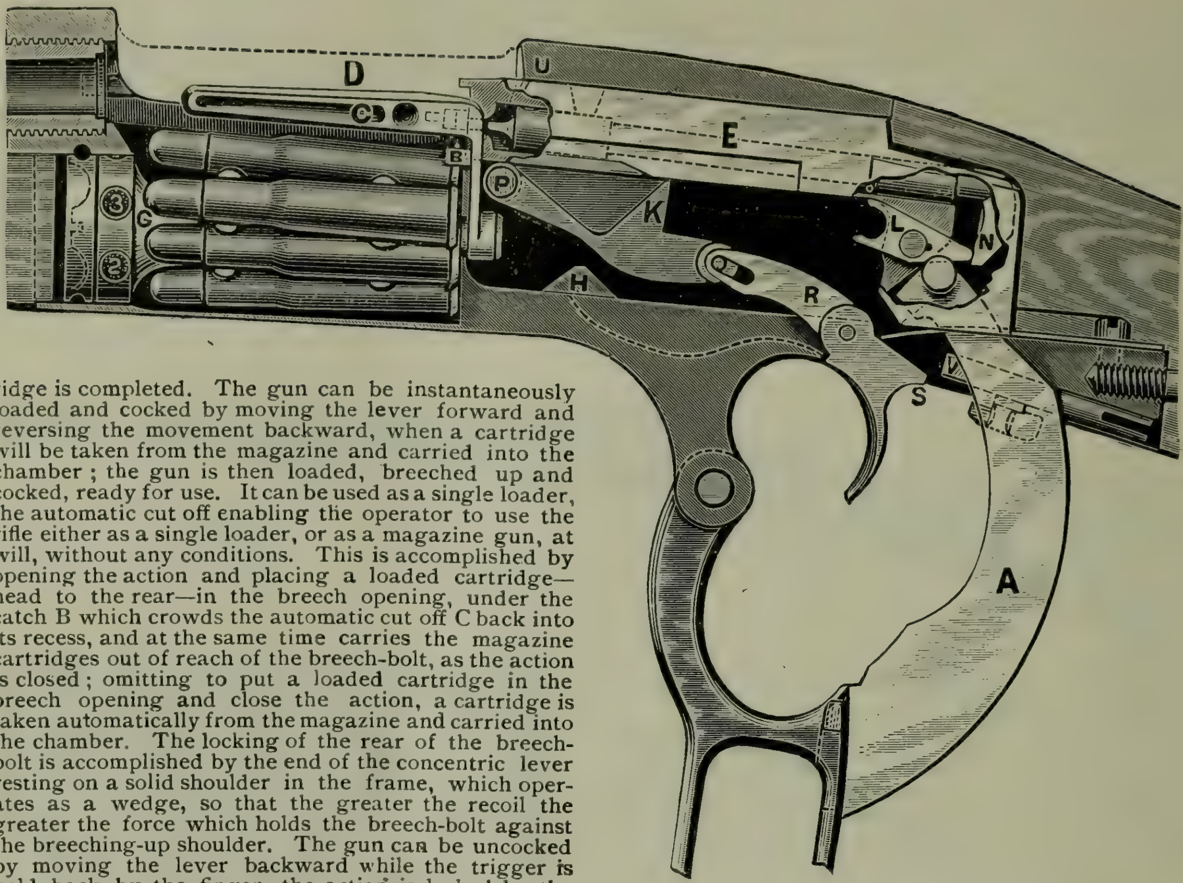
The accompanying cuts show the regular Savage Sporting Rifle, one with the action closed, and the other with same open.



The rifles are hammerless repeaters. The magazine is arranged within the steel walls of the receiver, and is constructed to hold five cartridges, together with one cartridge in the breech opening, which makes the rifle a six-shooter. The weight is 7½ pounds; the length of the barrel is 26 inches; the calibre, .303; the pitch of the rifling is one turn in 10 inches. The rifle can be fired by an amateur 25 shots per minute when used as a single loader, and 40 shots per minute when used as a magazine gun. The barrel and breeching mechanism are made to resist a tensile strength of 100,000 pounds to the square inch; the barrel steel has an elastic limit of 60,000 pounds. The rifle has a multiplied extracting power on the ratio of 1 to 16—*i. e.*, a force equal to one pound in weight on the lever will exert a force equal to 16 pounds on the empty shell in the chamber. The gun is provided with an automatic indicator, consisting of numerals on the head of carrier G, exposed through a hole in the wall of the receiver, so that the sportsman can see at a glance the state of his magazine. On the top of the breech-bolt there is arranged an automatic indicator, showing, at all times, whether the firing mechanism is cocked, or in safety position. The gun is also provided with a safety device for locking the action, which can be instantaneously operated.

Four different kinds of ammunition are provided for use in these rifles: first, the regular, solid head, metallic cartridge, with an extra heavy primer—the shell holding 30 grains of the "Savage" brand of smokeless powder; the metal-jacketed bullet weighing 190 grains; second, cartridges using the same shell and primer, with a metal-jacketed bullet—the jacket being placed on the rear portion only of the bullet, the front end of the bullet being soft lead forming an expanding bullet for large dangerous game; third, cartridges having the same shell, primer and bullets as first mentioned, the shells being loaded with 40 grains of black rifle powder; and fourth, a gallery cartridge loaded with 5 grains of "No. 2 S" smokeless powder, with an alloy bullet weighing 100 grains. These latter cartridges are made for gallery practice and for light shooting.

The weight of the gun and the ammunition is such that the sportsman will be relieved of about one-half to one-third of the weight heretofore carried in using black powder rifles. Some of the numerous features of novelty and advantage in this rifle are: the concentric lever, which operates the working portions of the gun and serves as a trigger guard; the cocking of the gun is accomplished after the cartridge is in the chamber and the gun breeched up, the cocking being effected when the gun is pulled against the shoulder of the operator; shells are ejected to the right of the operator; the withdrawal of the breech-bolt, which is moved downward at the rear end, unlocking the action and the breech-bolt is retired inside of the steel frame; the breeching-up is in the direct line of the strain, and is exceedingly strong and reliable; the magazine is circular in form, and is inside of the steel walls of the frame. each cartridge is held independently in the sprocket carrier, the cartridge being held from end thrust by its rim, thus preventing the bullet from being jammed into the shell, which tends to produce dangerous pressure. The cartridges in the magazine can be held in reserve while the gun is used as a single loader. If the sportsman desires to lay aside his rifle with the magazine charged, without a cartridge being in the chamber, he can do so by opening the action and placing the thumb of his left hand in the breech opening, against the right face of the automatic cut off C, and crowding the same toward the left into its recess and holding it in this position while he closes the action until the breech-bolt passes the head of the upper cartridge in the magazine, when the closing of the cart-



ridge is completed. The gun can be instantaneously loaded and cocked by moving the lever forward and reversing the movement backward, when a cartridge will be taken from the magazine and carried into the chamber; the gun is then loaded, breeched up and cocked, ready for use. It can be used as a single loader, the automatic cut off enabling the operator to use the rifle either as a single loader, or as a magazine gun, at will, without any conditions. This is accomplished by opening the action and placing a loaded cartridge—head to the rear—in the breech opening, under the catch B which crowds the automatic cut off C back into its recess, and at the same time carries the magazine cartridges out of reach of the breech-bolt, as the action is closed; omitting to put a loaded cartridge in the breech opening and close the action, a cartridge is taken automatically from the magazine and carried into the chamber. The locking of the rear of the breech-bolt is accomplished by the end of the concentric lever resting on a solid shoulder in the frame, which operates as a wedge, so that the greater the recoil the greater the force which holds the breech-bolt against the breeching-up shoulder. The gun can be uncocked by moving the lever backward while the trigger is held back by the finger; the action is locked by the movement of a positive bolt, which can be instantaneously operated. The magazine is charged by opening the action, then placing the cartridge—heads to the rear—in the breech opening, and crowding the cartridge with the thumb or forefinger downward, and carrying the same rearward until the rim of the cartridge engages under the catch B, on the automatic cut off C—repeating these operations until the magazine is fully charged. Metal fillers, containing six cartridges may be used, and the gun charged in one operation. The balance of the gun always remains the same when drawing on the magazine.

The Savage system involves no experiments; it is a combination of well understood mechanical principles, which combine simplicity, strength and accuracy.

The company will furnish, on request, catalogue giving detailed description and operation of the gun.

THE new game and fish law, passed by the New York Legislature, and which has been signed by Governor Morton, makes the trout season uniform throughout the state, the open season being from April 16 to August 31.

The bill prohibits the polluting of streams, or taking of fish by drawing off water, or by dynamite, or taking them from a stream to stock a private pond or stream. No fishing through the ice, in waters inhabited by trout or salmon, is allowed. Salmon trout and land-locked salmon may be fished from May 1 to September 30. Bass, from May 30 to December 31, 8-inch limit.

Pickerel, pike and wall-eyed pike, from May 1 to January 31, except as provided in section 141 of the Game law.

Deer—Open season, August 15 to October 31; limit, two deer to each person.

Squirrels, hares and rabbits—Open season from September 1 to November 30. Use of ferrets prohibited.

Birds and wild fowl—Web-footed wild fowl, open season from September 1 to April 30. Quail, open season, November and December. Woodcock and grouse, open season from August 15 to December 31. Plover, snipe and English snipe shall not be shot or possessed during May, June, July or August. Snaring, netting or trapping of game birds is prohibited.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

The following, as copied from the New York *Times*, is said to be an exact translation of the letter sent by a Chinese editor to a would-be contributor, whose manuscript he found it necessary to return:

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon—Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I kowtow to thee and beg that of thy graciousness thou mayst grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equaled it. Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send you your writing back Ten thousand times I crave your pardon. Behold, my head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant.—The Editor."

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our own sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Toe-nail prints where we made the climb.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

Hams Fork, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION.

Your crusade against the Indian butchers is all right; but what is annihilating our game now, particularly the elk, is, that while almost starved, in the spring, while the snow is soft, some men run them on horseback, and capture them alive, to sell. Only one in 10 to 15 of all those caught and tied down live to reach the railroad; while hundreds of others, mostly cows, over-heated by long runs in the snow, starved and exhausted, only lie down and die.

These are the facts as I get them from those who run the elk. In one case, where 18 were tied down, only one lived to be taken to the ranch. As a rule, the men engaged in this work are as worthless a set as were ever allowed to live. The work is easily done; the elk string out in single file, making a deep trail, which a horse easily follows, until one or two elk at a time step out into the deep, soft snow, lie down, and then any man can walk up, put a rope around their necks, and tie their feet together; then go on after the balance of the herd. I wish this business could be stopped, and I trust it will be, soon. JOHN HASTIE.

Ten Sleep, Wyo.

A curious sight here, a few days ago, was a mixed band of deer and antelope, 50 to 60, on the open hills, on their way from the bad lands to the mountains. They loafed round in sight of the house for several hours.

Sheep are numerous. They go up to the snow peaks in summer, but all winter Ten Sleep canyon has been tracked by them from end to end. There are enough elk, in season, for good sport—25 to 300 in a bunch. The cedars near the ranch have been alive with deer for two months. We see them everywhere—5 to 20 in a bunch. Trout are biting and some big fellows are being caught. JAMES FULLERTON.

Marysvale, Wyo.

Have just returned from a short trip up Smoke river, toward Jackson's Hole. Saw a great deal of game. From one bend of the river three moose came out of the willows. The bull took across the river, while the cow and yearling went up the stream on my side. I gave them a little chase with my horse and got within 20 feet of them. They had to break their trot and run. On my way home I was within 25 yards of 62 antelope. They are coming in from Green river, in their usual numbers, on their road to their summer range farther up the river. The elk are on their way to the mountains again.

S. N. LEEK.

On the estates of Prince Adolf Schwarzenberg, in Bohemia, over 50,000 game birds and animals were killed last year. These consisted of wild boars, deer of all kinds, hares, partridges, pheasants, wild cats, foxes, etc.

Alpine, Texas.

Game in this country, with no state protection to speak of, has nearly all gone. Only a few of the old timers can bag a deer or an antelope, in a day's hunt. If I get four or five old bucks (I never shoot a doe) from September 1st to December 15th, I am more than satisfied. I have not killed a mountain sheep in two years. There are a few left in the Guadaloupes, but it takes so much hard climbing to get them that it is hardly worth the labor. J. B. GILLETT.

Marysvale, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION.

While myself and companion were walking along a small stream, a mud hen came down past us in the water, and my companion shot at it point blank with a 45.70 Marlin rifle, when not more than 15 feet away. The bird was thrown several feet in the air showing conclusively that he shot under it. His retriever brought it out, and what was our surprise to find its head shot entirely off. It must have had its head down, in the act of diving, showing how very quick they must be. S. N. LEEK.

Oakmont, Pa.

The best rattlesnake joke I ever heard was of a young surveyor, out West, who came on a rattler on the prairie, and not being able to find a weapon or missile, fired his boots, one after the other, at the snake. Both boots missed, yet landed close together. The snake coiled around them, and the man had to walk home, barefooted, imagining he was stepping on a rattler at every step. WM. WADE.

A trick with wet matches, taught me by a sailor, may be new to you, so I give it for the benefit of the craft.

He took an ordinary blue-head match—commonly called a sulphur match—immersed the head in water for five minutes, took it out, shook off what water he could, and inserted the head in his ear, giving the match a twist. On taking it out, I saw that it was coated with wax from his ear. He allowed this to remain on the match a few moments, then wiped it off, and lighted the match in the regulation way.

F. W. GRANT.

New Glasgow, N. S.

The Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fishery Society reports a steady increase of moose in this province, owing to excellent protection. The law prohibiting the killing of cow moose will no doubt be rescinded, as the females far outnumber the males in most sections of the province.

Prohibiting the sale of game would greatly aid in preserving it. O. A. PRITCHARD.

BOUND volumes of RECREATION, October, 1894, to June, 1895 ; $2.50 postpaid.

BICYCLING.

L. A. W. HANDICAPPERS.

Chairman Gideon, of the L. A. W. National Racing Board, announces the transfer of Charles Earl, the Brooklyn class A rider, to class B, for accepting travelling expenses to an indoor meet in Philadelphia. E. A. Willis, the New Jersey Rider, who competed in class A events last season, and Charles W. De Cay, of Laramie, Wyo., have been declared professionals, and all amateurs are warned against racing with them under a penalty of disqualification. The appointment of the following handicappers for the several divisions of the league is announced :

District No. 1—New England States, Henry Goodman, Hartford, Conn., and J. C. Kerrison, Boston, Mass.

District No. 2—New York State, A. G. Batchelder, Buffalo, N. Y.

District No. 3—State of New Jersey, S. Wallace Merihew, Jersey City, N. J.

District No. 4—States of Pennsylvania and Delaware, A. J. Powell, Philadelphia, Pa., and T. F. Mayer, Pittsburg, Pa.

District No. 5—State of Maryland and Washington, D. C., C. Wollman, Baltimore, Md., and W. T. Robertson, Washington, D. C.

District No. 8—States of Missouri and Kansas and Indian Territory, E. N. Sanders, St. Louis, and E. P. Moriarity, Kansas City, Mo.

District No. 9—States of Ohio and West Virginia, W. W. Bliss, Jr., Columbus, Ohio.

District No. 10—States of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, S. A. Miles, Chicago, E. M. Newman, Chicago, and Albert T. Allen, Detroit, Mich.

District No. 12—States of Nebraska, Iowa, New Mexico, S. H. Rowland, Marengo, Iowa; F. B. Thrall, Ottumwa, Iowa.

District No. 13—States of Idaho, Utah, Arizona and Colorado, C. A. Lindsey, Denver, Col., and W. L. Pinney, Phœnix, Arizona.

The following sanctions have been granted :

July 4—Mercury Wheelmen, Allentown, Pa.; Press Cycling Club, Buffalo, N. Y.; Century Cycling Club, Syracuse, N. Y.; Prince Wells, Louisville, Ky.

July 5—Century Cycling Club, Syracuse, N. Y.

September 2—Rose of New England Wheelmen, Norwich, Conn.; Syracuse Athletic Association.

September 26—Mercury Wheelmen, Allentown, Pa.

To cement a tire to a rim without the use of a lamp. Pour alcohol or benzine on the inside of the rim, taking pains to saturate all of the old cement, hold wheel in hand and apply a match, revolve slowly and the cement will be softened, when the blaze begins to die out replace tire and inflate.

The sun can beat any bicycle in the land at being a scorcher.

SMART COSTUMES.

A New York *Herald* reporter comments thus on some bicycle costumes that he saw on the drives :

The astonishing apparatuses that whiz by on wheels in Riverside Drive, on Sunday mornings, seem like visions from spectacular performances. There would seem to be among the lady bicyclists, in general, no settled code as to what should or should not be worn. A striving for effect is apparently the principal object, and certainly they have attained that. I had seen bicycling in other cities, and thought the boulevards in Paris had rare examples to show as to how women could dress to make themselves conspicuous; but on Riverside Drive yesterday morning I saw more extraordinarily dressed women than I have ever seen before.

Divided skirts and bloomers I had always thought unnecessarily conspicuous, even when made of plain blue or black material, but before the morning was over I made up my mind that a costume with large plaid bloomers, pink shirt waist and yachting cap was singularly quiet.

One woman was arrayed in a suit of blue velvet, made with full knickerbockers, tight fitting blue velvet waist to correspond, and blue velvet cap. Long tan leggins completed the costume, which attracted no attention, apparently. Another wore a suit of light tan corduroy, made with tight fitting knee breeches, sack coat and tan yachting cap, with leggins of the same color.

Two women, who rode well, wore enormous bloomers of tartan plaid, and light blue shirt waists, with gray caps.

The home made bloomer of blue serge seemed the favorite costume, but surely the women who so attired themselves could never have looked in a long mirror before starting out.

A gray tweed suit, with long three-quarter coat, and skirt cut medium length and full enough to allow the free motion of the knee necessary to riding, and a modest little black hat, looked conspicuous by its simplicity and neatness.

The women who rode in the Park did not seem to have found it necessary to attire themselves in such wild and fantastic garbs as did the riders on the Boulevard and Riverside. I saw several women riding uncommonly well and dressed in blue serge, with medium length skirts and Norfolk jackets. The only bloomer costume in the Park had evidently been made by a tailor, for it was the least objectionable of any. The bloomers, themselves, while full, had some shape, and the tight fitting coat had such long, full skirts that the ugly effect of the bloomers was well nigh hidden.

Elderly Lodger—" How did you sleep last night, professor ?"

Professor Larkins—" Lying down, madame."

—*Wheeling* (W. Va.) *Corner Stone.*

EDITOR'S CORNER.

The August number of Recreation will open with a spirited and novel story of "Salmon Fishing in Labrador," by Colonel C. E. Fuller, illustrated by H. S. Watson. This will be followed by a thrilling narrative of "Coursing with Greyhounds," by L. F. Bartels, illustrated from original drawings and from photographs; "A Hero in the Ranks," by Lieutenant A. T. Dean; "Random Shots," by Harvey M. Harper; "My Shooting and Fishing Companions," by Dr. H. W. Steele; "By the Camp Fire," and the "Sportsman's Song," two charming bits of woodland verse, by H. B. Jewell and Dr. L. E. Holmes. Major W. H. Schieffelin, and Dr. E. J. Tucker will continue their respective stories, and the usual fund of interesting notes and items will appear in the various departments. In pictorial features the August number will equal any of its predecessors.

This is the time of year when the Pecos Valley people are keeping their grips packed and their blankets rolled up. It is necessary for them to be ready to flee to the hills to escape death in floods, which are likely to come from cloudbursts and dam-bursts. They have already had one of their annuals—a small one. It took out only one railway bridge this time and trains were delayed only three days. The real fun will be later, when the big floods come—the kind that rip up 20 or 30 miles of railway and wash it into the Rio Grande; the kind that wipe out the dams and that carry away stone houses as if they were built of corn cobs. People who think of going to that part of the great cactus desert can get a lot of valuable information by writing to this office.

Dear old Isaac McLellan, the poet laureate of sportsmen, has lately passed his 89th birthday. He writes me, in a most tender and pathetic vein, that he has lain aside his pen, and that he can now scarcely see to read even what others write. "I was born," he says, "in Portland Maine, N. P. Willis was born there a few years before me, and Henry W. Longfellow a few years later. We were life-long friends, and I miss them greatly." All reading sportsmen love old Isaac, and will join me in wishing him many years, yet, of health and happiness.

Minnesota has a new game law that prohibits the killing of moose, elk and caribou, until January 1st, 1898. If this could be rigidly enforced against Indians as well as whites, moose would again become abundant in north-east Minnesota; but it is safe to say that the red man of the forest will be allowed to conduct his annual circle hunt and fire hunt in '95-6-7, as heretofore.

The new law fixes the period between September 1st and April 15th, as the open season on ducks, geese, brant and snipe. The open season on trout is May 1st to September 1st.

In May Recreation the address of Mr. Philip Stiles, owner of the famous coon dog, Driver, was given as Somerset, N. H. It should have been Somerworth.

Recreation has lost one of its best friends. Young Paul A. Ulrich, of Springfield, Ill., who has done so much to instruct and entertain its readers, died at his home on June 7th, of heart disease. He was a skillful and enthusiastic amateur photographer, and though but 22 years years old, was president of the amateur photographic society of his native city. His loss will be keenly felt by every reader of this magazine.

Mr. Mark R. Perkins, formerly of Willimantic, Conn., and later of Omaha, has opened a large gun and saddlery store in Sheridan, Wyoming. He will keep a full line of everything needed by shooters or anglers, and is prepared to outfit hunters or tourists visiting that region, with everything required, including guides, teams, saddle and pack animals. Write him if you think of going west.

If you have received a sample copy of Recreation that you have not ordered, look it over carefully. It is sent by request of some friend of yours who likes it, and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

I have printed check lists, enumerating all articles constituting complete camping outfits, which I shall be glad to mail, free of charge, to persons who would like to have them. These lists are exceedingly useful when outfitting for a hunting or fishing trip.

Recreation starts on its third volume with this issue. I have a few complete sets of volumes I and II (bound together in one book), for sale at $2.50 a copy. An index to volumes I and II will be found in the back part of this number.

William Lyman, Middlefield, Conn., has put on the market a new line of pistol sights, that are sure to become popular as soon as their good points are known. Write him for illustrated circular—mentioning Recreation.

The Overman Wheel Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass., and 23 Warren street, New York, makes the only first-class line of athletic goods manufactured in this country. Of this, more anon.

Work on the cup defender is progressing slowly but surely. She is on the ways and Captain Hereschoff confidently expects to launch her before the end of June.

Some crookedness, extortion and fraud are being practiced by certain people in the sporting goods trade, which will be exposed in these columns later on.

My premium list is the most liberal ever offered by any sportsmen's publication. Send for it.

In answering advertisements always mention Recreation.

FISH AND FISHING.

FISHING IN TEXAS WATERS.

Aransas Pass, Tex.

Editor Recreation.

Tarpon were never before so plentiful at this time of year. Last Wednesday, Mr. Albert Maverick, Hon. A. W. Houston, Mr. Reagan Houston and Mr. P. H. Swearingen, of the law firm of Swearingen & Brooks, left San Antonio, for Rockport and Aransas Pass, to try their luck at the tarpon, and up to Thursday night had landed five—Mr. A. W. Houston, 2; Mr. Reagan Houston, 2; and Mr. Swearingen, 1.

Mr. Swearingen hooked several, but was not so successful in landing his fish. This was Mr. Swearingen's maiden tarpon, and he has grown at least two or three feet since. He says tarpon fishing beats practising law.

The news of their catch was at once sent to San Antonio, and on Saturday the 11th, the following gentlemen left for Rockport and Aransas Pass: Louis Frankel, Wm. Hardie, Allen Irwin, general agent of the S. A. & A. P. R. R.: E. G. Seng, E. K. Bixley, travelling passenger agent of the Vandalia line; Jacob Wadder, F. Daggett, P. Waldridge, E. J. Cowert, Ira N. Turner, *alias* Potter Palmer; J. A. McDonald, G. J. Spaulding, J. Hamer, W. Berry, J. C. Wengham and L. F. Meyers. They went with blood in their eyes.

They expect to stay at least a week, if they can keep Frankel and Seng in harness, to say nothing about Turner, as he never refuses. All in all it was one of the jolliest parties that has cast a line in the Pass for many a day.

L. F. Meyers.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Editor Recreation.

Owing to the splendid work of the State Fish Commissioners, the streams in this part of the state are so well stocked with brook, rainbow and German trout, that there are fish for everybody and the tyro need not fear the result of a fishing excursion north of this point. But, alas, for the grayling! His artificial culture is a failure and the trout is rapidly exterminating him, on my first visit to Little Manistee, four years ago, I took first a trout, then a grayling, and often one of each at the same cast. The number of grayling, at each subsequent trip, has grown sadly less, until, on the first and second of May, this year, out of a catch of 156 fish there was not one grayling. I predict that in five years this beautiful and rare game fish will be practically extinct. So brothers of the rod do not postpone your trip too long if you want grayling.

Among the many streams, within one to five hours ride from Grand Rapids, which will amply repay one for a visit, are the White river, South, North and middle branches of the Pere Marquette, Baldwin creek, Little Manistee, Pine, Little Pine, and Bear creek. The latter is a fine grayling stream. These streams are wide and free from brush, affording the best of opportunities for fly fishing. A day's catch, in fishing weather, for one who understands using the fly, ranges from 50 to 200 fish. R. G. Macfie.

Gunnison, Colo.

Editor Recreation.

A monster rainbow trout, measuring 28½ inches in length and weighing 11½ pounds, was on exhibition in Gunnison on the 8th inst. It was captured by a ranchman in a small irrigating ditch where it had just finished spawning. This is the largest trout ever seen in this locality, being one pound heavier than the record breaker caught by Mayor Shove, with hook and line, last summer. The Gunnison river is an excellent stream for trout fishing.

Joe. C. Parsons.

Bangor, Maine.

Editor Recreation.

I have just returned from Moosehead Lake, where I spent a day and a half fishing. I caught 21 trout that would average over two pounds each, and that gave me the greatest sport I ever had fishing. I brought 16 of them to Bangor and had the pleasure of giving them to my friends, who all agreed that it was a magnificent string. W. C. Hutchins.

Hanover, Ill.

Editor Recreation.

This is a pleasant place at which to spend a week or two fishing and boating. It is in a bend of the Fox river and is nearly surrounded by water. Black bass, rock bass, pike, pickerel, blue and channel cat, German carp and buffalo are plentiful and of good size.

Jefferson McIntyre, Jr.

Roddster—"I say, old fellow, can you lend us a pair of scales for a few days?"

Married Chum—"We have a pair, but sorry to say they are out of order; they weigh heavy.

Roddster (excitedly)—"The very thing; we're going fishing!"—*Boston Courier.*

Whenever I go out to fish
I find my basket's slow a-filling;
The fish won't bite at any bait—
The "skeeter's" far too willing.

—*N. Y. Herald.*

In our family there are seven
Sturdy striplings and elate,
And our sturdy dad athletic
Makes the aggregation eight;
And, as mamma now wears bloomers,
We are ready to combine,
And to challenge all creation
As
a
base
ball
nine!

—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Where are you going, my Indian maid?"
"Back to my tepee, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"My brother will axe you, sir," she said.

—*N. Y. World.*

A MODERN NITRO POWDER.

I recently visited Carney's Point, N. J., where the wonderful plant of the Du Pont Nitro powder is situated. Here may be found one of the most extensive, thoroughly equipped modern Nitro powder factories in the world. It is a study in completeness and an education in the methods pursued in making modern explosives.

Du Pont, Grandpère, came to this country in 1802, and established the factory that has made black powder for nearly a century, the product of this factory being known over the entire world. Wherever adventurous man has pushed his way with rifle or pick and shovel, Du Pont's powder has been used and its reputation during all that time has been that it is simply perfection.

The factory at Carney's Point is the outcome of the discovery of the imperfections of a compound, thought perfect for centuries in the past, but which must give way to the demands of the present and the future. The Nitro powder has come to stay, and the reputation of Du Pont's black powder, in the past, will be maintained in the future by this modern compound.

Arriving at the Point the entrance from the pier is found close to the ornate building known as the chemical laboratory; and it is here that the product of the plant, now being tested by thousands of sportsmen in front of the traps and in the field, has been gradually worked out. These nitros are not, like black powder, a merely mechanical mixture of certain ingredients which explode when brought into contact with fire. The Nitro powder represents, in the first place, a series of long, arduous and costly experiments to determine a formula which, theoretically and in the laboratory, will give an explosive that will fill the exacting requirements of the day. This formula determined, a reasonably large quantity must be made and tested, perhaps to be found wanting in some vital particular. Then the whole process must be gone over, re-experimented upon, and so on until success is assured. This takes patience, perseverance, time and money, besides exact chemical knowledge and positive love for the work. Taking all this into consideration, it is not strange that so few good Nitros have been completed.

Having secured a practical working formula, with a base, say cotton waste, a vegetable substance which, when acted upon by nitric acid, will become nitro-cellulose, the first step is made. This waste is cleaned from all impurities—not simply washed, but chemically purified—and this means careful manipulation. Having been washed, it must now be dried, and until placed in the acid baths, the fabric must be kept dry; receiving its due proportion of acid it must be squeezed and placed in stone ware pots for a time, until it shall become thoroughly nitrated. It is then washed, neutralized, treated with other chemicals and washed again, until it finally appears a finished nitro powder, ready to be canned and shipped. It would be impossible in the limits of this article to do more than give a faint idea of the various steps of the many going to make up the completion of a batch of nitro powder. Enough has been said to show what a wonderful intricate business it is, and to give some idea as to how difficult it has been to make small batches that will hold up to the laboratory standard. First, the completed nitro must have a hard grain, in order to resist atmospheric changes, and still be porous and sensitive to the heat and flame of the primer. Second, it must give the highest velocity possible, with a minimum gas pressure, and third, it must be stable, always giving the same results , independent of weather or temperature, or other atmospheric vicissitudes to which it may be subjected.

Nearly every process is conducted in a separate building, and the ten or a dozen necessary are substantially built, steam-heated and electric lighted. Everything about the factory is most complete and of the best. Such machinery as has not been specially invented by the Du Ponts is of the latest type, and everything is in perfect order.

Having followed the waste from the bale to the tin can in which the powder is packed and shipped, it may not be uninteresting to see how the finished powder is tested. This is done in a separate building, one side of which is all glass. Facing this building is another, 40 yards away. This latter building is sheathed with sheet iron, on the side next the testing house, and this is pierced with two round holes, about four feet in diameter ; inside of one of these is an ingenious arrangement for holding the large paper targets which show the "pattern" given with a charge of powder and shot. In front of the other is a machine which, by electricity, registers the exact instant the charge of shot strikes the plate. As the charge leaves the muzzle of the gun, it closes a circuit and registers the instant of leaving. Having now the time the shot left the gun and the time it struck the plate, the exact distance being known, it is a simple matter to figure out the velocity of the charge. The "gas pressure" or the bursting power of the powder, is found by an equally ingenious and reasonably exact gauge. You want the pressure of 2¾ drams of powder, with a certain wadding, and 1¼ ounces of shot, from a 12 gauge gun. Every gauge of shot gun is represented in this testing house, by a barrel, with a hole in the upper circumference, and this hole, when the barrel is fitted into the guage, corresponds with another in the gauge itself. A mechanism attached fires the charge and sufficient force is expended through this hole to push up a mechanism, between the parts of which and in direct line of the force, has been placed a bit of copper, of a certain length and diameter ; the pressure exerted upon the gauge crushes the copper, or rather squeezes it in its length. The loss in its length is measured by an accurate, specially made caliper, and from the loss is deduced the so called "gas pressure."

Every one who has done much shooting knows something of this Du Pont nitro. Though so recently introduced, the wonderful scores made by various experts and amateurs, notably Mr. Messner's in winning the American Handicap, has already pushed it to the front, and the fact that so much care has been and is being given to its manufacture, combined with its intrinsic value will keep it there. The following points are of interest to the trap and field shooter ; first, lack of recoil ; second, lack of smoke ; third, little or no solid residuum ; fourth, such residuum as there is, is alkaline and not deliquescent. This lessens the chance of rusting the barrel from solid particles that are hydroscopic. This is true, not only of the Du Pont shot gun powder, but of the Du Pont rifle powder as well. Fifth, the compound is stable, resisting atmospheric changes to a marked degree; sixth, it has an extremely hard, yet porous grain, due to process of manufacture and not to after treatment; seventh, the extreme care and watchfulness given to its manufacture makes it well nigh impossible for batches to vary in gas pressure or velocity; eighth, maximum velocity with minimum gas pressure or strain upon the gun barrel; ninth, relatively small bulk of charge and its complete transformation into gas, resulting in a definite equality between amount of powder and amount of propelling power; tenth, it is an American product, formulated by American chemists, who were trained in American laboratories, and as such, surely merits the confidence and attention of American trap and field shooters.

There is at the Du Pont factory a handsome little 23 single shot Winchester rifle, with long cartridge, loaded with a Du Pont rifle nitro and a nickle plated bullet, that ground a deep hole in a heavy wrought iron plate at 100 feet range, and which, at 200 yards, would have punched a neat round hole in the same plate; there is a 30 calibre army rifle and its cartridge, also loaded with Du Pont rifle nitro, and other things too numerous to mention. Carney's Point, with its wonderful plant, bids fair to become as famous, in its day, as its predecessor on the other side of Wilmington and the present nitros, and others in a more embryonic condition, that will in due time make their debut, will prove as efficacious and perfect in their way as has the Du Pont black powder.

SAMUEL J. FORT, M. D.

HUDSON RIVER BY DAYLIGHT.

The "Albany" and the "New York," the steamers of the Day Line, are two of the most elegant steamers in the world. They are large and commodious; there is an abundance of comfortable seats, and a good restaurant is located on the main deck, where you can enjoy a good dinner, and at the same time look out upon the beautiful scenery of the river. When the boat leaves the dock you leave the bustle and hum behind you, and enter, as it were, upon a new existence. Now you can stop hurrying for a time, at least, and at your leisure can take in the marvellous beauties of the river as they unfold before your eyes. To float upon the bosom of the majestic Hudson, to gaze upon the mighty hills that fringe its banks, to view those quaint but familiar collections of river craft being towed along, scarcely seeming to move; all these, and a myriad of other experiences, are familiar to those who have had the good sense or the good fortune to make the trip between New York and Albany by the day boat. From the time the boat pushes majestically out into the river till it touches the dock at the end of the route, a succession of magnificent panoramas is spread before the tourist. Too much cannot be said regarding the arrangements which have been made for the comfort and pleasure of those who adopt this method of travel

POSSIBLE SMILES.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

A good story comes from the arid plains of New Mexico. A certain lady, who had lately gone there with her family, had been given a rifle, and was anxious to kill something. She was invited to join a party for a drive, one day, and took the new rifle along. As the team sped over the prairie, a long-eared jack-rabbit started from beneath a sage brush, leaped away a short distance, and stopped to gaze at the intruders. Mrs. M. grasped her rifle eagerly, and shouted:

"Oh, look at the young antelope! Wait, let me shoot it!"

The team was stopped, and the game waited to be killed, but the peals of laughter from the more knowing members of the party, so startled the little woman that she forgot to shoot.

"Well, what is it then?" she demanded, indignantly.

"Oh, it's only a New Mexico sailor—otherwise a jack-rabbit," said the driver.

The lady was so chagrined that she declined to shoot at any more "game" that day, and her friends have not yet ceased to remind her of her "first antelope." C. C. B.

First New Yorker—"I wish I knew where that pretty girl who lives next door to me is going this summer."

Second New Yorker—"Why?"

First New Yorker—"I would like to go there and get acquainted with her."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Why are they called pyramids, pa?" asked Georgie, who was looking at a picture of those wonders of Egypt.

"They are called pyramids, my son, because they appear amid the general desolation of the desert."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"What kind of writing is that?" said he
To the maid at the typewriter, awkwardly,
She thumped the keys in her saucy way,
And said, with a smile, to the rustic jay,
Who wondered much at the queer machine:—
"It's a patent write, if that's what you mean."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Roxlie—'Well, neither of us caught many fish, but between us we have a good string?"

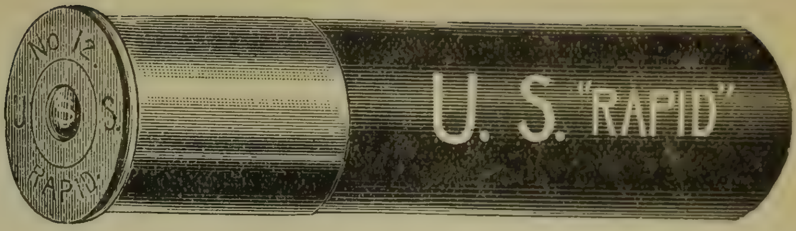
Hoxlie—"Yes, your six and my five will leaven the whole catch."

Sharpleigh—"This free coinage question bids fair to involve the country in another big fight?"

Up-to-Date—"Yes, a war of the rebullion, so to speak."

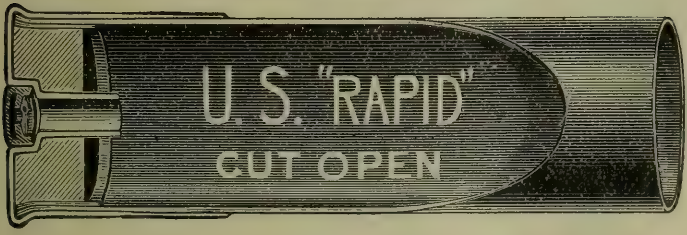
The rain descends upon the plant,
And makes it grow the taller;
But when it strikes the summer pant
It's apt to make that smaller.
—*Detroit Tribune.*

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR

Nitro

Powders.

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

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CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

WHAT I USE AND WHY.

Since the reproduction in RECREATION of a few of my photographs, brother amateurs are writing me to know what camera and what lense I use ; what plates and developer I recommend ; how I do my work, etc.

I was decoyed into the art of amateur photography a number of years ago by receiving, as a present, a little Harvard outfit, complete, for taking and finishing photographs, and which, I afterwards learned, cost just two dollars and a half ; and the experience gained thereby was both invaluable and inexpensive.

My next camera was a 5x7; then a 4x5 Scoville Knack ($17.50), with which the picture of the children, published in RECREATION, was taken. Besides this, I have a 5x7 Rochester Optical Company's box, fitted with a Somerville No. 1 lense ($20). This lense is, in my estimation, the finest for the money on the market, for both portraits and landscape work. A good lense is the foundation of successful photography—the most important requisite.

If you can afford it, have both a large sized tripod camera and a small hand box ; the former for groups, portraits and architectural work ; the other for moving objects, and for a traveling companion. Don't start on a trip without a roll of film. Glass plates are too bulky, too heavy, and cannot be easily changed. I buy my plates from our city photographers. In that way I am sure of getting a reliable brand of fresh plates, as needed. Do not experiment with every brand of plates, but stick to the old and reliable.

As to developers. "The woods are full of 'em"—good ones, too—any one of which needs only to be understood and persistently used to give good results. This dabbling in every new solution that comes along is enough to discourage any amateur. If on a trip, take along powder. Do not risk spoiling your best clothes by putting solutions in your trunk. You can get Eastman powders for 60 cents, equal to 96 ounces of mixed solution. At home I always mix my own developer, because there is a fascination about the chemical processes. However, I have had to throw away an entire quantity of new developer on account of some unaccountable mistake arising from the carelessness, either of the druggist, or, more likely, of myself. Pyro. is my stand-by.

If you want to sip the honey-sweetness from the lovely flower of photography, do all your own work. Be not content till you are master of the art in all its processes, from alpha to omega. I have had great trials and tribulations, printing and fixing my pictures, some of which I may some time describe for the readers of RECREATION.

The reason I give names of makers of my cameras is that I have often been disappointed when reading articles on this subject, wherein the author had omitted just what I wanted to know, *i.e.*, what make he used.

Why not be practical ?

PAUL A. ULRICH.

Editor RECREATION.

"J. H. J." is all at sea when he asks for formulæ to combine metol-eikonogen and pyro glycin. These developing salts should never be combined, as they have a similar action. Metol hauff should be combined (if a combination is desired) with glycin hauff, as metol hauff gives detail, glycin hauff density, and the combination carries the good quality of both. Metol can also be combined with hydrochinon or pyro., but the result is not nearly so good. The best formula I have found, for all around work, is the following :

Hot water must be used with this formula.

10 ozs. sulphite soda solution, at 30 degrees hydrometer test, hot.
Add 30 grains metol hauff.
Add 30 grains glycin hauff.
Add 10 ozs. carb. potass. solution, 16 degrees hydrometer test, hot.

Allow this to cool and settle, and if it shows a sediment, it should be filtered. Be careful to use a hydrometer which, by the way, should be used in making all developing solutions, as it corrects any difference in the strength of chemicals.

BRAINS.

New York.

Editor RECREATION.

I would like to suggest to Chas. H. Worcester that he select, for his trip to the woods, a Folding Montauk Camera, fitted with a Ross-Goerz lens, as this is undoubtedly the most compact and "professional" outfit he could secure. It is difficult to get good pictures in the woods, on account of the shadows—light and heavy—that are ever present, and the most rapid lens is necessary for the work. The Ross-Zeiss, Ross Universal Symmetrical and the Ross-Goerz lenses are the most rapid extant, and should be selected for this class of work. These, as well as the Folding Montauk Camera, are sold by G. Genert, 24 East 13th street, New York, who shows his good judgment by advertising his goods in RECREATION.

CHAS. H. TURNER.

A valuable hint to amateur photographers is contained in the picture of an English setter, printed on another page of this issue. Many beautiful and interesting studies in posing, as well as in animal photography in general, may be obtained by experimenting with a well trained dog, horse, or other pet animal. If you are not fortunate enough to own such a companion yourself, inquire among your friends, and you may find a subject that will afford you many an hour of pleasant and profitable experiment.

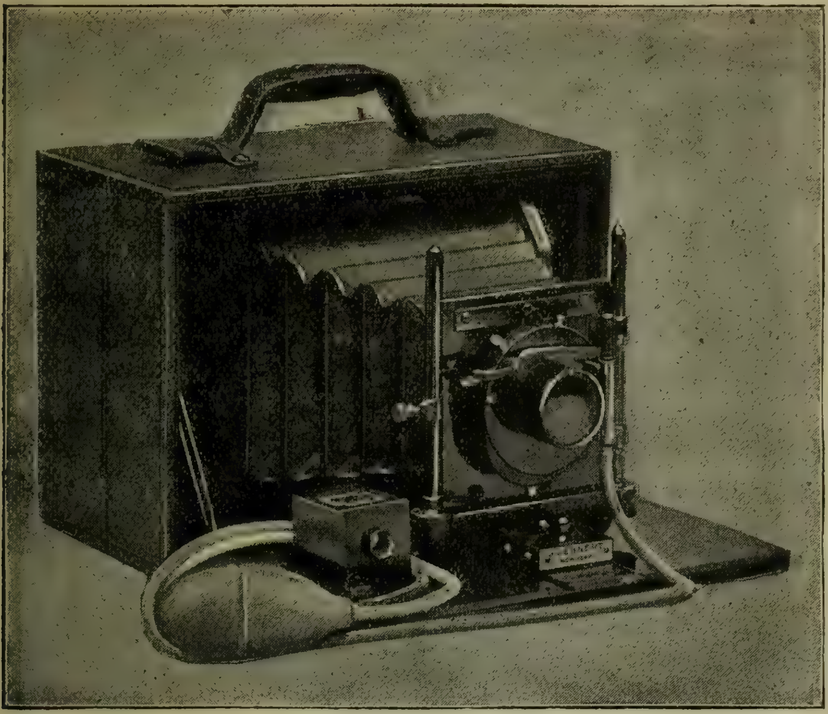
Don't forget to send samples of your best work to RECREATION—especially of all novelties in the way of out-door work.

I have nothing but praise for your magazine and congratulate you most sincerely.

J. EMERSON SMITH.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,	$25.00
" "	5 x 7,	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½,	50.00
" "	8 x 10,	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

Pleasure in Life

—the delight of rolling through smooth, shady ways on a perfectly adjusted Columbia Bicycle. Costs but $100 this year. We want you to ride.

THAT PLATE
MEANS
Columbia
THE BEST
BICYCLE

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General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD, Conn.

We shall take pleasure in sending you the handsomest Bicycle Catalogue ever issued, for postage—four cents; or the book is free from any Columbia agent.

SNOBS IN BUSINESS.

Denver, Col.

Editor RECREATION :

SOME NEW YORK business men practice a kind of snobbery that is simply disgusting to a broad gauge free-thinking hustler, no matter where he hails from. They act as if afraid they might be contaminated if they should come in contact with a caller before he had been quarantined, inspected, and then properly vouched for by their office boy. If the head of the concern happens to be in the front office when a stranger enters he will glare at him, retreat into his back room and send the office boy to "see what that man wants."

I could give many instances of losses that have accrued to such snobs by reason of this affected exclusiveness. An officer of a western railway called on one of the bank note companies here to place a three thousand dollar order for engraving bonds. He brought a letter of introduction from the governor of a western State to the president of the bank note company—these two having been schoolmates. The railway man preferred to see the bank note man and present the letter in person—in fact had been requested to do so. He handed his card to the office boy and asked him to hand it to the president and say that he would like to see that gentleman on important business. This brought out the president's private secretary who said that Mr. Almighty was very busy—and could he not state his business to him—the secretary.

Mr. Westerner was nettled. He told the secretary that this was not the way in which he treated men when they called on him. His business was with the president of the company first, and he did not care to state it to any one else.

The secretary returned to the sanctum, and a consultation was held which ended in the president ordering his subordinate to "show the—fool in." The clerk went to do his bidding but the stranger was gone. He had left a message with another clerk that the latter was afraid to deliver to "the old man." The railway man went to another bank note company where he was pleasantly received and cordially treated. Within half an hour he had placed his order.

Once when connected with a large corporation in the West, I came here to place an order for $1,200 worth of advertising. I called on an advertising agent in Park Row, and when I went in the principal happened to be in the front room. I had met him once before and knew him, so I ventured to say "good morning." He glared at me and called the office boy to take my card.

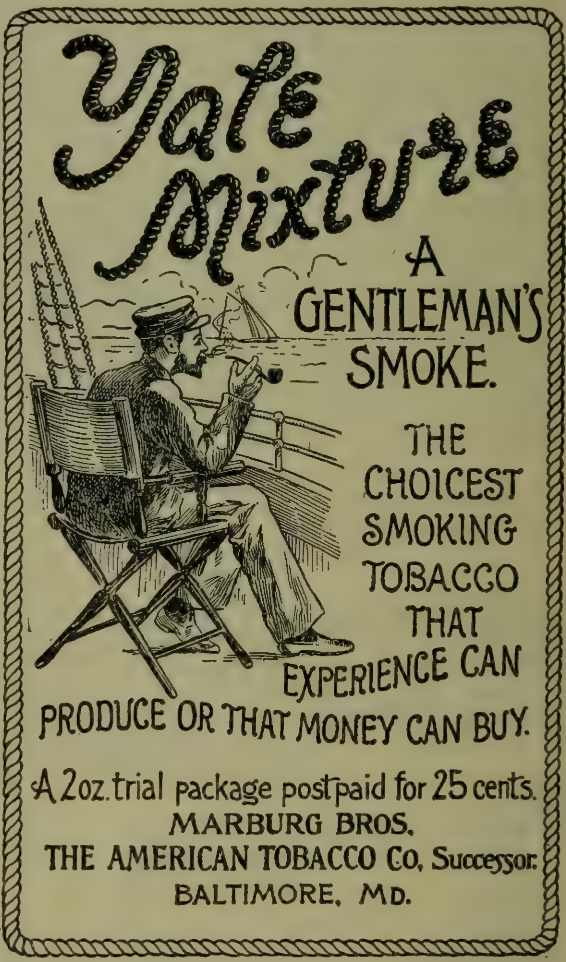
I surrendered it as gracefully as possible. The boy handed it to Mr. Snob, who looked at it, and told the boy to tell me to take a seat in the hall, that he was busy and would see me in his private office in a few minutes.

I stepped up to the office, told Mr. Snob to go to hades, and went and placed my order with another agency. If I had been in Mr. Snob's place, I should have greeted the caller pleasantly and asked him what I could do for him. At least, that is the way I treat people when they come to my office, and I am about as busy a man as there is in town. It pays to treat decent people decently, especially if you want to get their money.

Most men offend their callers in the way I have mentioned, not because they are busy, but because they think it's the swagger way—because they wish to impress callers with their swellness ; because they wish to appear wealthy and aristocratic and great. But that's just where they are mistaken. Brainy men always take such conduct as an evidence of dudeishness, of senility, of narrow-mindedness.

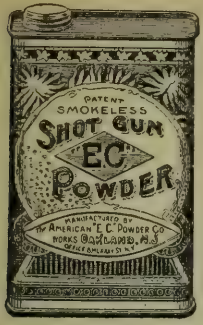
None of these New York snobs can ever be so great as Abe Lincoln was, and he was always ready to meet the humblest granger in the land, on equal ground.

A. G. WARD.

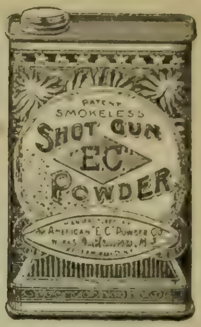


Yale Mixture
A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE.
THE CHOICEST SMOKING TOBACCO THAT EXPERIENCE CAN PRODUCE OR THAT MONEY CAN BUY.
A 2oz. trial package postpaid for 25 cents.
MARBURG BROS.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO Co. Successor.
BALTIMORE, MD.

3 REGISTERED. TRADE MARK.
"THREE IN ONE"
COMPOUND
FOR BICYCLES & GUNS.
PREVENTS RUST, CLEANS, LUBRICATES.
ITS RUST PREVENTIVE QUALITIES ARE MARVELOUS
AS A LUBRICANT IT HAS NO EQUAL.
ITS CLEANING PROPERTIES ARE UNSURPASSED
DOES NOT EVAPORATE, GUM OR HARDEN.
ALL DEALERS SELL IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
GEO. W. COLE & CO. 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
SEND FIVE TWO CENT STAMPS FOR SAMPLE.


PATENT
SMOKELESS
SHOT GUN
E.C.
POWDER
MANUFACTURED BY
AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO.
WORKS OAKLAND, N.J.

E. C.


PATENT
SMOKELESS
SHOT GUN
E.C.
POWDER
AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO.

ANOTHER RECORD.

Capt. Jack Brewer,

On April 26th, 1895, at Dexter Park, N. Y., 30 yards rise, 50 yards boundary, killed **100 PIGEONS** without a miss, using E. C. Smokeless Powder. Mr. J. A. R. ELLIOTT also killed 100 straight in his match with Dr. Carver, using E. C. Powder, which proves the wonderful regularity and killing power of E. C. These scores have never been equalled with any other powder, and are the highest professional records of the world.

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., Limited.

OAKLAND, BERGEN COUNTY, N. J.

Orange "Extra" Powder.

PATENTED APRIL 17, 1888.

THE BEST BLACK POWDER made for general shooting with shotgun or rifle. Quick and strong, and burns with perfect combustion. **VERY LITTLE SMOKE** which is almost instantly dissipated.

Orange Lightning, Orange Ducking, Orange Special Powder.

"TROISDORF,"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,

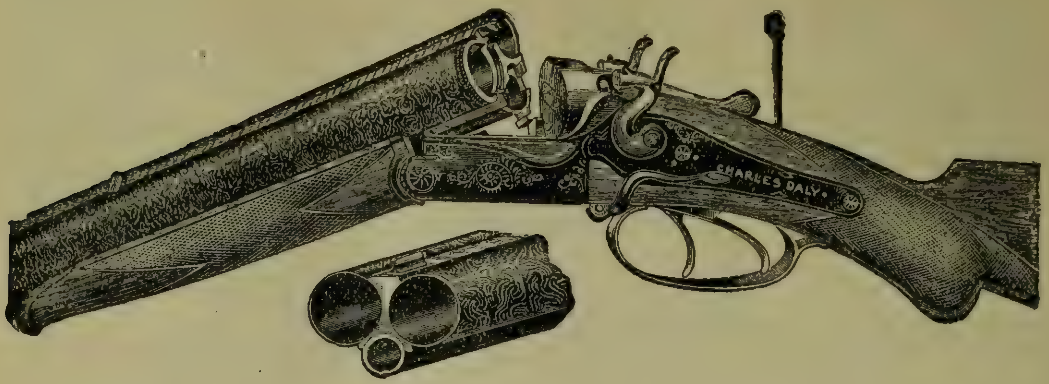
New York Office, 29 MURRAY ST.

BRANCH OFFICES:

**St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dubuque, Pittsburg, Baltimore,
Nashville, Denver, Boston, New Orleans.**

☞**Send postal card for illustrated pamphlet, showing sizes of grains of Powder. MAILED FREE.**

CHARLES DALY



THREE BARREL GUN.

FINEST GUN for All Around Use in the Mountains.

12 Bore Shot Gun, 38-55 Rifle.
10 " " " 45-70 "
10 " " " 32-20 "

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,

302 Broadway, NEW YORK.

A LIGHT THAT IS A LIGHT.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION.

I was glad to notice that the police of this city made a determined raid a few nights ago on the lanternless wheelmen, and the consequences were that some 50 or 60 so-called cyclists, were arrested and fined for riding without lights. This has had a salutary effect, and since these arrests it is rarely one sees a wheel in the evening without the warning light. Nothing could have been more advantageous to the safety and comfort of wheelmen and the public in general, than these wholesale arrests and fines, and it is safe to say, that any one hereafter may be entirely at ease while riding, walking or driving at night. The fear of being run down, or into, by some idiotic scorcher, who is too mean or careless to purchase a lamp, is now reduced to the minimum. In my nightly wanderings a-wheel, I notice that quite a large proportion of riders use my favorite lamp the Search Light, made I think by the Bridgeport Brass company. These lamps are not simply a signal, but are perfect head lights. I know that mine has saved me many a hard bump, and perhaps spill, by its friendly light. Night riders are here even more plentiful than those riding by day, which is accounted for by the fact that a great number of our wheelmen and women are employes, and are unable to spare time to be out during the day. To all those riding by night, I would say, by all means purchase a Search Light, "and the path will be made plain unto your feet," or wheel rather. I would not part with my luminous nightly guide for five times what I gave for it could I not secure another.

C. H. D.

The bound volumes of RECREATION shall occupy a prominent place on the shelves of my library. I consider RECREATION far ahead of the other magazines of its class, and I do not believe you could have more able writers than those whose names I see in it. The magazine has been steadily improving since the first issue. I know the sportsmen of the country will all aid you, in every way, to make RECREATION the greatest magazine the United States has ever had.

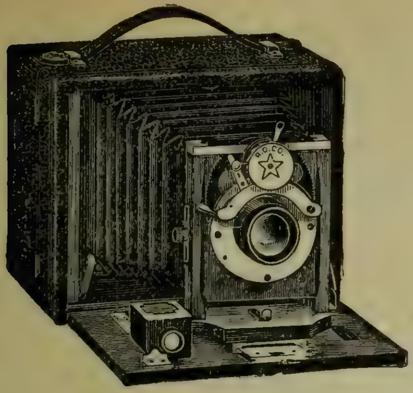
JOHN E. BOND.

To see a copy of RECREATION is to want it. There is not a dull page in it. Each number is better than preceding ones, especially in the matter of illustrations. I can not do without RECREATION, although I am already taking three other sportsmen's publications.

B. C. HINMAN.

RECREATION should be in the hands of every sportsman in the world, young or old.

A. E. MCKENZIE.



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BEST FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

Owing to its extreme compactness, portability and ease of manipulation, the PREMO, is especially adapted for the use of all Sportsmen. Just think of a complete 4x5 Camera, measuring only 4¾x5½x6½ inches, and weighing but two pounds. The IDEAL CAMERA for Tourists, Bicyclists, Canoeists, Camping Parties, etc.

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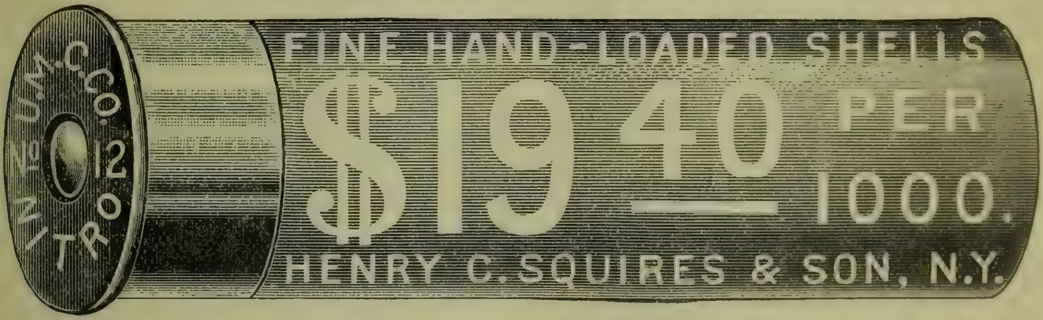
PREMO PAMPHLET
Giving Full Particulars.

Rochester Optical Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.


U.M.C. CO.
No 12
NITRO
FINE HAND-LOADED SHELLS
$19.40 PER 1000.
HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, N.Y.

There is a best in every thing, and particularly in loaded shells. There is one element that enters into the make-up of cartridges that few shooters give much thought to; this element is **brains. Brains** cost money wherever found, and brains are an all-important factor in a perfectly loaded shell.

A cartridge machine does not possess brains, consequently machine-loaded shells can rarely be depended upon, some shells shooting too strong and some not strong enough. A boy does not possess much brains, consequently even hand-loaded shells—loaded by boys—often go wrong.

We pay a higher price for brains, in our loading room, than any other house in the country, and always have. Our loaders are experts, and all the loading is done under the direct supervision of Mr. Frank Lawrence, who is probably the most expert shell loader in the country.

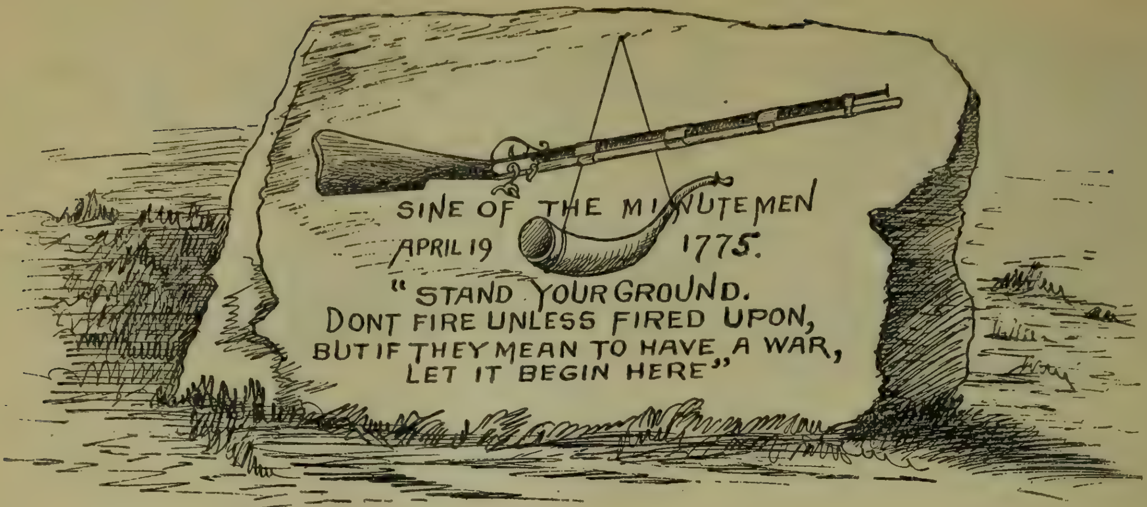
Formerly our net price to dealers and clubs, for our cheapest shells, was $25, but in order to very largely increase our sales in this department, we have reduced the price to $19.40.

Our shells at this price are not to be confounded for a moment with other $2.00 shells, loaded carelessly by boys, and put back in the boxes the empty shells came in.

Squires' Hand-Loaded Shells are all packed either 25 in an elegantly lithographed box, or 100 in a handsome wooden box, or will be packed in japanned tin carrying cases at $2.00 a 1,000 extra.

We want you to try a sample hundred or so, or if you are a dealer, a sample thousand or so. We want you to send for them to-day, this very hour, this minute, in fact, while it is fresh in your mind. Remember, that besides powder and shot and wads, we give you **brains,** and **brains** are scarce.

HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, 20 Cortlandt Street, New York.


SINE OF THE MINUTE MEN
APRIL 19
1775.
" STAND YOUR GROUND.
DONT FIRE UNLESS FIRED UPON,
BUT IF THEY MEAN TO HAVE A WAR,
LET IT BEGIN HERE"

THE MUSKET OF ELIJAH HILDRETH, OF DRACUT, MASS.

BROWN BESS.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION.

The statue of the minute-men on Concord, Mass., battle ground, bears the following inscription:

"By the rude bridge that
Arched the flood,
Their flag to April's
Breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled
Farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard
Round the world."

The great great grandfather of the writer, Private Elijah Hildreth, of Dracut,—now Lowell, Mass.—carried this flint lock musket and powder horn, April 19, 1775.

The stone shown in the cut marks the spot where the minute men formed to confront the British troops. The independence of Massachusetts Bay Colony was practically achieved, April 19, 1775, though it waited to be declared, with that of her sister states, on the 4th of July, 1776.

The Revolutionary war began with a shot from "Brown Bess," at Concord, Lexington. Our second war with England, 1812–15, ended with a shot from this flint look over at Dartmoor prison.

Between the introduction of the flint lock in 1630 and the percussion lock in 1839, there was not any improvement made in the arm.

It was used when Charles II. of England was born. Cromwell fought the Royalists with it at Naseby, in 1645. When the newly created colonists of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, befriended Massasoit, sachem of the Wampanoags, and when, forty-five years later, or in 1675, they fought and killed his son, Philip, of Mount Hope, the Colonists were armed with the flint lock musket. The Dutch used it against the Mohawks in 1640, and good Peter Stuyvesant defeated the Algonquins with it in New Netherland in 1665. During King William's war, 1689, Queen Anne's war, 1701, and King George's war following, Brown Bess figured in the hands of Massachusetts troops under Sir William Phipps, at Port Royal. The flint lock was the arm of reliance during the wars of the Spanish Succession and of the Austrian Succession. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were added to the English Domain. Sir William Pepperell's followers used the flint lock. Governor Oglethorpe fought the Spaniards in Georgia with it in 1739. The French used it against the Iroquois and the outbreak of the French and Indian war in 1754 found the flint lock on *both* sides, just as in 1835, our Black Hawk war against the Sacs, Foxes, Winnebagos, Seminoles and Cherokees did. Marlborough used Brown Bess at Blenheim, in 1704. Wellington used it at Waterloo in 1815, and Generals Scott and Gaines used it during Andrew Jackson's presidency.

It is remarkable that of the more modern battles of Europe in which great numbers of men have been engaged,—battles in which were used rifled cannon and small arms,—none afforded greatly less percentages of casualties than those of earlier battles in which smooth-bore cannon and muskets were the sole weapons of fire.

Old Brown Bess and the smooth-bore guns inflicted proportionately more injury to life and limb than occurred in the battles later in the century, with all the appliances of improved armaments.

PHILIP READE,
Captain, U. S. A.

New Glasgow, N. S.

Editor RECREATION.

The breeding of English pheasants has been quite a success. Strange to say these birds, which have been cast into our forests, have braved the frosts and snows of this northern latitude, successfully raised their young, and provided for themselves as though they were indigenous to the country.

O. A. PRITCHARD.

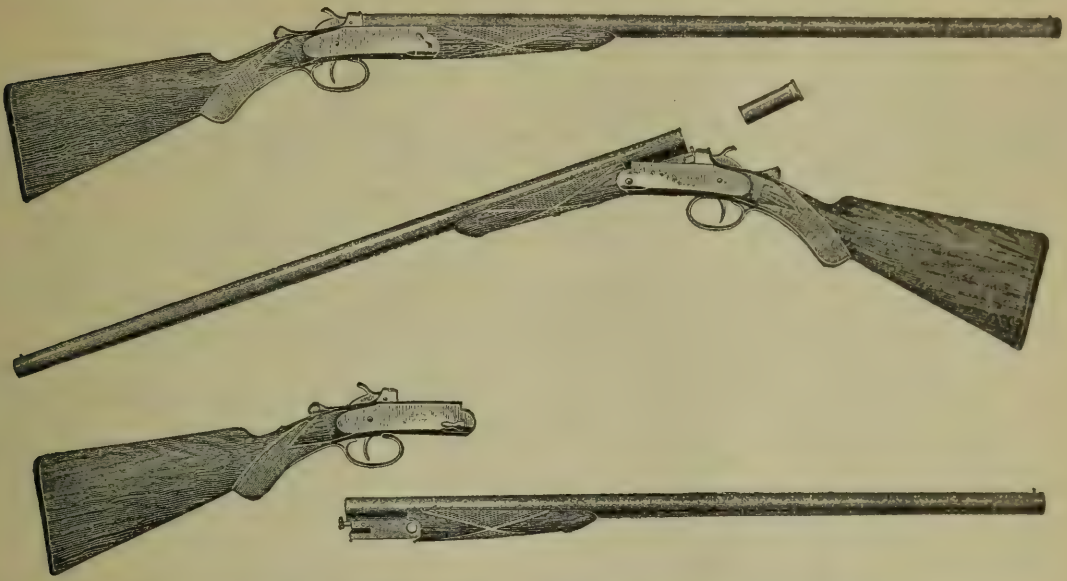
Editor RECREATION.

By the test of merit RECREATION deserves to succeed. I will warmly advise all my friends, who are interested in gun and rod, to subscribe for the cleanest, brightest and most readable magazine published.

JOHN BORLAND.

HAVE YOU SEEN

THE "DAVENPORT" '92 MODEL SHOT GUN.



Detachable Barrel, Finely Finished, Light Weight.

Has frame either nickel or case hardened, sliding breech block, rebounding lock, case-hardened drop forged steel parts, fine steel barrels, finely checkered walnut stock and fore end.

MANUFACTURED BY **THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO.,** NORWICH, CONN.

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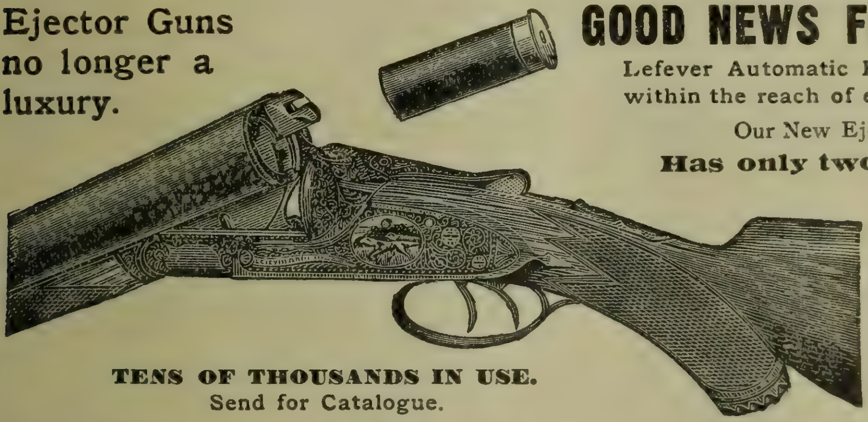

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Our New Ejector Movement

Has only two pieces: One in the Hammer, One in the Frame.

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Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 216 William St., New York.

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Smokeless Powder.

The Safest, Strongest, Quickest and Cleanest Nitro Powder in the world. Less Smoke than any other Nitro. Will not Pit or Rust the barrels. High Velocity with Moderate Pressure. Close and Even Pattern, with Great Penetration. The Nitro for which Sportsmen have been waiting.

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The Birds of North America

DRAWN AND COLORED FROM LIFE.

Includes all our species, artistically reproduced in all their shades of color, true to natural plumage and botanical surroundings; with a copious text embracing the observations made by the most eminent writers on Ornithology. The work is a superb imperial quarto, and is sold at net prices as follows:

In fine half bindings, $40; in full, $45.
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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Tourists and Sportsmen visiting the Yellowstone Park, or the Great Hunting Grounds of Wyoming, can find here everything needed, in the way of an outfit, at eastern prices with freight added.

All Kinds of Large and Small Game.
Excellent Mountain Trout Fishing.

Guides, Teams, Saddle and Pack Animals Furnished.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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TEN SLEEP, WYOMING,

Elk, Sheep, Deer, Bear, Lions, Antelope, Grouse and Trout,

All within 15 miles of my ranch.

Would accommodate a few boarders at our ranch, on No Wood river, at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains.

My wife is an expert in the cooking of game and fish, and we have plenty of garden truck, milk, butter, eggs, and wild fruits in season.

GRAND CLIMATE. SUPERB SCENERY.

Correspondence solicited.

FOR SALE. Red Irish Setter, Nat Elcho. (Nat Glencho by Bessie Gauge.) Registered. 2½ years old. Prize winner. Perfect coat, form and feather, very dark color, no white. Splendid nose. Obedient and tractable. Fast, wide ranger. Nat is as perfect a specimen as is in the Northwest. He has no faults and is well worth $200.00. Will sell him for $35.00 if taken at once.

J. C. NATTRASS,
NEW WHATCOM, WASH.

Editor RECREATION. Philadelphia, Pa.

It has been my good fortune to take brook trout from the cold streams that wind their way among the Berkshire hills, and from the famous streams of Vermont and Maine. I have enjoyed the pleasures of camp life in northern Maine; taken salmon and trout from the waters of Nova Scotia, and have dropped a bull moose in the Medischak country, back of Pubulco, Nova Scotia; yet of all my pleasures, the one I hold dearest is that which I experienced 14 years ago, when, as a school boy, I tramped the Berkshire hills with my long bow, and dropped a rabbit or a bird at 50 yards.

There is no sport so exhilarating, so perfect, so entrancing. Make your own bow, put on horn tips, worked out with your own hands, from horns obtained at the nearest slaughter house; split out, finish and tip your own arrows. Scour the country for the left wings of turkeys, slain for market by the near-by farmer, and then, sitting by your open fire at home, feather your own arrows, giving them just the right "twist." Then go forth, armed with weapons, entirely the product of your own skill, and try to overcome the instinct and woodcraft of the dumb creatures we call game.

As you return homeward, laden with trophies of the chase, how you can rejoice over the poor fellow who, with high priced gun or rifle, has a bag to beat yours. His represents mechanical skill in manufacture. Yours represents the results of your own patient effort, in constructing your tools and getting your game.

All glory to archery! Every true sportsman would love it if he knew its charms.

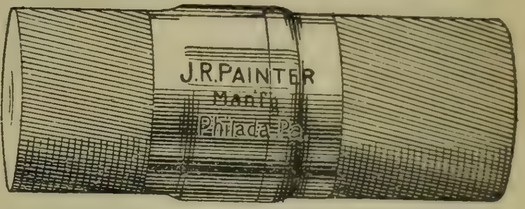
Why can't it be revived? Won't you take it up? Write an article, and ask those interested to answer through RECREATION. Let's have a National Archery League. It's true sport; takes skill and nerve. I could not hit a barn now, but you can depend on me to catch on if a chance is offered to form a club. There is no sport like it.

A. H. CHADBOURNE.

DRY MATCHES!

IN THE

Perfection Water-Proof Matchbox.



Indispensable to sportsmen who hunt, fish, trap, camp, or sail.

Size, 2¾ inches long, ⅞ inch diameter, beautifully nickeled or silver plated. Price 50 cents and $1, postage prepaid. Order at once.

You can fill this box with matches, lay it in water over night and the next morning they will light as if they had been kept in a powder magazine.

J. R. PAINTER,

Manufacturer and Importer of Musical Boxes, Etc.

1229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LYMAN'S RIFLE SIGHTS.

Send for 96 Page Catalogue of

Sights and Fine Shooting Rifles.

WILLIAM LYMAN,
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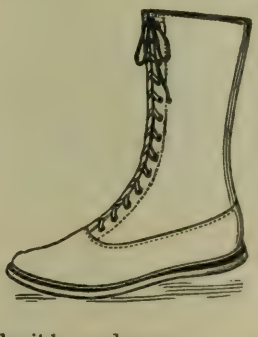
The Ideal Boot and Shoe for Still Hunting.

ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS.

Uppers made of best quality heavy Horse Hide, tanned and finished same as Buck or Moose leather; soft as a glove, tough enough to stand the wear and tear of briars and brush; no exposure to repeated wettings will *ever* harden. By a peculiar and new process the upper is rendered entirely waterproof. The experience and suggestions of many critical and intelligent hunters combined, has resulted in the production of this,



The Ideal Hunter's Shoe.

The bottom is wide, made up of two electric soles, rubber cemented together, half an inch thick.

Impervious to Wet.

Will not glaze and slip. Electric sole is a new process tanned *Cow Hide*, flexible and easy as a moccasin, as substantial as a Stoga Boot, and exceedinly light weight: all the parts are put together in workmanlike manner, hand-stitched, perfect in every detail, neat in appearance, suitable for any occupation requiring absolute comfort in tramping or exposure.

The Lace Shoe is 10 inches high, eyelets and studs, bellows tongue lined throughout with rubber cloth, porous, will not sweat.

The Boot is 18 inches high, laced instep, and laced at top outside to tighten to the leg.

Will send this ***IDEAL LACE SHOE*** to any address by express prepaid, on receipt of $7.50. The ***IDEAL BOOT*** on receipt of $10. If made to measure, will deliver in 10 days.

First class sporting goods houses are invited to send for samples and terms.

M. A. SMITH. Manufacturer of Shoe Specialties. Gymnasium & Sporting Shoes, 25-27 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa.

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PUREST MADE ON EARTH!

3 Forms:—

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WALPOLE HYPO!
WELL, OUR SULPHITE IS JUST AS FINE!

Large Crystals,

Small Crystals (New Process),

Powdered (Anhydrous),
Sometimes called Granular.

SAMPLE, - FIVE CENTS
(STAMPS)

Walpole Chemical Co.,
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EASTERN AND SOUTHERN TRADE AGENTS.

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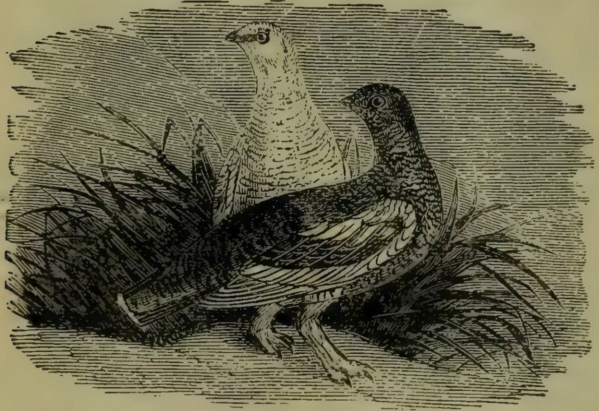

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Oologist's and Entomologist's Supplies.

Send 2c. stamp for Taxidermist's Catalogue to

FRED. KAEMPFER, Taxidermist,
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All specimens of natural history prepared and mounted true to nature in the best style of art and at reasonable prices.

HENRY MILWARD & SONS,
FISH HOOKS,
Hooks on Gut, Gut Leaders, Cork Floats, Etc.

WE HAVE SECURED SOLE RIGHTS AND ENTIRE CONTROL OF THE
"INIMITABLE" TROUT AND BASS FLIES.

These Flies have the best imitation of the natural wings ever offered.
Wings are waterproof, buoyant, flexible, very tenacious and not affected by the solar rays.

If your Local Dealer has not these Flies send for Sample Dozen.

Inimitable Trout Flies, $1.00 per doz. Inimitable May Flies, $1.25 doz. Inimitable Bass Flies, $1.50 doz.
If not fully to your satisfaction money will be refunded on receipt of returned goods.
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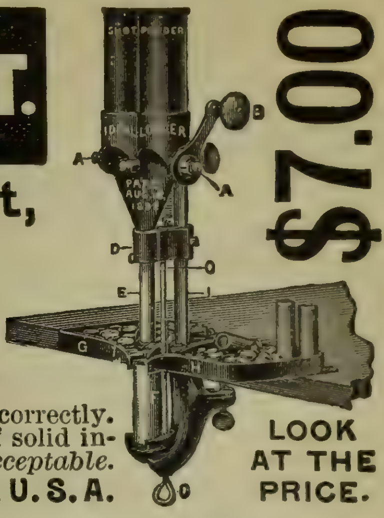
They're all talking about it, and they say it's a dandy.

THE "IDEAL"

LOADING MACHINE



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Is the only one that will handle all kinds of powder correctly. **IDEAL HAND BOOK, No. 5, just out.** 80 pages of solid information on loading shells, etc. *Stamps for postage acceptable.*

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THE BIG GAME OF NORTH AMERICA.

Its Habits, Habitat, Haunts, and Characteristics. How, When and Where to Hunt it.

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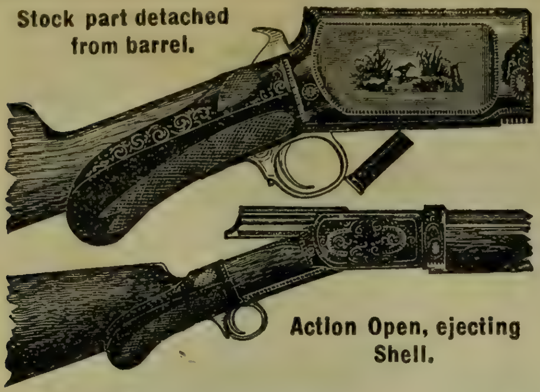
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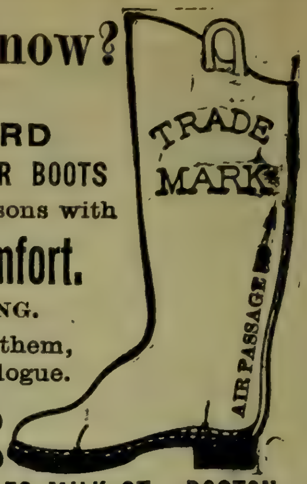

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Editor RECREATION.

I have just returned here from Parlin pond, where I have been the past ten days, guiding Messrs. W. Y. Wadleigh and A. F. Wheaton, of Boston.

On Saturday, June 1st, we went in to Grace pond, five miles from Parlin pond, and in three days fishing they caught 520 trout, all with the fly. Most of these fish were returned to the water. We also saw, in that time, 17 deer, some of which were so tame that we rowed within 50 feet of them. Tuesday we returned to Parlin pond.

Wednesday we went in to Long pond, three miles from Parlin pond, where we caught 180 trout. We also fished part of one day at Parlin pond, catching 40 trout, making in all 740. The largest trout taken in Parlin pond, so far this spring, weighed 2½ pounds.

There are not many sportsmen at Parlin pond, at present, as the rush to that place does not begin until the first of July.

Mr. Alex Cox and friend, of Skowhegan, Me., were in to Ellis pond last week fishing; they brought out a fine lot of trout, some of them weighing three pounds each.

Ellis pond is 10 miles from The Forks, reached by a good wagon road. Parties visiting Pleasant pond this spring report good fishing. Deer seem to be more numerous than ever this summer. One evening, while at Parlin pond, we counted seven in the field, in front of the hotel. They were so tame, that some of the guests walked to within 100 feet of them.

GEO. C. JONES, Guide.

Nell.—I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

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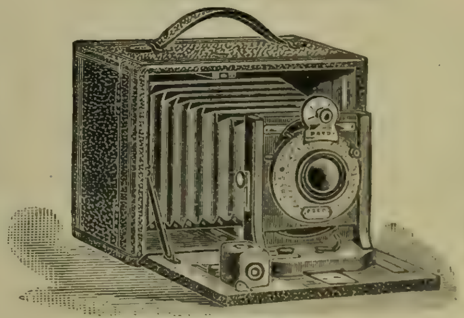

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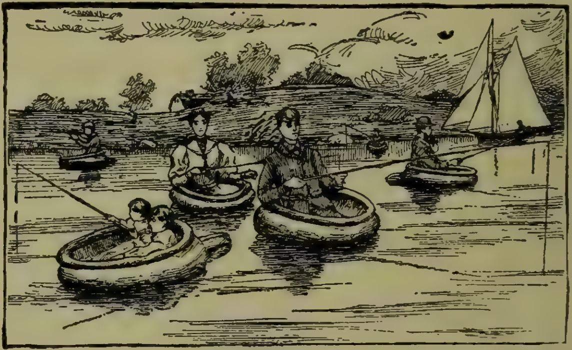

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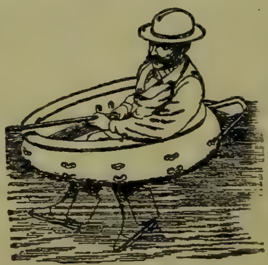

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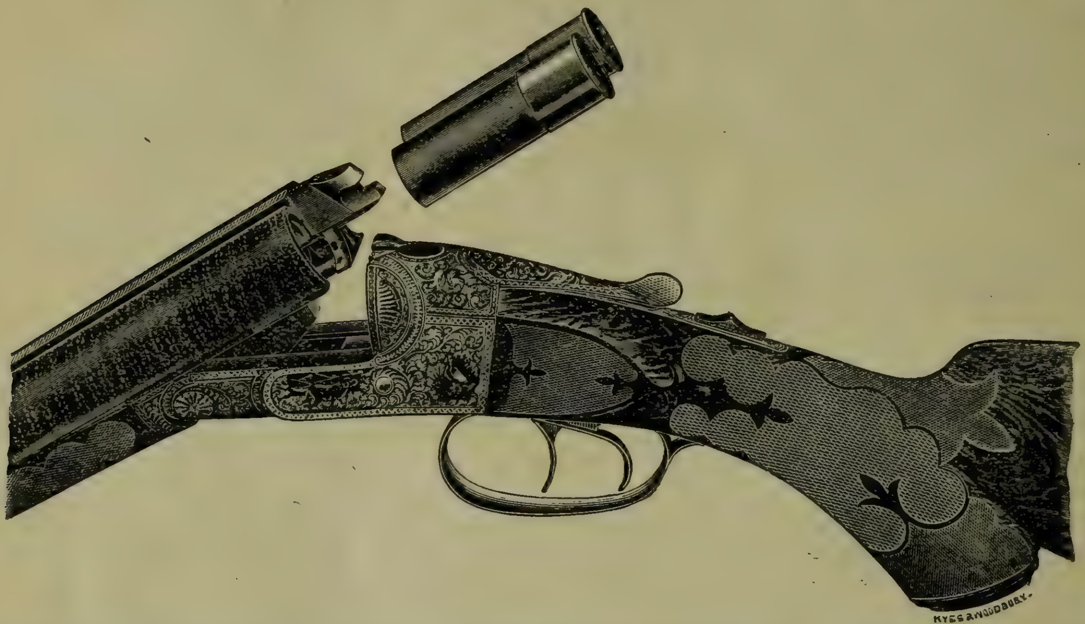

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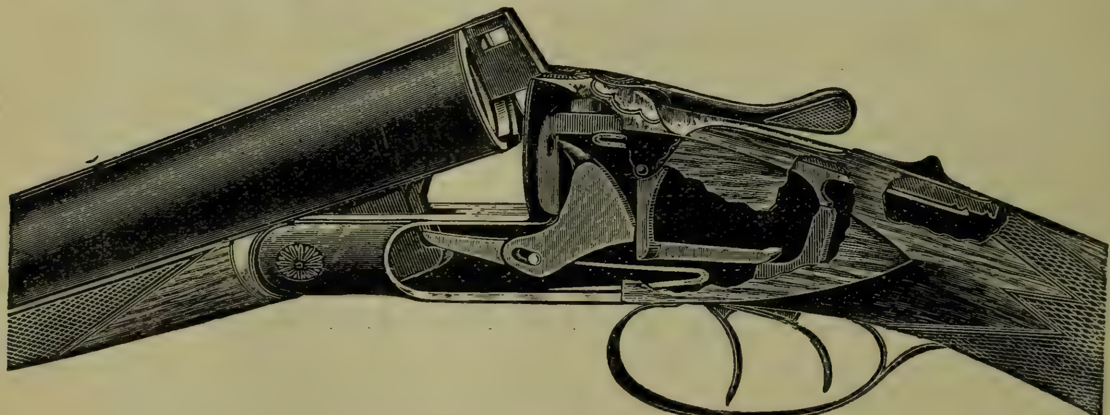

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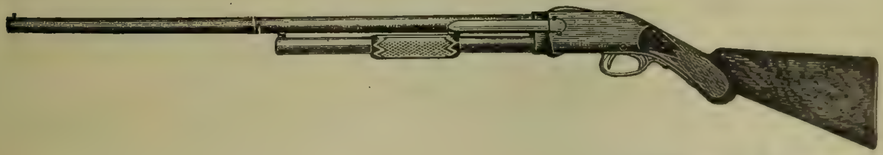

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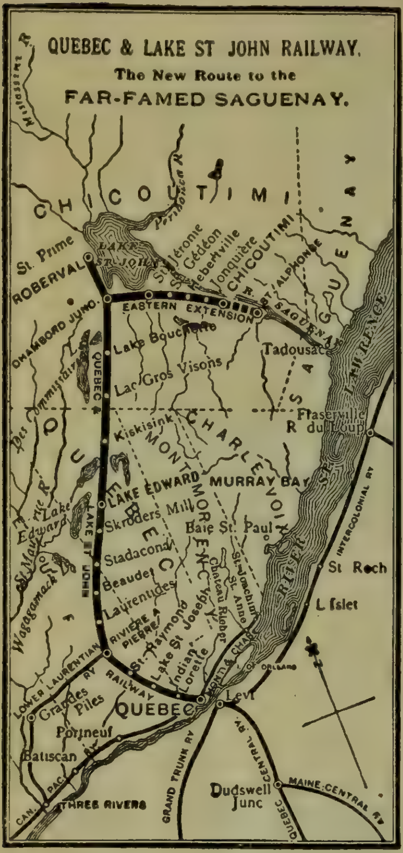
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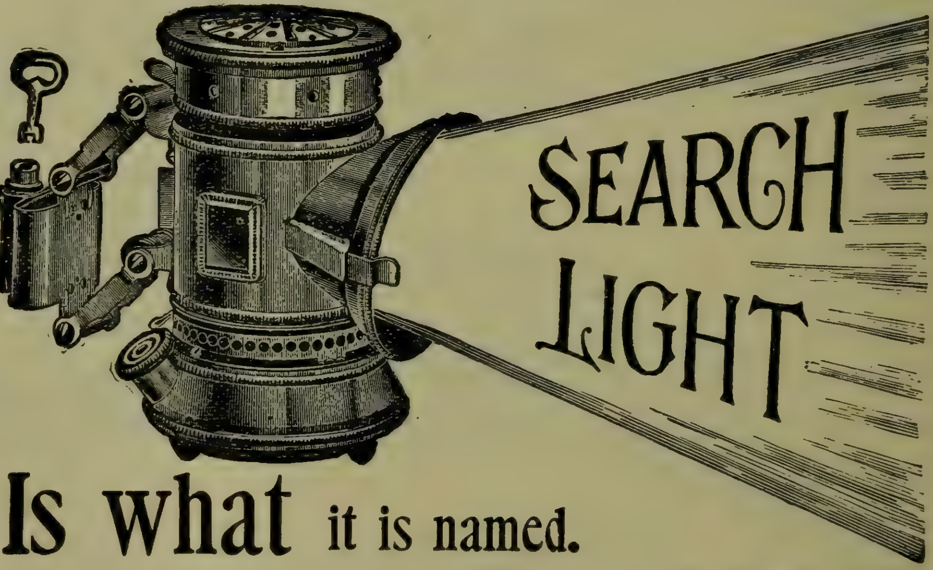
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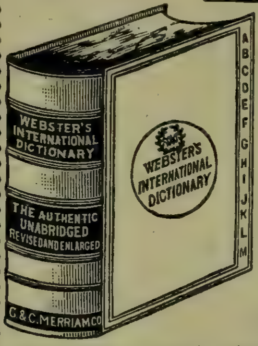
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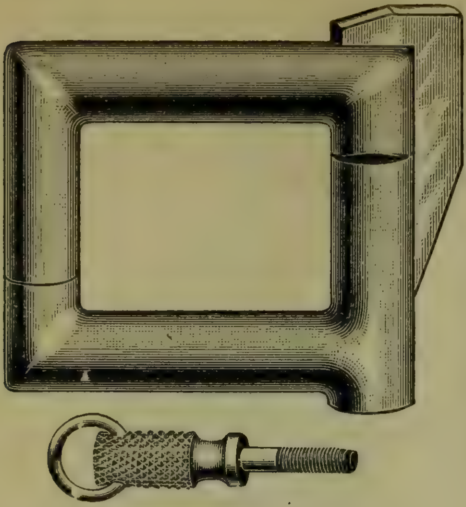

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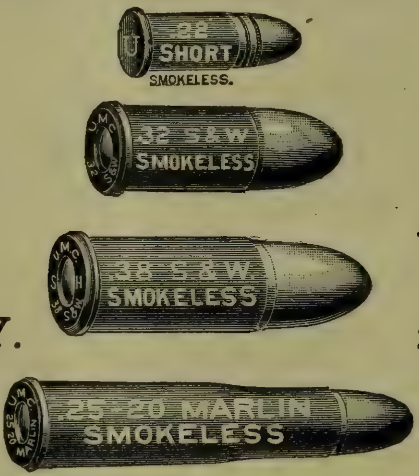

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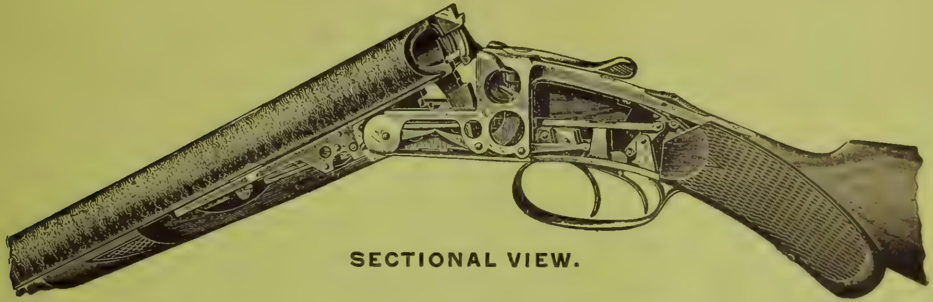

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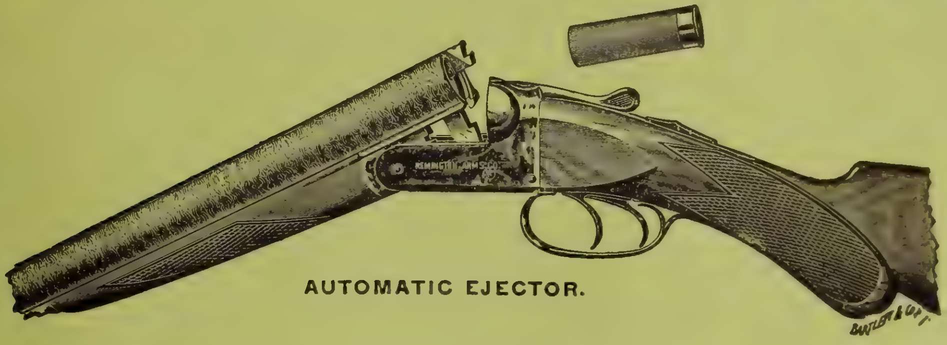

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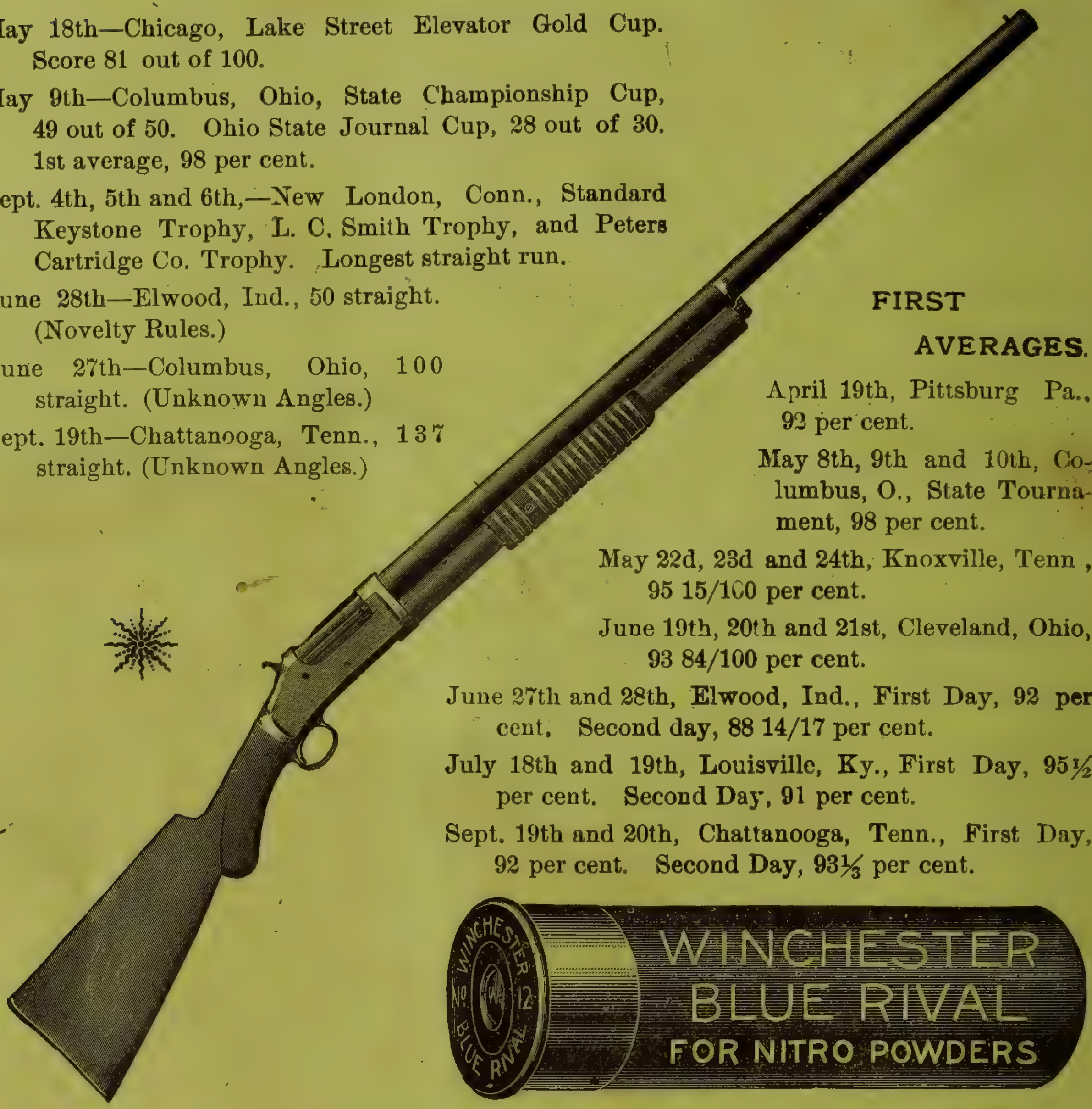

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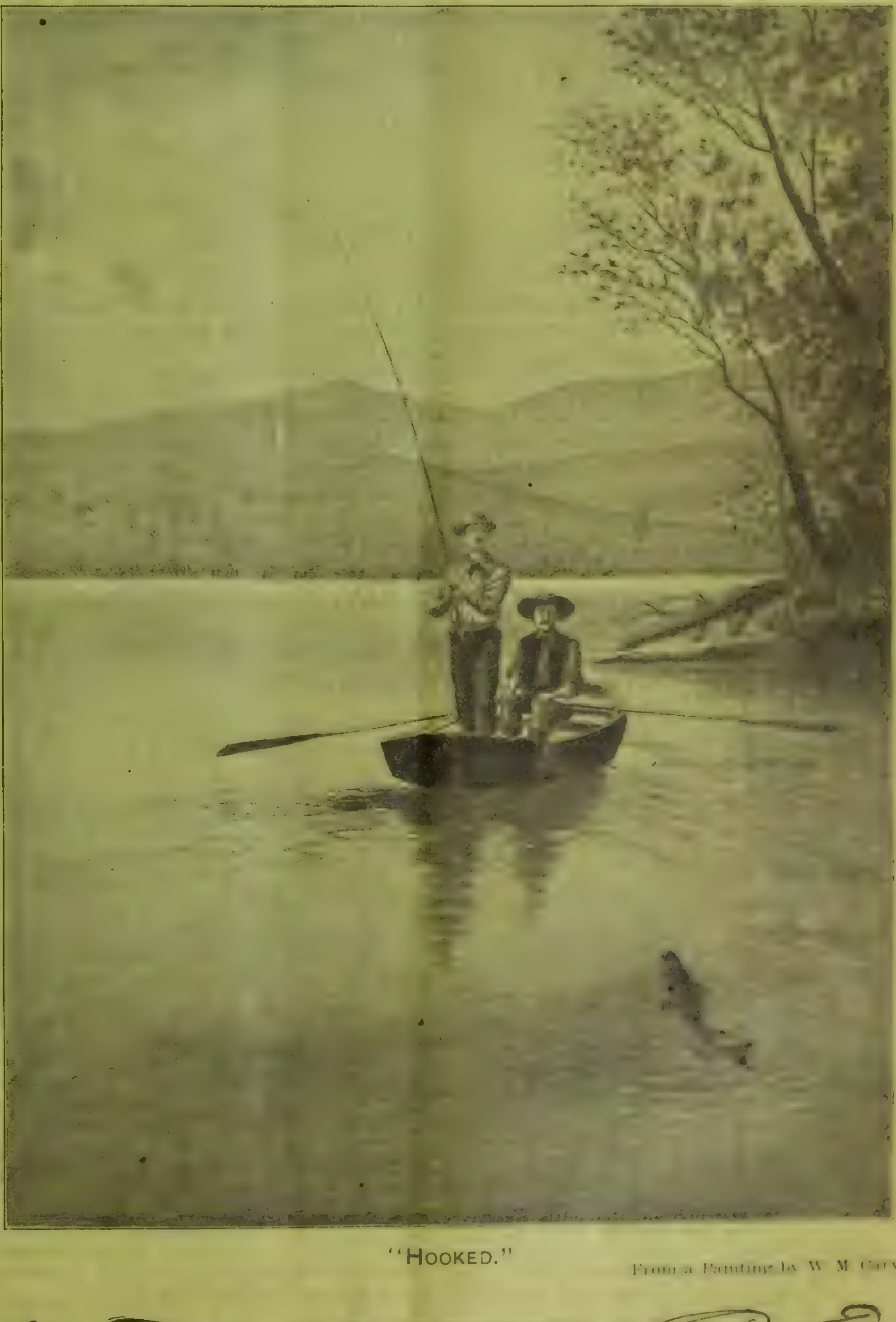

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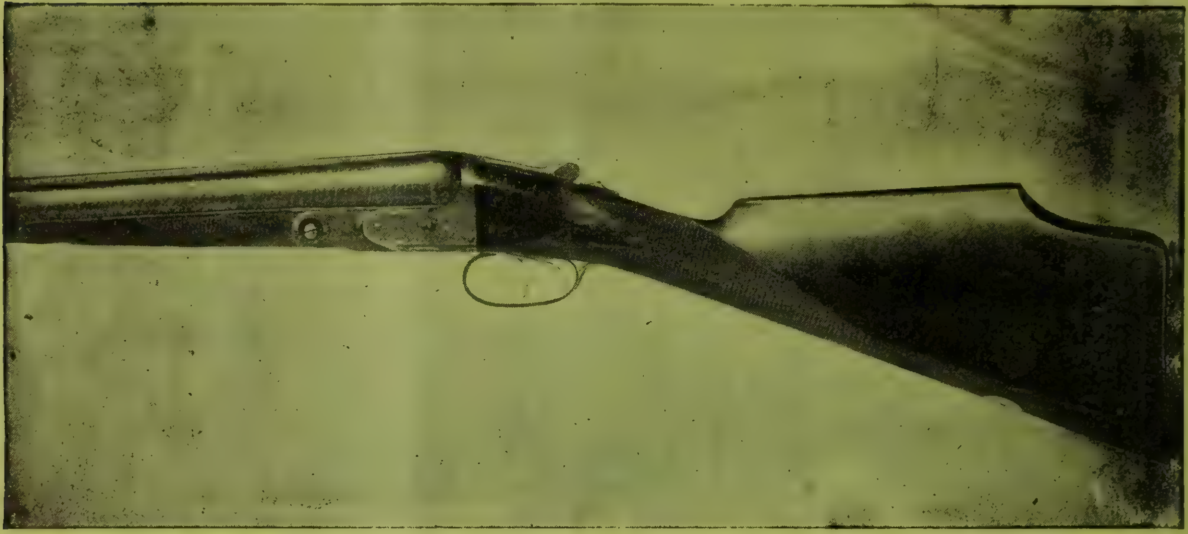

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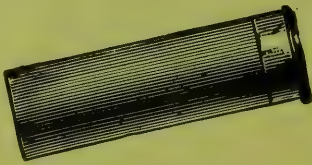

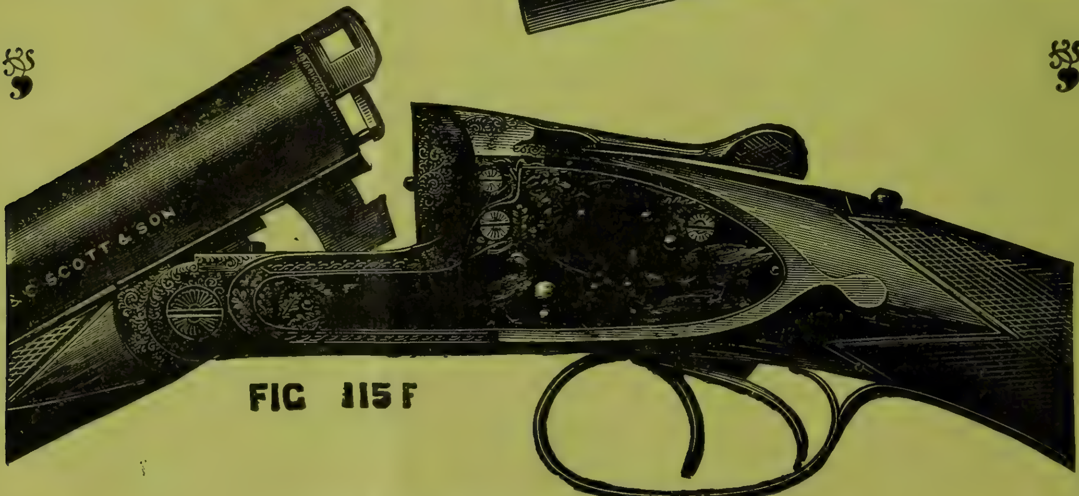

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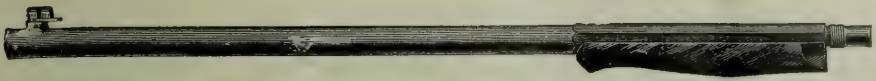

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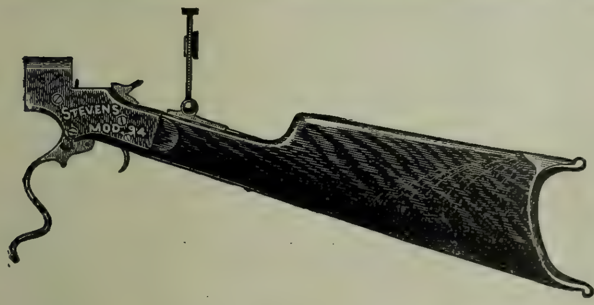

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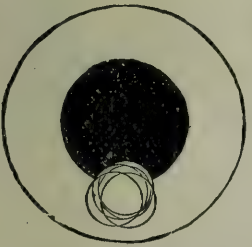

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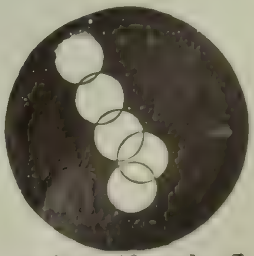

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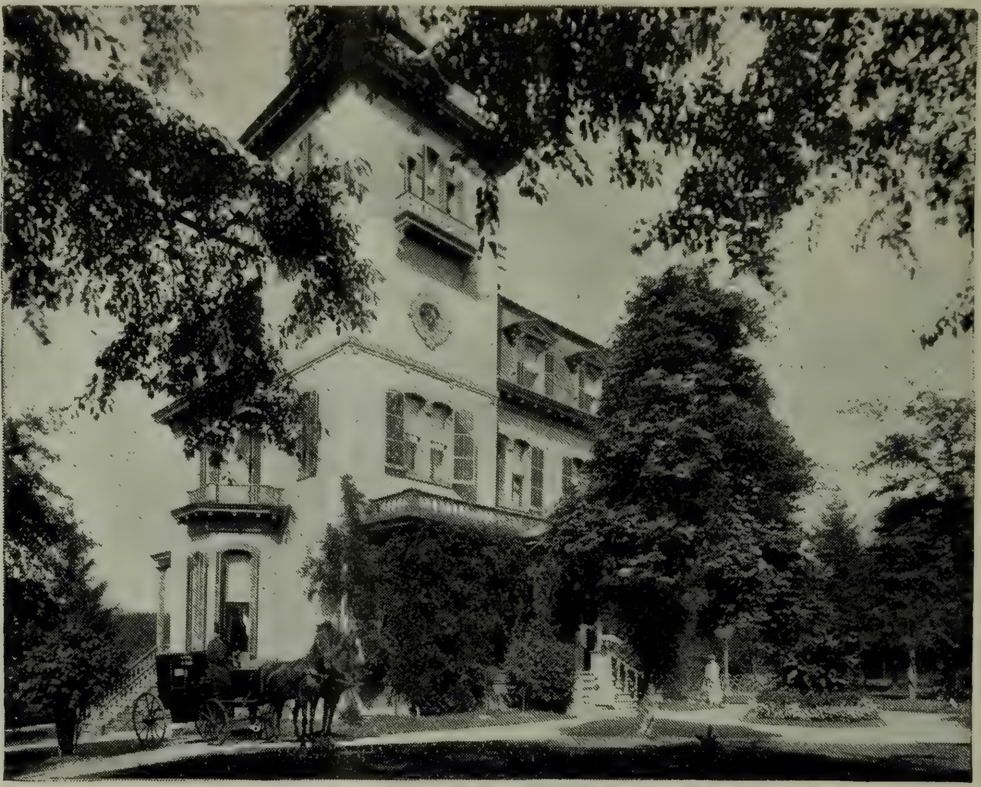

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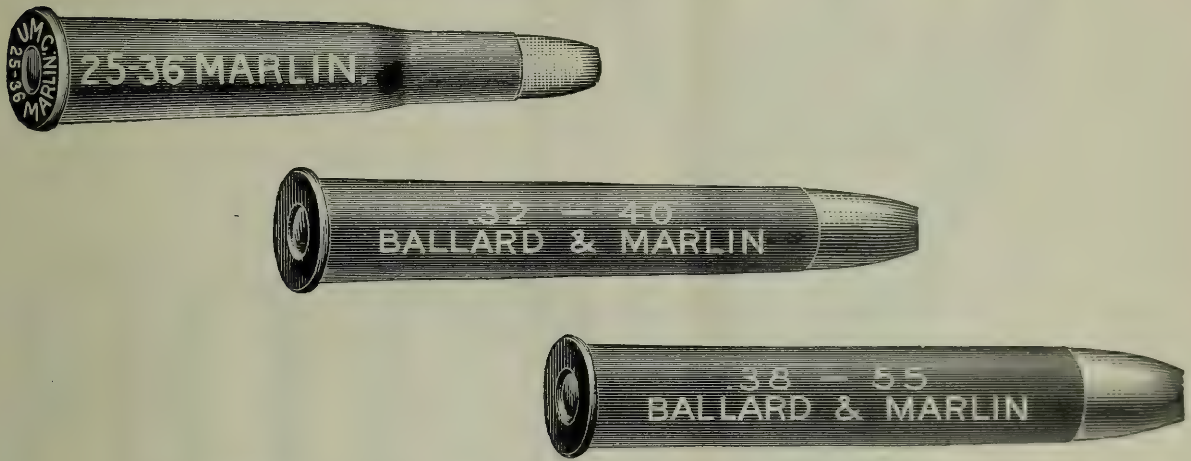
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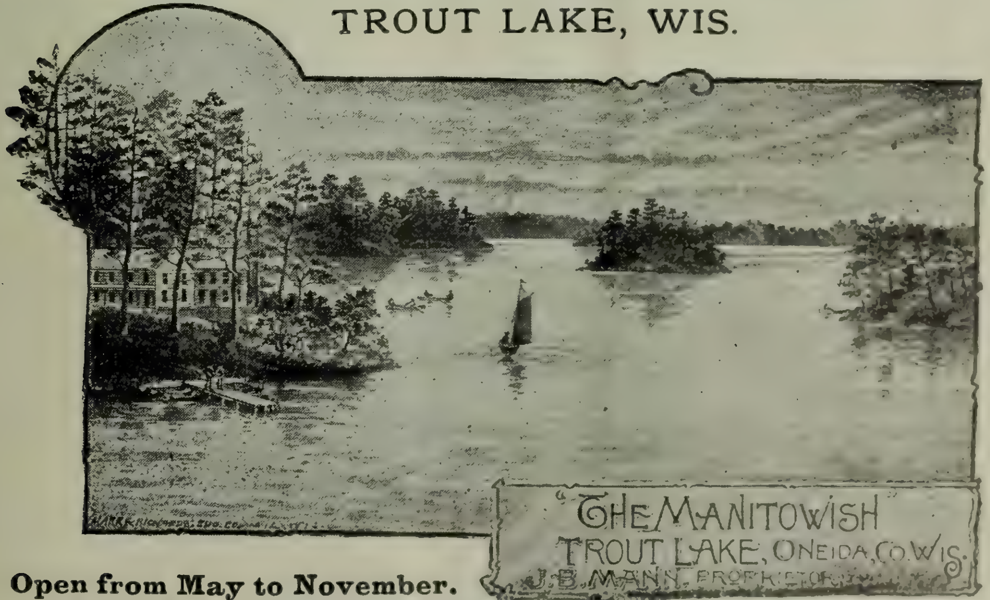
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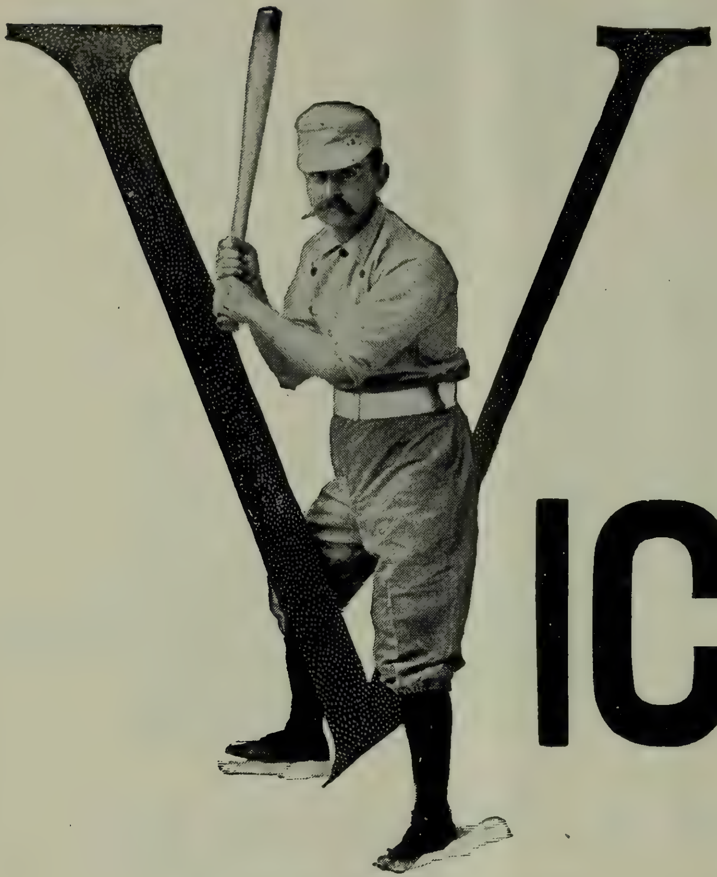

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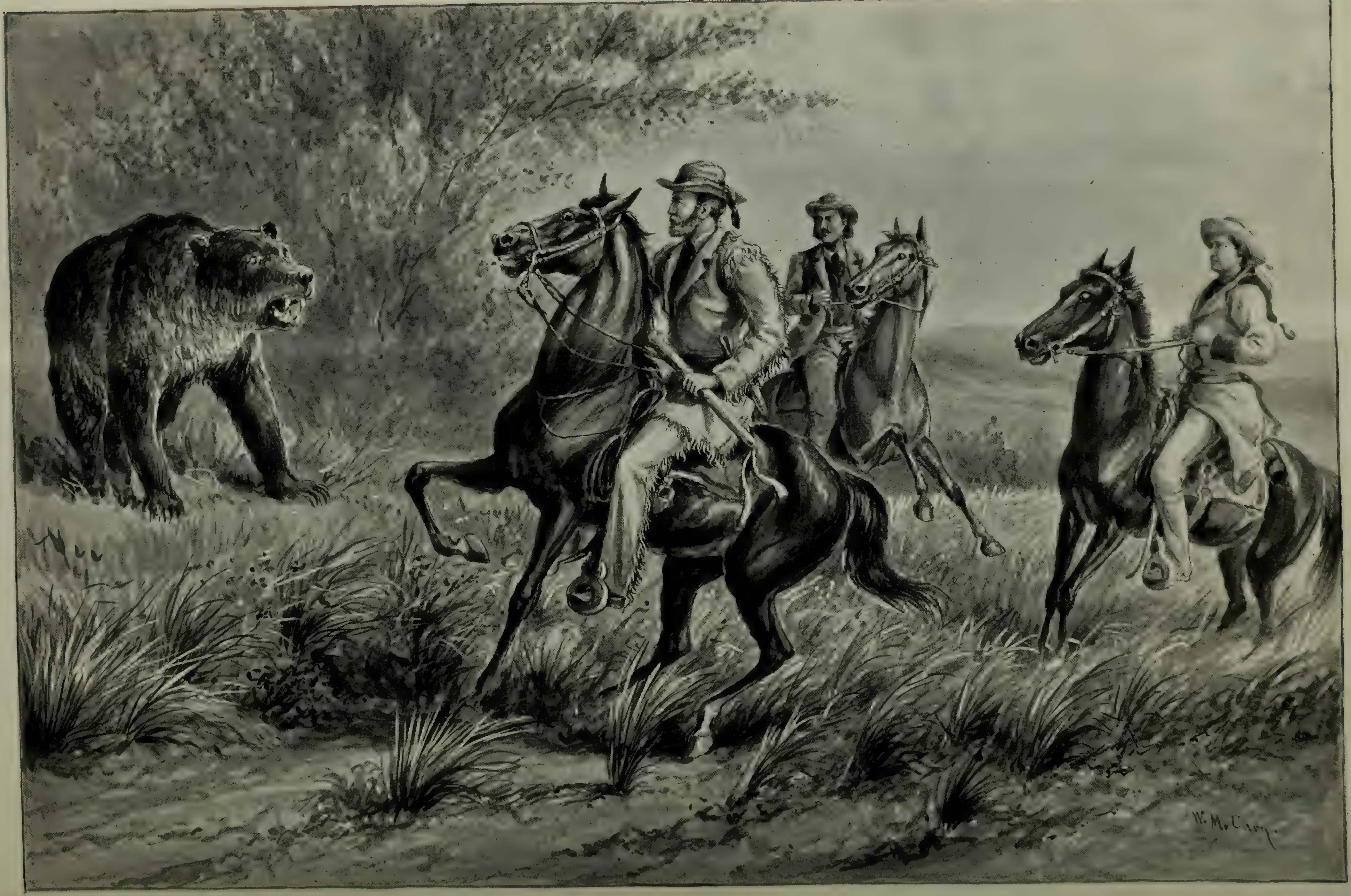


"AN IMMENSE GRIZZLY BEAR CAME OUT."

See page 96.

RECREATION.

VOLUME III. AUGUST, 1895. NUMBER 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

The American News Co., Agents for the U. S. and Canada. The International News Co., General Agents for Europe.
Offices: Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England ; Stephanstrasse 18, Leipsig, Germany.

CROSSING THE ROCKIES IN '61.

MAJ. W. H. SCHIEFFELIN.

Continued from page 21.

ONE day we saw, about five miles back from the trail, a large black animal moving slowly. The men said, " bear or buffalo." I was riding a good horse and at once went after the game. He soon took me to it. It proved to be a big buffalo bull. He of course stampeded when he saw me coming, but my horse soon put me alongside the great brute and kept me there until I emptied my revolver in his shoulder. Thanks to the horse, I got my first buffalo bull without any assistance from any one. While I was cutting out his tongue, Mr. Cary came up and made a sketch of him. He was a fine old bison, but tough, and made no objection to being killed. Many of the old bulls turn and fight furiously when wounded, but this one seemed to have lost his combative spirit, if he had ever had any.

Buffalo were abundant all along the upper river. At times the plains were covered with them as far as the eye could reach.

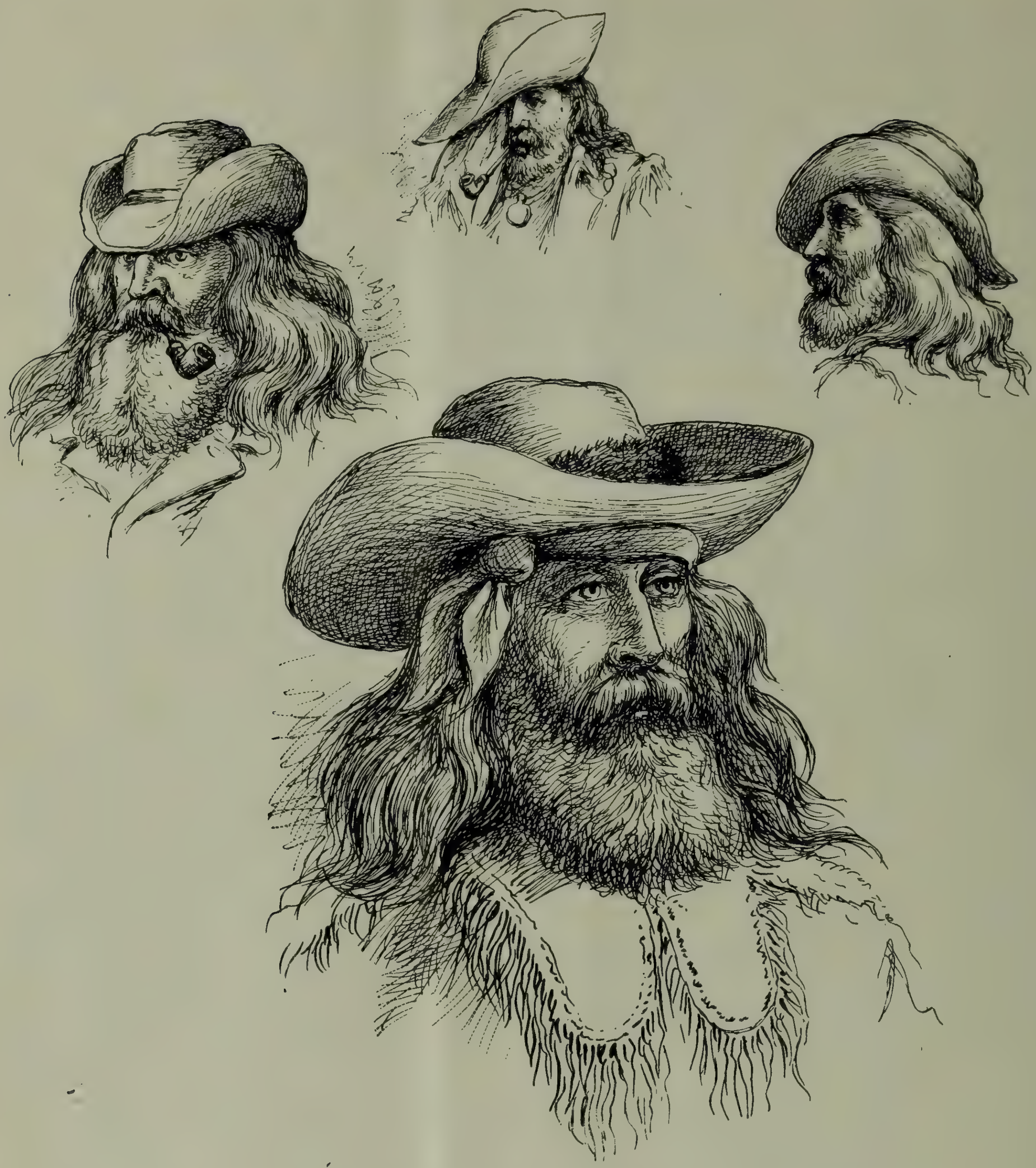
One morning when we awakened we saw what seemed to be millions of buffalo, and as we were short of meat, prepared for a run. About ten of us mounted for the fray. In order to be successful, we were advised to go as light as possible ; so most of us wore no coats. Some had handkerchiefs around their heads, instead of hats ; light pads, with stirrups in place of saddles and most of us carried revolvers. I had two. We were told to obey the orders of our half-breed leader and not to charge until he told us, but then to go as fast as we could. We cantered up to within 200 feet of them, before they commenced to move, when he gave the word " charge." We rushed in, and the whole herd started and turned by the left flank, so that we were immediately in the midst of them. We had been told to select the fat cows. The race was awfully exciting. I rode beside a fine looking cow—being jostled and rubbed against by the other buffaloes—and shot her three times, behind the shoulder, before she left the herd. I passed on and selected another and fired three or four shots at her when she too dropped out. So I kept on until I had emptied both my revolvers when I turned back to finish those I had wounded. We found some 20 buffaloes, either killed or fatally wounded. We had a great feast that day, and all agreed that a fat buffalo cow's rib was the best meat in the world.

* * *

Finally, after many days of slow but interesting travel, with the ox train, we reached Fort Benton, the head of navigation on the upper Missouri. We were hospitably entertained by the post trader and Indian agent, and greatly enjoyed a two weeks' rest.

They had some good horses at the post and a race course, four miles long and as level as a floor. It encircled a hill from which a fine view of the races could be had, from start to finish. Several races were run, for our entertainment, between Indians and whites. The eastern bred horses were better, however, than the Indian ponies, and nearly all the races were won by the whites.

While at the Fort I became intimately acquainted with " Little Dog " or " Imitaque," a Blackfoot chief and a good man, when sober, but he had the bad habit of getting drunk and then always wanted to kill somebody. A short time before our arrival, he had killed one of his best friends in a drunken brawl ; but



SOME CHANCE ACQUAINTANCES.

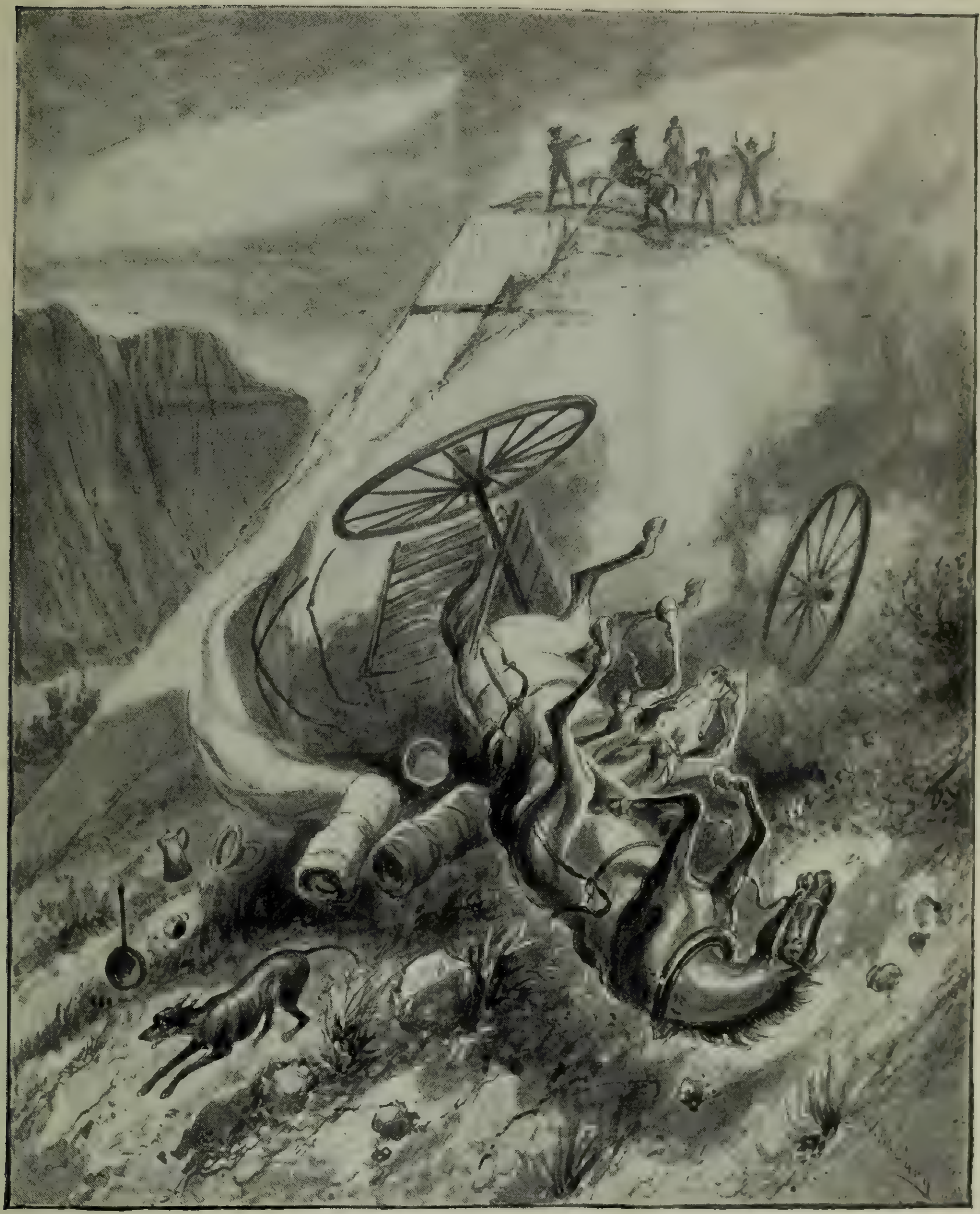
during my acquaintance with him he was always quiet, inoffensive, and seemed anxious to please me. We used to take long walks and rides together, but I was careful not to give him liquor, or to allow any one else to do so.

* * *

As a rule, the white men we met on the frontier, though fair with us, were not so with the Indians. They (except the leading men of the Fur Company) thought nothing of cheating, robbing or killing an Indian, and the wonder is that the Indian is as good as he is. Some exceptions are found in white trappers adopted into Indian tribes, as they are loyal to them. Many of the frontiersmen were outlaws from the States, on account of some crime committed, and neither by their example nor precepts doing the Indians any good. I do not remember any service held on Sunday, or any difference made in the day from a week-day.

* * *

Having completed our arrangements for crossing the Rockies, we left Fort Benton on a bright September morning, with 15 horses purchased from the American Fur Company, one cart to



"AND WENT DOWN THE HILLSIDE."

which we drove a tandem, one Blackfoot Indian and a half-breed boy, as driver and herdsman, and a colored man engaged from the steamboat, as cook. An old trapper, whom we had engaged as guide was to meet us about 40 miles out toward the Rockies, but just as we were starting, he sent word that he had changed his mind, as he feared Indian troubles, and had decided to remain with his squaw and children. My two friends agreed to go ahead, with myself as leader. On the first day out, we met with an accident, about 15 miles from the Fort. In crossing a hill, with our cart and tandem, the leader took an Indian trail which made a short cut, instead of going over the top. The side of the hill was so steep that our cart turned over, taking with it the two horses and a dog, tied underneath, and went down the hillside about 200 feet—horses, cart and dog all mixed together. Our flour, coffee and other provisions, our tinware and personal effects were scattered by the wayside. We looked on, from the hill top, in dismay, and after a few feeble remarks, appropriate to the occasion, slid down to the wreck, when we found, to our great relief, that the only damage was a broken shaft, and a few slight scratches on the horses and the dog. We gathered up our duffle, went into camp, and sent a messenger back to the Fort for help. He brought out the blacksmith and a new shaft, and we were able to start afresh the next day, thankful the accident had occurred so near the Fort.

As leader it was my duty to ride ahead of the party every afternoon and select a camping place for the night, where there was good water and grass for the horses. One fine evening, when about a mile ahead, I saw a large bush in great commotion, shaking as if in a hard wind. I approached to find out the cause of the disturbance, when an immense grizzly bear came out, rose up on his hind legs, and looked at me, apparently as much surprised as I was. My horse was terrified, yet made no effort to run. He simply stood still and trembled violently, and I think I was about as badly frightened as he was. Fortunately for me my rifle was in a rather tight buffalo skin case, across the pommel of my saddle, and I was unable to get it out in time to shoot. If I had done so, the chances are I should only have wounded the bear, for my horse shook so that I could not have gotten a true aim. Old Ephraim seemed to me to tower above my horse as he stood up and inspected me; but, after a few whiffs, he seemed not to like my appearance and started down the mountain side, making 30 or 40 feet at a jump. My horse was a fast runner, but going down hill, the bear could go three feet to my one. He was soon out of sight and I had lost a bear. After that, I carried my rifle without the skin case, but two days later dropped it from the saddle and broke the stock, which ended its usefulness for that trip.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MORNING RISE.

WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

Under the fringe of woodland shading,
Tilting out in wavering lines,
Over the lake in the unseen fading,
Tremble the shadowy stubs of pines.

Flashing across the bay of shadow,
A crimson sun-path wavers down,
Where the ripples dance and toss and tumble,
Opal, and pearl, and golden brown.

Tiny waves that leap and sparkle,
Catching the gold of the rising sun,
Tossing it back to a cheerful measure,
Losing it deep in a cave of dun.

Out of the meshes of the sun-path,
Tipsy, woven in changing way,
The sudden leap of a golden beauty,—
King of the mountain lake, at play.

Only a flash, and the eddying cadence,
Weaves away like a silver bow,
Fading, lost in the perfect silence,
Drowned in the mirror of molten snow.

SALMON FISHING IN LABRADOR.

Col. Charles E. Fuller.

Several years ago I made a trip to the Natasquhan river, in Labrador, in company with five enthusiastic anglers. It was predicted for us by Mr. Spurr, of St. John, N. B., who had fished the river, that it would be the grand fishing trip of our lives, and so it proved to be.

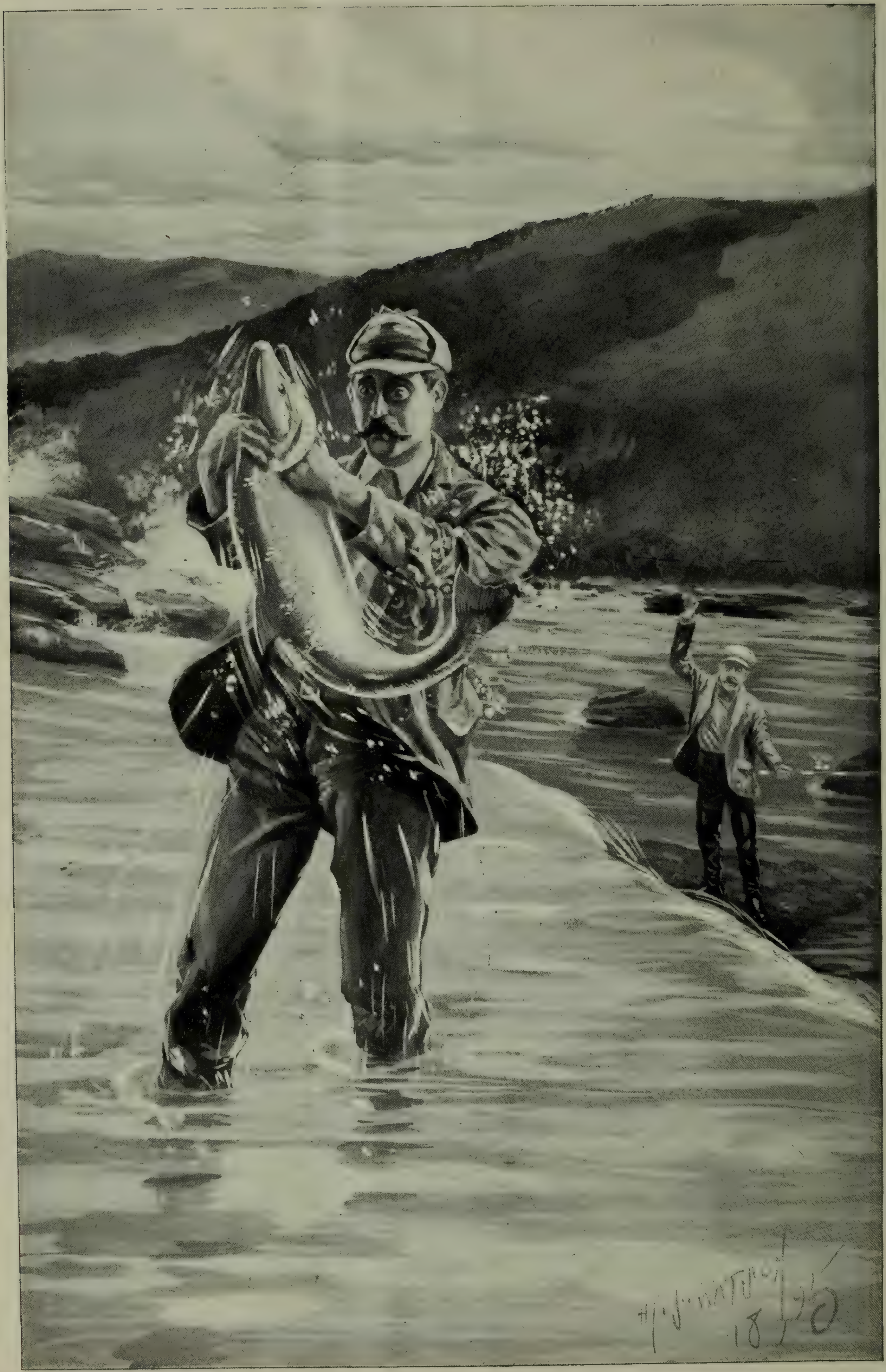
We left Boston on the 30th of June, and at Quebec took the steamer for Gaspé, where we had previously engaged a schooner and six guides (some of them Indians), to take us across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the river.

Our trip across the Gulf was made in good weather. We saw flocks of ducks in the water, miles and miles long, near the Labrador coast, and millions of wild fowl of every description nestling on the numerous islands that skirted the "North Shore." When we arrived at the mouth of the river a heavy gale had set in and breakers at least six feet high were running across the channel, through which two Esquimaux pilots paddled out to us in a short high birch canoe. It was interesting to see them piloting our schooner over the bar through the very crooked channel at its mouth, one of them standing on the tip end of the bowsprit waving his hand first one way and then another, which was responded to by the one at the wheel. We had a pretty tough time going up the river in our canoes.

The river was very wide and at a low stage of water, with numerous long and narrow sand banks in the middle, which we tried to walk upon to relieve our heavily laden canoes, but the clouds of dry sand, blowing, made it tedious walking. We tried the banks of the river, but found them covered with fallen trees, originally 15 to 20 feet high, but now broken in two, near the middle, by the heavy snows of winter, and so interwoven by brush and briars that we could not go five feet without cutting our way with an axe.

Mr. Joseph Peabody and myself made the camp just before dark, the other four canoes and the schooner's long boat, with our tents and supplies were strung along, miles in the rear. We were very hungry, supplies not yet in sight, so Mr. Peabody set up his rod, made a few casts, hooked and landed a fine salmon, which we split and cooked before an open fire We ate it without butter or salt, but it was delicious. A salmon never tasted so good to me before nor since. There were four pools near our camp, two at the 2d fall, one mile up the river, and one magnificent pool at the 3d fall, 3 or 4 miles away. The river at this point is divided by an island at the top of the fall and the river looked like a miniature Niagara—solid green water on one side of the island and white water on the other side. This is one of the finest pools in the world for salmon. When the pool is quiet, and there has been no fishing there for a few days, you would be safe in making a bet that you could raise a salmon on the first cast and repeat it, after landing your fish, at least for half a dozen casts. Mr. Long, of Boston, Mr. William Muller, of London, and myself, made three simultaneous short casts in the square pool, 3d fall, standing on a rock, within ten feet of each other, and each one of us hooked a salmon. We had some quick work changing positions and passing our rods over and under one another, but we were all successful in landing our fish—Mr. Muller landing his, without a gaff, by the tail, English fashion. At the third fall we could see one or more salmon in the air all the time. They were jumping a small fall of four or five feet below the main fall, up which they swam after resting in a small pool behind a large rock. Here we could see the fins of the salmon as thick as sardines in a box. From this half-way pool they made continued attempts to swim up the main fall and were generally successful. In the bright sunlight we could see the entire form of the fish in the thin, foamy white water as they swam diagonally up the fall at an angle of about 70 degrees.

The fourth fall being too far away from camp to go and return the same day, we took our tents and camped there, three at a time, so as to equally divide the fishing. Owing to the continued low stage of the water in the river, the salmon of the previous year



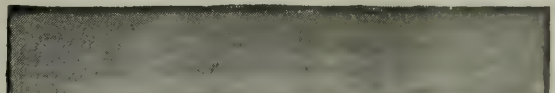
"THE FISH BENT HIS BODY ALMOST IN THE FORM OF A SEMI-CIRCLE."

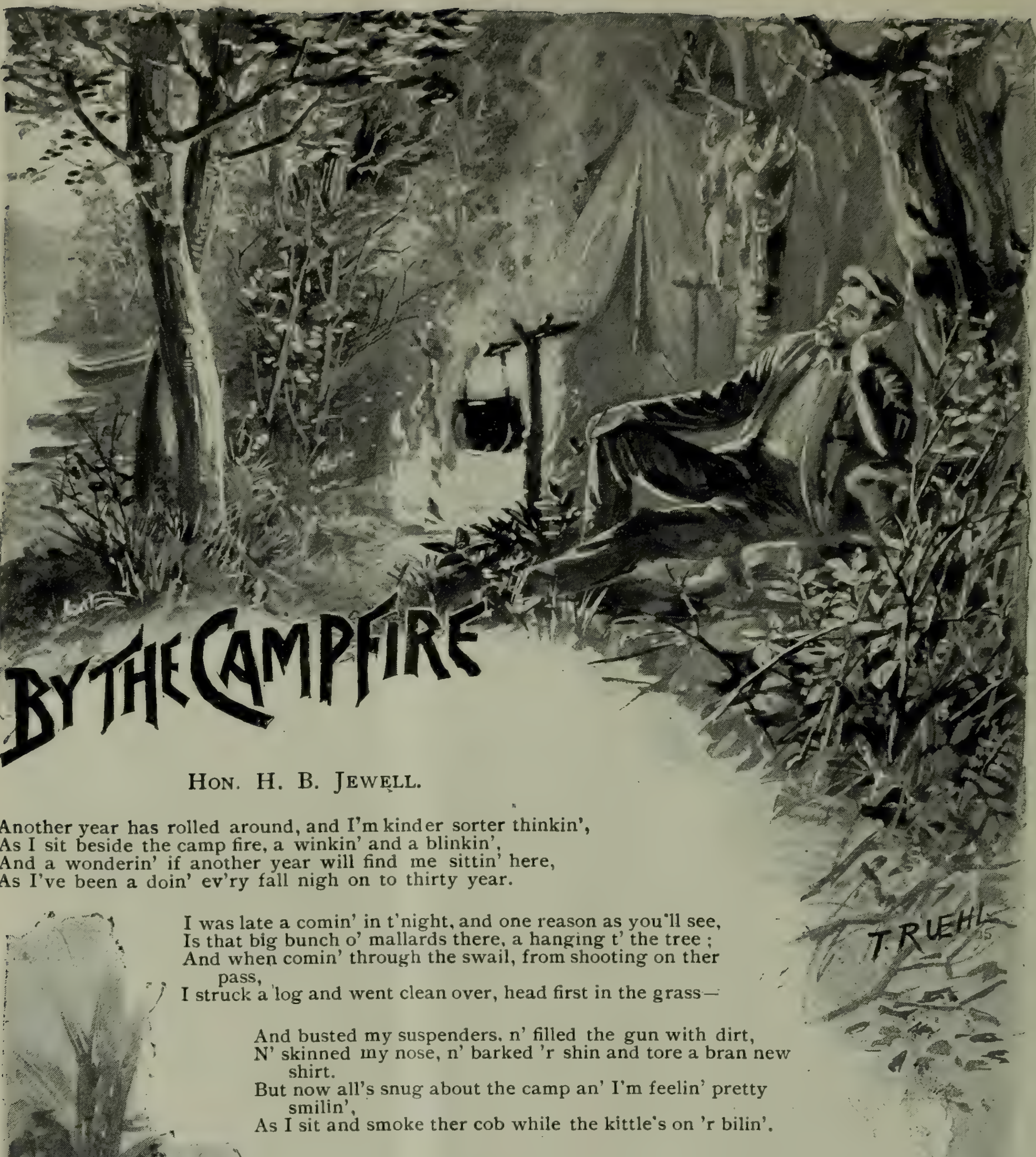
had not been able to pass the fall to their spawning ground, and had remained in the river through the winter. They were as thin as a rail, almost round, and as black as a river pickerel. In fishing parlance they were racers, so totally different from the fresh run salmon that you would hardly believe they belonged to the same species.

The salmon that had just come into the river were continually making ineffectual efforts to get above the fall by jumping four or five feet up into a little pool, about six feet square, and from one to three feet deep. Then they would try to run up a thin sheet of water that was running over the top of the fall. I told my friends that if I could catch a salmon with my hands while in the air, I would have a champion fish story to tell. So seating myself in the cold water, I would wait until a fish would jump into the pool, from the river below. I, of course, being out of sight until he was in the air. I would then seize him, as near the head as possible, when he would slip, either forward or backward, accordingly as I had hold of him.

After I had seized two or three salmon and they had escaped, they would cease jumping into the pool for a couple of hours, my victims giving information, I have no doubt, in some way to the others in the river that there was danger on the rocks above. In the afternoon I tried it again with no better success. They were as strong and as slippery as an eel. I was not to be beaten, however, and the next day waded into the pool again. This time I succeeded in getting a firm hold, under the gills, of a 20 pound salmon. Then came the tussle to get on my feet ; then out of the water and then to get up on the bank of the river, over a perpendicular rock four feet high. When I first stood up the fish bent his body almost in the form of a semi-circle and it was with the greatest effort that I saved myself from being forced over the falls into the river below. I am a fair wrestler and I would be about as willing to take my chances of not being thrown into the river with any man I ever met, as to again attempt to take a salmon of that size out of that pool. These fish are appropriately named " King Salmon." No one can realize the strength of a salmon, unless he has handled one fresh from the water, before he has had a long run for his life. Mr. Muller assisted me out of the pool by taking hold of my collar and lifting me up to a place of safety, and without his aid I should have had to let the fish escape.

Mr. Peabody was curious to learn whether a salmon, coming into the fresh water from the sea, ever took any food, and if so, what kind. He examined the stomachs of all the fish taken, but found nothing in them but a little substance that looked like sand, so small in amount that you could hold it on the nail of your little finger. This was also true of the Racers found at the fourth fall. Why is it that a salmon will rise to the fly and never take a live bait? They no doubt take the fly from curiosity, as I do not remember one ever taking it low in his mouth, as trout or black bass often do. Salmon are hooked only in the lips. We remained on the river twelve days and killed all the salmon we wanted. In one day I killed 10 and Mr. Merritt 22.





BY THE CAMPFIRE

HON. H. B. JEWELL.

Another year has rolled around, and I'm kinder sorter thinkin',
As I sit beside the camp fire, a winkin' and a blinkin',
And a wonderin' if another year will find me sittin' here,
As I've been a doin' ev'ry fall nigh on to thirty year.

I was late a comin' in t'night, and one reason as you'll see,
Is that big bunch o' mallards there, a hanging t' the tree;
And when comin' through the swail, from shooting on ther pass,
I struck a log and went clean over, head first in the grass—

And busted my suspenders, n' filled the gun with dirt,
N' skinned my nose, n' barked 'r shin and tore a bran new shirt.
But now all's snug about the camp an' I'm feelin' pretty smilin',
As I sit and smoke ther cob while the kittle's on 'r bilin'.

N' the embers from the logs are glowin' and 'r fallin',
N' the night wind through the trees is a whisperin' and a callin';
And the leaves come tickin', tackin', fallin' softly down
T'r join in Jack Frost's quiltin' a coverin' o' the groun'.

Two trees near by like brothers grow, their limbs locked in together,
N' they make a sorter fiddlin' sound a rubbin' on each other,
It's all music to my ears—the hootin' o' the owls
An' the cracklin' o' the fire, and the wolf's long, lonesome howls.

But the hour is gettin' late and the fire is gettin' low,
So I'll turn in 'side my partner who was snorin' long ago.
It's still the same old story, if I'm in it and alive,
I calkerlate to be here, 'bout this time in ninety-five.

RANDOM SHOTS FROM A HUNTER'S CAMP.

HARVEY M. HARPER.

"Our happiest days have been spent out of doors, in the woods and fields, where we have "found in every woodland way, the sun-light tint and fairy gold."—*Beauties of Nature.*

EXCEPT that in the breasts of we moderns there yet lurk a few flittering sparks of the hunter instincts of the early savage, there really appears to be scant reason why one should, nowadays, go a hunting. Yet, as a rule, we cannot remember the time when out-of-door sports have not been some of our most cherished memories. Our first essays are only "make believe" child's play, but later they develop into genuine excursions, with older companions, to some strip of woods, where flows a quiet and demure rivulet, tenantless save for the omnipresent shiner or the spiney backed cat-fish.

Here, in the golden autumn days of yore, we oft have hunted for impossible "signs" of the long vanished game, played Indian, using the guiltless family hatchet as a tomahawk, and when noontime came, we have cooked a frugal meal over the glowing embers of a friendly camp-fire after the manner related of such things in the yellow backed story books then so highly prized and in which, in the main, our scanty riches were invested.

After a while these little excursions grew into regular hunting trips, with real guns; and more or less real game rewarded our haphazard and ill-directed efforts. Naturally a taste for the like, so early acquired, ripens in time into a desire for a larger game and a wider experience. I well remember the numberless preparatory talks and meetings which were indulged in, with such exhuberant fancy by all the prospective members of the first camping party I was privileged to join. Books were read and letters written to discover the most likely camping ground; lists of provisions were prepared and frequently gone over, to make sure that the commissariat was provided with this or that particular dainty, besides everything needful for personal use.

The result was something fearful to contemplate. To be sure the party was to be large and each of the twenty odd members was burdened with a great variety of real or imaginary necessities to be arranged for. Among the stores were two ranges, to be set up in the cook shanty, for that purpose made and provided, for, be it known, we were to be served by two Pullman cooks, who could hardly be expected to be versed in the management of forked sticks, Dutch ovens and such other crude equipment of the true camper out. Then there were barrels of flour, corn meal, and sugar; heaps of coffee, tea and chocolate; hams and good old bacon a plenty; jelly, jam, pickles and olives in great quantities—for the girls. The outfit when assembled together, looked like the quartermaster's stores of a militia regiment on riot duty; and it was indeed well that we were to go by steamboat. Notwithstanding so huge a supply of provisions, yet owing to the extraordinary appetites to which a camping party must always plead guilty, half a dozen times a day, little was left at the end of the month's stay; and we all cherish recollections of a thoroughly delightful vacation, accomplished at the trifling expense of $30 each.

About the game? Well, that's another story, as Mulvaney would say; but nearly a score of guns managed to secure half a dozen grouse, and one deer, during the interval.

Bye-and-bye, after making a number of other trips, more or less successful, a better understanding of the proper way to go a-hunting after big game has been acquired. The novice is likely to err on the side of overburdening himself with too extensive an outfit. In the absence of personal experience, let him read carefully some of the many excellent books, which may, perhaps, in lieu of a better term, be properly called Text Books of the Chase. Among these I may mention "Camping and Camp Outfits" by the Editor of RECREATION. The tenderfoot should also take counsel, as to his needs, with some veteran sportsman, and in this manner smooth

OUR CAMP ON THE LAKE SHORE.

over what otherwise would prove a corduroy road to success.

From these sources of information he may make up a list of the barest necessities. To these may be added such luxuries as individual taste or fancy may dictate, being governed always by the kind and amount of transportation which is intended to be used. By wagon or by canoe many fragile articles can be carried that would be quite impossible to take by pack train, where the rule is to reduce everything to its lowest possible terms.

I remember an instance of a youth, who, although the outfit meant to travel by pack animals over some 400 miles of rough mountain country, insisted on carrying nearly 200 pounds of ammunition, chiefly for a shot gun that he did not fire once during the entire trip.

As to choice of an objective point, whether it is to be the pine woods of the North, or the mountain ranges or plains of the West, leaving out of the matter of expediency as to time and expense, there can hardly be a question in the mind of any one who has tried both. He would always chose the latter.

If the untutored sportsman is invited by an old hand to join him, let him understand at once that a rare favor has been offered, and never neglect to be duly thankful for it. But in this material age, the quaint and commendable spirit of gratitude appears to be strangely lacking, and instead, the mere acceptance of a proffered favor is too often considered a sufficient requital.

Otherwise, secure a suitable and competent guide and go with him alone. Not every lout who heralds himself as a skillful "guide" is to be trusted ; but there is usually to be found the right sort of a man if the proper inquiry is instituted in ample season.

The chances of learning how to hunt, and of getting game, are in this manner greatly enhanced. Success in hunting, I hold, decreases in the inverse ratio to the increase in the number of people in the party.

But if for the sake of company, or for other reasons, you prefer the party to consist of several persons, great care ought to be exercised in selecting your companions. For days, weeks, or months, perhaps, you will live in an intimacy impossible under almost any other circumstances; and once in the wilderness these conditions cannot be changed. But you may be lucky enough, as I once was, to fall in with ten or a dozen gentlemen among whom there was scarce a word spoken, or an act committed, to which even a fastidious person might object.

On the contrary, your lot might be cast among fellows who shirk their share of the camp duties, or who are given to meaningless profanity, or who affect topics and a tone of conversation constantly offensive.

Every party, large or small, must have a head to it, if trouble, disappointment, aye, even disaster, are to be averted. But let no one be ambitious to attain the honor or shoulder the burdens of this thankless task. The duties are annoying and troublesome at best, during the life of the expedition, and are apt to be doubly so in settling up the finances in the end, unless the captain has taken precaution to estimate liberally for the money required, and has collected enough in advance. He would much better have a surplus to distribute than to be under the necessity of assessing for a deficit. In the last case, he may be so unwise as to liquidate the bills out of his own pocket, and then wait a long time, a *very* long time, perhaps, to be reimbursed for his outlay.

The captain should have nearly absolute power in the direction and management of all the affairs of the party. Among other disagreeable duties, he ought to require personal neatness of every member of the outfit. Now I admit that no small part of the joy of camp life is the freedom from the restraint and conventionalities of one's customary life; but it ought not to extend so far that any one could think it not incumbent upon him to take an occasional bath, albeit the water is usually cold as ice itself.

On one trip a few years ago, after traveling some days through the Yellowstone Park, we made camp high up in the Shoshone Mountains, and the first thing set about getting fresh meat for the larder. The party divided up into three pairs, each setting out in a different direction, determined to win the prize agreed to be bestowed on the man or men who first brought meat into camp. After allowing the others to select their routes, I set out to skirt along just below the brow of the mountain in such a way as to cut across well up to the head of the coulees leading down to the river. Within an hour I had an elk; in fact I killed three, believing, however, that I had shot only the one. It happened in this way: The elk were jumped in an open grove of young fir trees. The first

"OFF FOR A LONG JAUNT."

"WITHIN AN HOUR I HAD AN ELK."

one I saw, a spike buck, I fired at and it disappeared through the trees. I moved along to get a better view of the game, and presently saw the buck cross an opening, just ahead of where it had disappeared. I fired a second shot, and not seeing it drop began to distrust my marksmanship, or to think there was something wrong with the sights of the rifle, which I had not used before for two years. Just then out jumped the elk again, some forty yards farther down the draw. I fired a third time and he dropped. Upon examining the ground I found that there were three dead animals, all spike bucks exactly alike, each shot through the shoulders. Their similarity accounted, in a measure, for my mistake. I atoned, so far as I could, for this useless slaughter, by refraining from killing any more elk that trip, confining my attention thereafter to the antelope, which were rather plentiful at no great distance from camp. This to my mind is the finest sport of all. One can exercise skill in stalking, if he cares to do so, or he may elect to try his marksmanship at long range. Of this he will have unlimited opportunities, and may use up many a box of shells and yet do little damage to the game, or waste much meat.

The old hunter, in spite of his cunning, is often no match for the luck which seems always to be the portion of the tyro. Of this I recall an instance where a harum-scarum lad, who had never before seen a wild beast larger than a rabbit, was the first to bring meat into camp; while his uncle, a seasoned hunter, tramped unsuccessfully over the mountains for days, and finally shot a bear that the nephew saw first and pointed out to him. This youth had, a day or two before, seen another bear, at which he immediately fired, then threw his hat at the beast, which was quite close. Failing to stop it in this manner, he sought, I suppose, to frighten the creature to death by chasing it down the mountain side, all the while howling like a Chinese warrior.

The hunter is usually greatly overcharged for the horses he hires. To be asked to pay two or three times as much for a month's use of a thing as the thing itself is worth, when the damage is slight, or nothing at all, is preposterous. The average plains pony can be bought for $10 to $25, and to ask more than $5 a month hire, for him, is clearly exorbitant. Yet your guide will be quite likely to try to stipulate for a dollar a day for each horse he furnishes to the outfit. It is advisable to own your saddle and bridle.

Take good care to get good dispositioned horses. The best of bronchos are none too good in this respect. I remember one old fellow who once gave us no end of trouble, as well as at times considerable amusement. Old "Brigham" was a character, not unlike his Mormon namesake. Years of experience had added craft to an already evil temper. Although snow-white in color, he was, nevertheless, the bête noire of the packers and horse wranglers. Upon him devolved the duty of carrying the ammunition, which was packed in two stout wooden boxes, weighing at least 100 pounds each. Hardly a day passed without an exhibition of his prowess as a bucker, which finally culminated, theatrically enough, in a grand climax just as we were going into permanent camp. The stage chosen by the old villain on which to perform, was a wide flat, fully suited to the breadth of action of the piece.

A sudden rencontre with a vagabond band of Bannock Indians gave old "Brigham" his cue, and with a squeal of rage, down went his nose and up went his heels, faster than one could count. In a moment he had bucked off one of the boxes, and then, starting on a run, with the other box attached to the end of a 20 foot lash rope, he circled about in mad fury, the box bounding and whirling at the end of its tether, out and in among the whole outfit, scattering the pack animals in a grand stampede, and giving the riders much ado to keep clear of the awful engine of destruction, with which the old rascal was running amuck. The box finally went to pieces, strewing its contents far and wide, thus furnishing the bead-eyed Indian youngsters a welcome chance to display their sharpness of vision for coin, payable on delivery of the findings.

The guides often claim to have complete outfits for rent; but this depends very much upon the point of view. The old prospector or trapper, with Spartan indifference to comfort, considers a frying-pan and a tin cup a sufficient "outfit," regarding plates, forks and spoons as superfluous luxuries The white enameled ware is sightlier and cleaner than tin, and costs a mere trifle more. The same may be said of the cheap silver-plated knives, forks and spoons. The quality of the provisions of the frontier stores is not to be relied upon. Purchase your supplies at home, and have the sugar, coffee and such articles divided into small lots, and done up in cotton bags; pack the whole in boxes about 20 inches wide, 18 inches

"A SKILLFUL AND COMPETENT GUIDE."

deep, and 24 to 30 inches long, provided with rope handles, hinged lids, and padlocks. On the inside of each cover paste an inventory of the contents.

Although in print mention of the soft bed of fragrant balsam boughs has a pleasant sound, there is really little merit in it. To make a prime browse bed takes the time of one man for several hours, and an immense amount of material; and then the same result can be obtained by one or two comforters, which are easily carried, cost little, and are always ready.

By all means take a camera, for the mementoes of the trip, thereby secured, will prove the most lasting and esteemed trophies of all. But don't make the mistake of buying one of the cheap and unsatisfactory "press the button" humbugs. Good pictures can be sometimes made with them, but the proportion of failures is far too large. In the hands of a photographic genius, prize work has been done with a common spectacle lens, but an unskilled performer ought to give himself the benefit of the best tools he can afford to buy. At best, snap shots, with a hand camera, are difficult of execution, and should be seldom attempted, except on a bright day, over the water or on sand. To get good photographs takes time and trouble, but in the end they are the most valued prizes.

A word as to mounting your views. The common method of using card mounts is not satisfactory for permanent use. The cards are hard to keep in order; they catch the dust, and are likely to get misplaced or lost. Any first-class bookbinder can manage it much better in the following manner: Paste each view separately, on a sheet of thick writing paper, using fresh, clean rice paste. Arrange the sheets, back to back, in the order desired, then paste the sheets together, leaving an inch or so open on the left hand end, in which to insert a linen hinge for each leaf, to make the back of the book. These sheets may be bound up to suit one's taste, in regular book form, and thus be a lasting and enjoyable reminder of many a pleasant hour.

Finally, after many weeks of preparation, many days of weary travel, and the expenditure of perhaps hundreds of dollars, the would-be hunter arrives at the chosen goal only to find the forests ablaze in every direction; the game scattered or uselessly slaughtered; all the nefarious work of some ragamuffin band of Indians, criminally allowed to leave their reservation by the mistaken kindness of some fat witted Indian agent In a short while, to save a few paltry dollars to the government, these wretches have been allowed to cause damage and destruction enough, if it could be converted into money, to keep them at the Waldorf for the remainder of their natural lives.

Nothing but evil can come from the present Indian policy of this government. The Indian is best taught by the object lessons, learned by contact with the white man, not as it is now managed, where Lo absorbs little of the good and much of the bad. Let all the wild Indians be quartered in severalty, among the tribes of the Indian territory, and then throw every other reservation open to settlement. What the Micmac, the Mohawk, and the Miami have learned is equally possible, under similar circumstances, with the Sioux, the Ute, or the Apache.

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MY HUNTING AND FISHING COMPANIONS.

Dr. W. H. Steele.

Those of your readers who have reached the meridian of life and are traveling down the shady side, no doubt often look back to boyhood, and live over again those glorious days, on the stream, in the wood or in the thicket. I am thankful for the faculty that enables me to look back and enjoy, in retrospect, those boyhood days. How well I remember that old single barrel shot gun, with percussion lock, with powder horn, shot bottle and box of "G. D." caps; that iron-wood "fish-pole" cut in the thicket on the banks of the Maquoketa.

Poor old Sport! the mongrel pointer! He was slow, but always sure and faithful. When he made a point it could always be relied upon.

How fresh in my memory is the first day in the woods with that old single barrel. It was a beautiful day in autumn that father took me with him on a squirrel hunt. Game was plentiful in those days, and we had been in the woods but a short time, when a grey flirted his tail at us, and scampered up a large white oak. Father pointed him out to me, away up in a fork; I took careful aim, pulled the trigger, and at the crack of the gun down came my first squirrel. He no sooner struck the ground, than gathering himself together he started up the tree again. Grasping my gun by the barrel, I whacked away at him with the stock. I missed the squirrel, but hit the tree and, of course, broke my gun-stock.

I had some copper wire in my pocket, with which father wound the broken stock, and I was in shooting trim again. From this accident I learned two valuable lessons; first, how to repair a gunstock in the field; and second, never to use the wrong end of my gun on game, unless, compelled to do so in self-defense. We had a pleasant and successful day's hunt, taking home with us a fine string of pigeons and squirrels.

This was our first hunt together, but not our last. As long as I remained at home father was my first choice on all shooting and fishing trips. Many a happy day we spent together, tramping through the old familiar woods after squirrels, quail and pheasants, or following the windings of the Masquoketa, after ducks and fish. Where is the faithful old pointer, and that single barrel that did me such good service on those tramps? Those equipments of boyhood were long ago laid aside, supplanted by a double barrel muzzle-loader, shot pouch, and powder flask; they in turn by a modern breech-loader. These changes were necessary to keep pace with the times.

We are always glad to make the exchange, from an old and worn out equipment, to a new and improved one, even though we retain fond recollections of the paraphernalia of our boyhood days. What dissatisfied mortals we are! When boys we long to be men, with the strength and intellect of men; and when we reach manhood, with all its matured powers, true to our discontented restless natures, we look back with longing for the feelings, emotions and pleasures of our youth.

Where is the lover of rod and gun who would not prefer to spend a day in the old wood, or following the banks of the old stream, rather than spend a whole week any where else?

My first chum in out door sports was Arthur G.——. He was of medium height, heavy set, had dark hair and eyes; giving him a predominance of the motive temperament; which, in connection with his large caution, made him slow and careful in acting; while I was impulsive and incautious. This was a fortunate combination for me; as his restraining influence held me in check, and kept me from doing many careless and foolish things. G. was slow to anger, but had a bad temper when thoroughly aroused. As I was always on the alert to play him a practical joke, I had to be careful not to carry these too far.

I remember once when I got beyond the limit. It was a hot day in autumn. We had been down the river fishing, and on our way back stopped at a big deep

"AT THE SAME CAST I CAUGHT A FISHING AND HUNTING COMPANION.'

pool, in the bottom of which was a boiling spring, to rest and quench our thirst. G. was always careful of his clothes, and had a novel way of drinking from a river or spring without soiling them. He would place the palms of his hands on the sand, in the edge of the water; rest his knees on his kimboed elbows, balance nicely in this position, lean forward and drink. On this occasion I drank first, and was standing behind him when he leaned forward. The position was too tempting. I gave him a gentle push with my foot just to make him wet his nose a little. Imagine my surprise, to see him lose his balance and go headlong into the drink, like a big bull-frog. The look on his face, as he came sputtering to the surface, warned me to keep out of his way. I did my fishing on the other side of the river on the way home.

Arthur G. was a good fellow, a natural woodsman, and a successful sportsman. We were almost constant companions until I married and located in another town. The first years of our married life I did business in a city down in the Mississippi valley; back about 20 miles from the Father of-waters. Many a pleasant day's sport have I had with gun and dog after pigeons, squirrels and ruffed grouse, among those grand old bluffs; or, following along the South Fork, with rod and line, coaxing the bronze-backed beauties out of their hiding places, under the great shelving rocks that overhung the stream.

When I would come home at night tired but happy, with a nice string of game or fish, Mrs. S.—— would say, "I do not see what you can find so fascinating about climbing over those rocks all day, for a few fish."

One lucky evening, I induced my better-half to go with me, casting for black bass. Getting no response to my casts for the first half hour, she said, "I fail to see any pleasure in that," and strolled along down the shore picking up stones and shells. Making a cast in a deep pool at the foot of a rapid, I enticed a big five pound bass from his shady retreat under a shelving rock. He made a dash at the spoon, and jumped his entire length out of the water. Pointing to the place where he broke, Mrs. S.—— exclaimed: "Oh, what a big fellow! do catch him, right over there is where he went down." I followed her advice, and at the next cast hooked the old beauty. At the same time I caught a hunting and fishing companion. That evening after supper, I got down my tackle catalogue and selected two fine rods, with full equipments for all kinds of fishing.

The ordering of those outfits was the beginning of a new era of happiness for both of us; and many an enjoyable day's sport have we had on lake and stream with the rods we chose that evening.

About three years ago I induced her to take up rifle shooting. Her first efforts were discouraging, as she could hardly keep her shots on a 3x4 foot target; but she continued to practice daily during the summer, and by fall had scores of 87 out of a possible 100 to her credit; and now, the squirrel that would wink down at her from his perch in a tall oak would be likely to regret his rashness.

Time was—and not many years back either—when a lady would not dare accompany her husband on a shooting or fishing trip. It would be thought very unladylike by her friends; but the public mind has changed, and now thousands of the best women in the land resort to the fields, the forests, and the waters every summer.

Only a few years ago a man who spent a good deal of his time shooting or fishing would be classed with the common tramp, and if a stranger inquired about his standing, some well meaning, hard working neighbor would say: "Oh, he's a purty good feller, but don't 'mount to much; spends most of his time huntin' and fishin'."

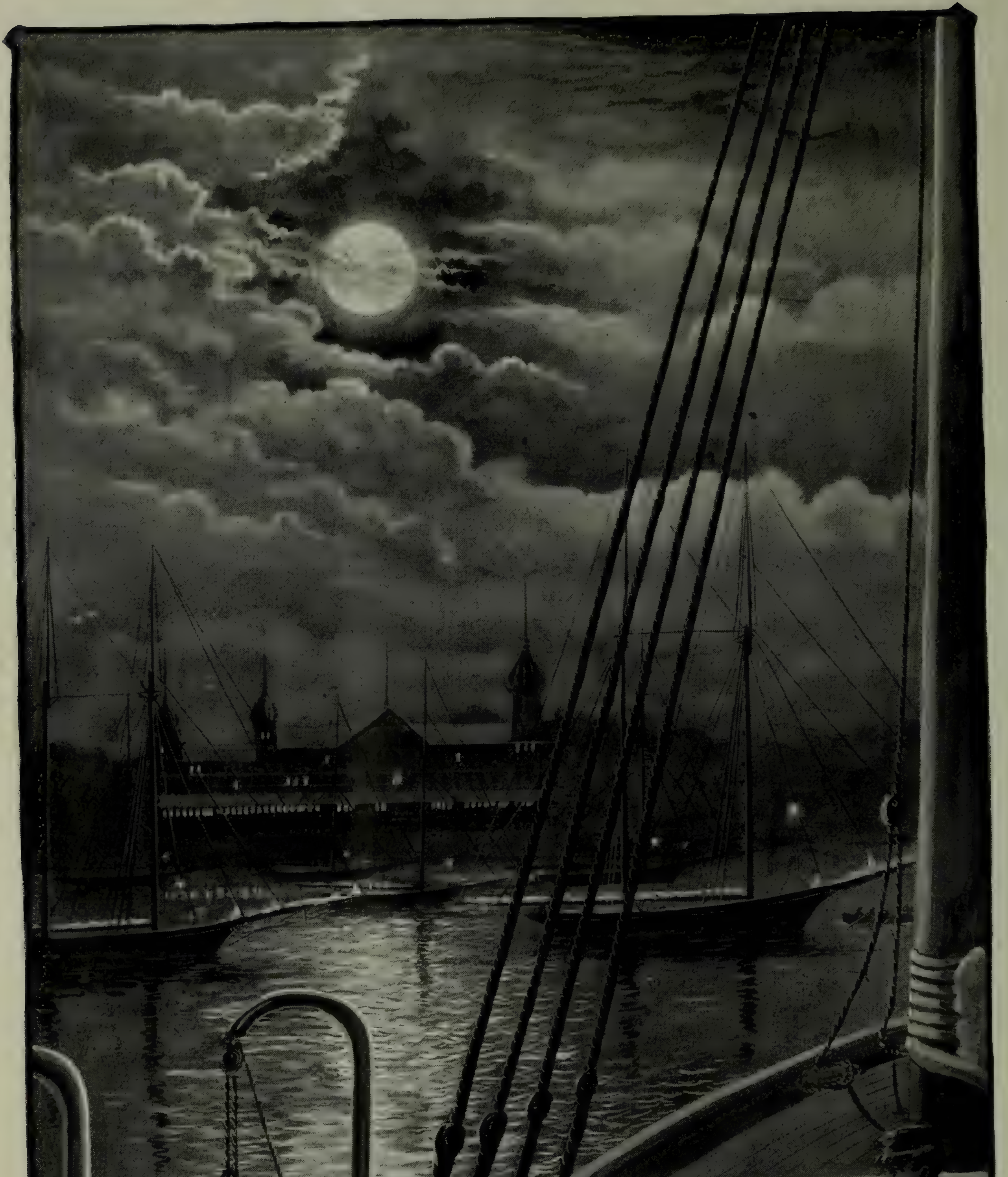
Those days have past and gone, and are among the by-gones that we sportsmen do not look back to with any regret.

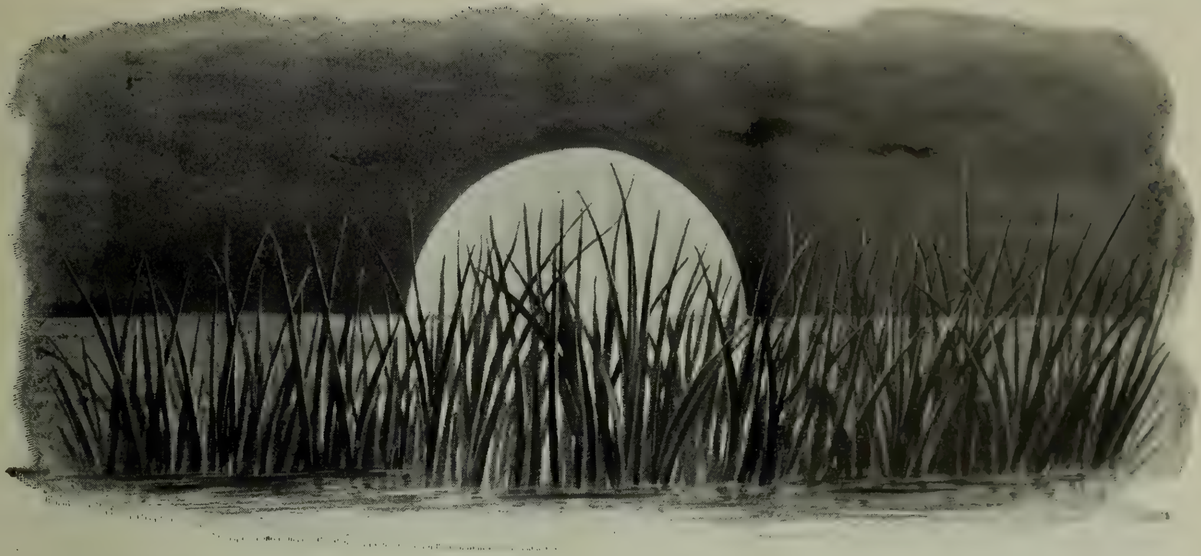
A NEW DAY.

FRANK H. SWEET.

A pearly, soft, and opalescent sky,
   That gently falls and circles round the sea,
Low flying gulls, and billows rolling high
   And free.

Expectant hush; till from the east a glow
   Proclaims the morn,
And then the bright, majestic sun—and lo,
   A day is born!

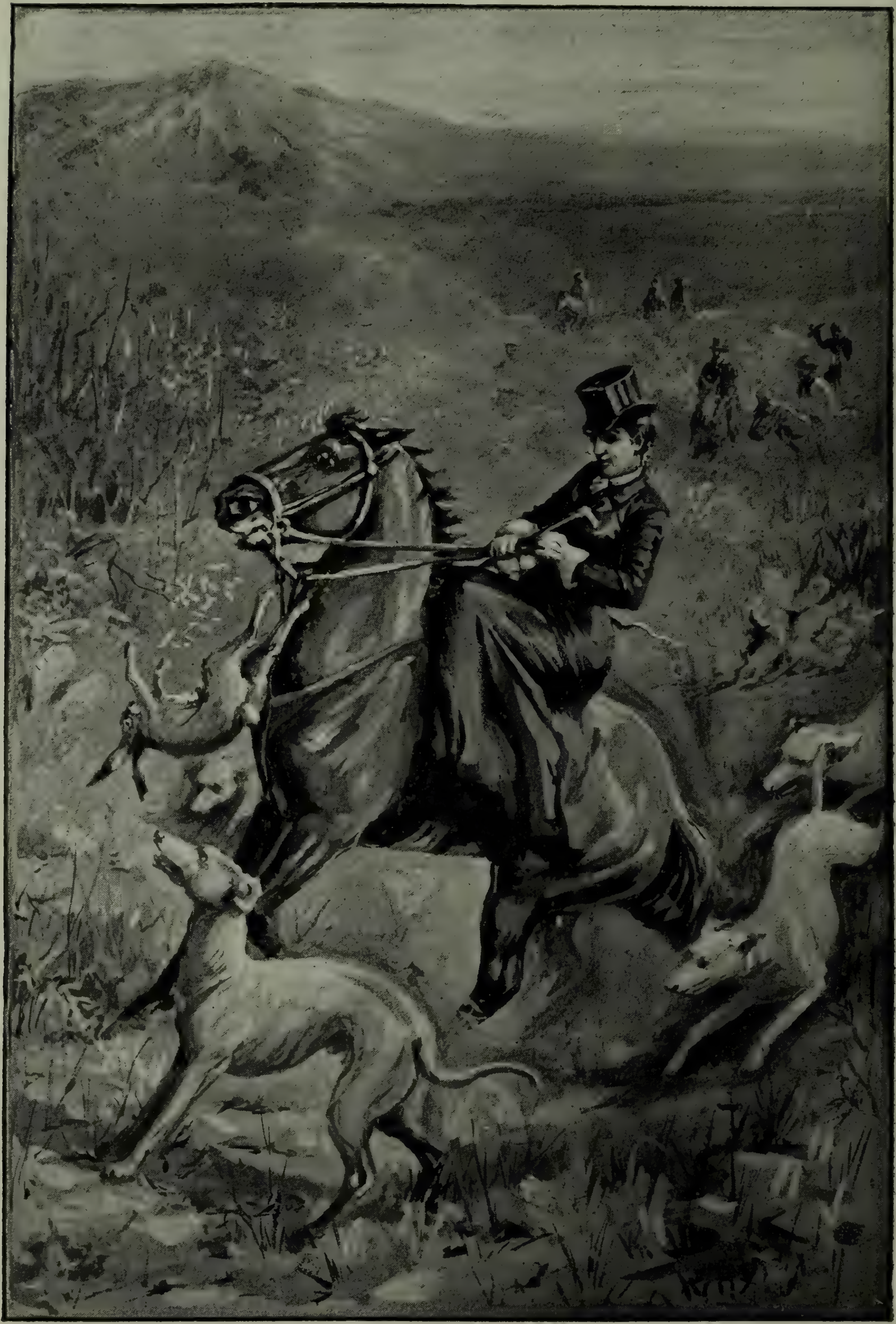




LUNAR.

David B. Keeler.

Oh, fantasma ! Oh, delicious witchery !
Illumined in silvered glory
Of the harvest moon's bright rays,
Each tiny wavelet, fragrant
Of the rich salt sea ;
Each filled with amorous love
Doth softly lap, with fond caress,
My yacht, who, like willing maiden
Receives her lover's kisses.
This, if ever is the time,
When Brownies are abroad.
Methinks I spy them yonder
In the eel grass,
On the flood tide's bosom sporting.
I hear the measured tink-tink, tink-tink,
Of yacht's bells, time denoting;
Yet heed I not,
Intoxicated with August's fairyland.
Rather far, sit I in solitude
Drinking in sweet nature,
Than join the waltzing throng,
In heated ball-room panting ;
Yet, dreamy and enchanting, too,
The distant strains of music wafted ;
Unreal, too beauteous, methinks,
For garish day to disenchant ;
T'is sin to sleep on such a night.
Reclining on my boat's white deck,
I smoke and contemplate.
I note in idle pleasure
The phosphorescent wake and splash,
As boat by boat puts out
From yon grim, night-enshrouded
Vessels of the fleet,
Bearing gallant beaux to meet
The summer girl's bright eyes.
Soon naught disturbs me ;
All are gone ; the ghostly groan
Of straining anchor chains bewilder,
Yet add, as does the tinkle
Of a banjo, on a distant vessel strummed,
To Luna's mighty sway ;
And thus I smoke, and muse—then sleep.



"AND THIS TIME THEIR EFFORT IS SUCCESSFUL."

COURSING WITH THE GREYHOUND.

L. F. Bartels.

> " The greyhound, the greathound, the graceful of limb,
> Rough fellow, tall fellow, swift fellow and slim ;
> Let them sound o'er the earth, let them sail o'er the sea,
> They will light on none other more ancient than he."
>
> Scott.

Among the many different breeds of dogs, the greyhound stands out boldly, and occupies the highest place in the group of those hunting by keenness of sight and fleetness of foot.

The greyhound, wolfhound, and deerhound probably sprang from the same source. Although the greyhound was known in the most remote ages of antiquity, the first portraiture, which can be relied on is in a painting on one of the tombs of the fourth dynasty of Egypt, which must be upwards of 4000 years old. The type of the greyhound has, by careful breeding, become fixed and is by far more important and perfect than that of any other breed. It exhibits a model of elegance and combination of symmetrical proportions, unrivalled by those of any other animal, the perfection of the mechanism for speed being apparent throughout its structure.

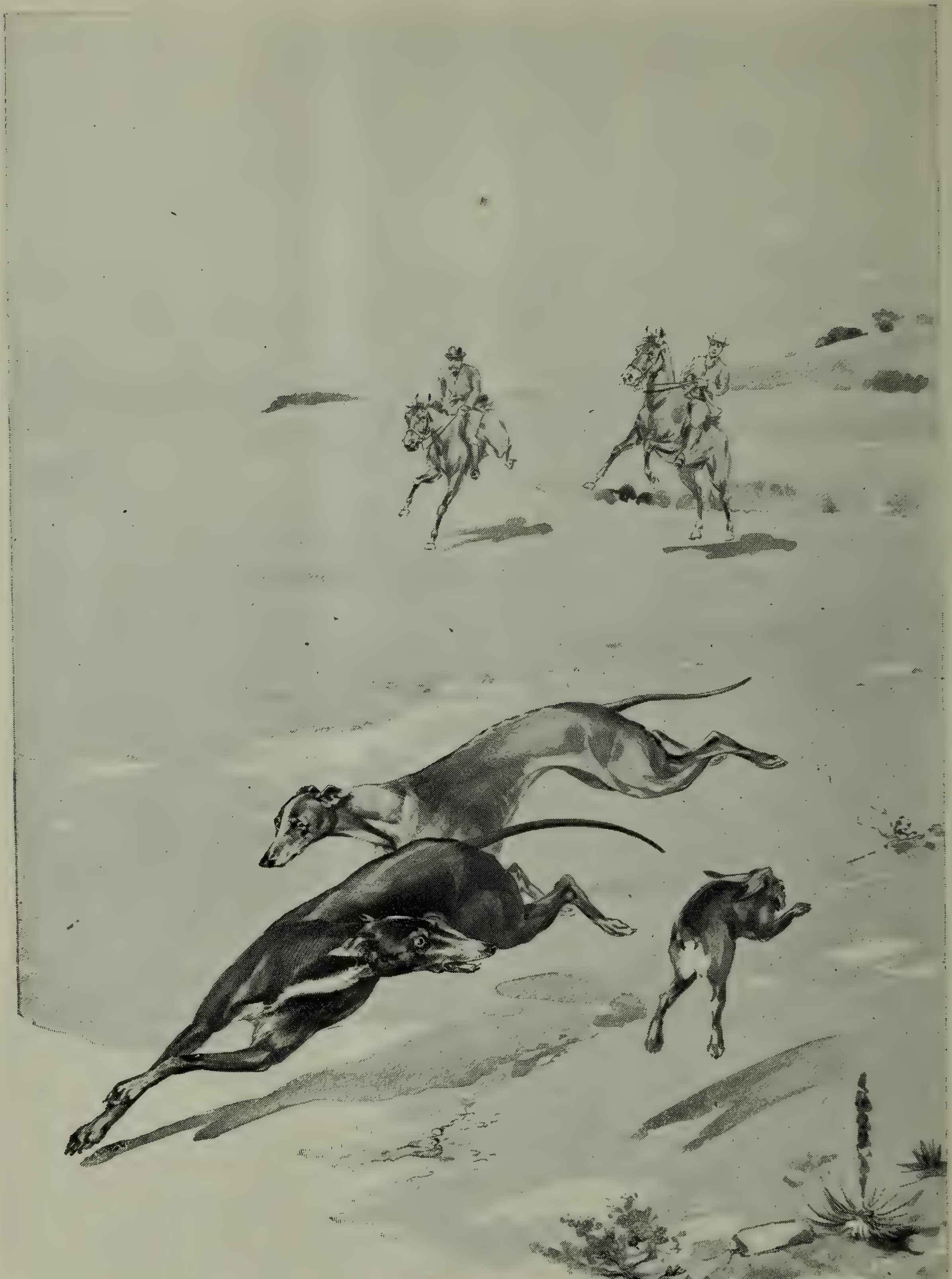
The alterations in the game laws of modern times led to the great and increasing popularity of coursing and the diffusion of greyhounds among all classes. It is impossible to separate the greyhound from coursing, so thoroughly have they become identified. If we go back to the earlier centuries, we find the Gauls, who first practiced this sport, and the Greeks with whom it was a great favorite, using him in the pursuit of the wolf, boar, deer and other large game, depending upon his speed and endurance to conquer it. His speed is proverbial. It is thus eulogized by Scott in his introduction to Canto II, Marmion :

> " Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
> O'er holt or hill there never flew,
> From slip or leash, there never sprang,
> More fleet of foot, or sure of fang."

Coming down to the present time, when the opportunities for coursing the larger game became more rare, and in many cases was restricted or prohibited by the game laws in force, coursing the hare, or his American cousin the jackrabbit, grew in favor. With the increasing popularity of this sport and the conditions thereof, came the modern greyhound.

MONK BISHOP.

Drayton has so well described a course of this kind, that I may be pardoned for quoting it here :



"O'er holt or hill there never flew,
From slip or leash, there never sprang,
More fleet of foot, or sure of fang."

MONK BISHOP AND BOOMERANG IN SLIPS.

"The greyhounds forth are brought for coursing therein case,
And choicly in the slips, one leadeth forth a brace.
The finder puts her up, and gives her courser's law,
And whilst the eager dogs upon the slip do draw,
She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew.
Forced by some yelping cute to give the greyhounds view,
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,
As in respect of them, the swiftest wind were slow;
When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes
Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other cotes;
They wrench her once or twice ere she a turn will take,
What's offered by the first, the other good doth make;
And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility.
A hardened ridge or way, when if the hare do win,
Then as a shot from bow she from the dogs doth spin,
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach
This giving him a cote, about again doth fetch her,
To him that comes behind, which seems the horse to hear,
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arrear,
Till, oft for want of breath to fall to ground they make her,
The greyhounds both so spent that they want breath to take her."

No sport can be more enjoyable or more exhilarating than to be on a good horse, a good stretch of country before you, following a good brace of greyhounds, who have just started a hare. What wonderful speed the dogs display in overtaking the now fairly flying hare; and how nimbly she doubles back, causing them to overrun their mark! Again the hounds come up like a whirlwind, only to be thrown off once more by a sudden turn of the hare, which as yet is confident of making good her escape. Again and again the hounds overtake the hare, only to be as often thrown off the scut by her continued turning and wrenching. Having thus been repeatedly thrown, the hounds now come up with apparently the same great burst of speed, but just before reaching the hare, slacken their speed, steady themselves, and now follow each turn and wrench with wonderful agility. The hounds seem to get their mouths closer to the hare and make a drive to kill, only to be again cast off. Once more they get their noses close to her and this time their effort to kill is successful. After a turn or two has been made by the hare and hounds, your horse has fully entered into the sport and endeavors to follow the line of the course as closely as possible, keeping you on the alert, watching your seat as well as the course. It is a ride like this that gives the invalid new lease of life.

A few minutes breathing spell for yourself and horse—(during which time the exhausted greyhounds are taken up, put into their crate, and a fresh pair put down,) the lucky foot and ears having been duly presented to the first in at the kill, and all are ready for another course.

As you are riding along leisurely, surveying the surrounding country, your horse suddenly throws up his head, pricks his ears forward and attracts your attention to a cayote sneaking over the next hill several hundred yards away. The hounds have just got a glimpse of him and are off; when they reach the brow of the hill and get a good view of the cayote making tracks for the next county, they let out another link of speed and at once commence to close up the gap between them and the quarry. After a run of a mile or more they reach and trip him. They do not seem to be able to hold him and for several hundred yards, it is snap, snarl and yelp—a regular running fight. At last one of the hounds succeeds in getting a firm hold on the throat, while another gets a flank hold; thus they stretch and choke him until life is extinct.

The first rider in at the death claims the pelt and at once sets about getting it; which when removed he takes to the taxidermist and has mounted or made into a rug to ornament his library and as a trophy to recall the exciting and most enjoyable course. The opportunities to participate in this grand sport are confined principally to those who live west of the Mississippi.

So popular has rabbit coursing become that clubs for the advancement of the sport have been the outgrowth. The first club in this country was organized in California in 1867, and was known as "The California Pioneer Coursing Club." Since then many clubs have been organized on the Pacific coast and in the states east of the Rockies. Public meetings, under the auspices of the different clubs, are now held annually in several states; one meeting following another.

Let us hope that this sport will continue to grow in favor and popularity, until we may with reason quote the old Welsh proverb, "You may know a gentleman by his horse, his hawk and his greyhound."

A HERO IN THE RANKS.

Lieut. Alex. T. Dean, U. S. A.

We often read of a brave deed, or an act of courage being performed by some officer in time of war. The gallant conduct of the more humble private is too often overlooked; yet, beneath the simple blouse of the soldier there often beats the heart of a hero.

The following pathetic incident will illustrate this. In the spring of 1882, the Apache Indians became restless, on their reservation, at San Carlos, Arizona. Their savage natures chafed under the dull and monotonous life they led at the agency. The grass was high enough to afford food for their ponies, and the braves were waiting for an excuse to break from the reservation and go on the war-path.

About this time, the chief of police at San Carlos, a man named Stirling, became involved in a dispute with an Indian, a desperate character, and one who had been on many a bloody raid through Arizona and Mexico. The Indian seized a loaded rifle standing near, and shot Stirling through the head, killing him instantly. Whether this was a part of the plot, on the part of the Apaches, has never been known, but they were in a suspicious state of readiness for flight.

Instantly, runners were sent from camp to camp. The Indians were soon in a state of great excitement. The bucks commenced to saddle their ponies, and the squaws to pack the lead horses. Hû and Nana, the two famous war chiefs of the Apaches, urged their followers to flight, and that night, there broke from the reservation of San Carlos 100 of the most blood-thirsty devils that ever bestrode a horse. They were fully armed, well supplied with ammunition, and were gaudy in war-paint and feathers.

Their time was well chosen. A heavy rain had obliterated their trail, and by an unbroken march of 60 miles they were safe, for the time being, from pursuit.

The troops stationed in the different military posts, in Arizona and New Mexico, were at once notified, by tele-

APACHES AT HOME.

GERONIMO.

graph, of the outbreak, and within a few hours the cavalry from Forts Huachuca, Bowie, Apache and Grant, in Arizona, and Forts Bayard and Cummings, in New Mexico, were in the field, with the prospect of a long and hard Indian campaign before them.

It was believed that the hostiles, following their usual tactics, would strike south for the border, by rapid marches cross into old Mexico, and find rest and safety in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre mountains, well known to them, but rarely penetrated by white men. For these reasons, the troops marched south toward the Mexican line, hoping to intercept the hostiles in their attempt to cross.

Their trail of blood and fire soon betrayed them. Their course was marked by burning ranches, corpses of murdered settlers, and outraged women. Four companies of regular cavalry, with a large force of Indian scouts, were sent by rail, from their camp in the field, to San Simon, a little station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, in Arizona. From there the command was marched rapidly toward the Stein's Peak mountains; the idea being to place it between the hostiles and the mountains, and thus bar their passage. The Apaches, however, by marching night and day, had succeeded in getting into the mountains in advance of the troops, and had taken up an almost impregnable position, on a high ridge, the only approach to which was through a deep canyon, with towering walls, several hundred feet high. The Indian scouts were directed to strike into the range lower down, march parallel to the troops, who would keep on the road, and try to locate the hostiles. During the afternoon of the second day's march, a moving object, coming from the direction the scouts had taken, was seen rapidly approaching the column. It proved to be one of the Indian scouts. His pony was nearly exhausted, and blood covered his white cotton shirt, from a wound in his shoulder.

By signs and words, he told how the scouts had found the trail of the hostiles, who had their squaws with them, and a great many ponies.

A trail reveals many things to an Indian that are hidden from the white man. Trail reading is also well developed in the Mexican, and to a lesser extent in the white frontiersman and guide, but it is born in the Apache. To tell you how many horses or people have passed any point, the number of hours that have elapsed since their passing, whether the horses were led or ridden, their gait, and many other things, is easy for him. He can also follow a trail so dim that a white man could not even see it. It is as an open book to him.

But to return to my story. The scout further said that his party had been fired upon by the rear guard of the hostiles, from ambush; that four of them had been killed, and himself and one other of the scouts wounded.

As soon as the Indian had finished his report the cavalry column was headed for the mountains, the trumpeters sounded the gallop, and as the troopers settled down in their saddles, every man of them felt that he had started on a ride which might be his last. The fluttering guidons, the sun reflected from the bright accoutrements of horses and men, made a stirring picture, but one which the actors had no time to admire. Erect in their saddles, with set and determined faces, they rode on, boot to boot.

Soon the picture changed; the column formed into a long line, and halted. Obeying the different commands the troopers dismounted to fight on foot, a guard being left with the horses, which were moved behind an elevation in the ground. Now the dismounted line moves slowly forward, the men loosening the cartridges in their belts, and setting their carbine sights. Closer and closer they approach to the low foot hills, where the Apaches are lying in wait. Not a shot has been fired; not an Indian has been seen. Now they are only 500 or 600 yards from where the hostiles are supposed to be, who, outnumbering the soldiers, and secure in their strong position, are silently awaiting the arrival of soldiers in easy range. Unseen themselves, they hope then to pour in a murderous fire. This stand of theirs gives their women and children time to escape on their ponies.

A SUB-CHIEF.

Suddenly, on the extreme right, from among the rocks, a puff of white smoke is seen, followed by the ringing report of a rifle. A soldier from the ranks plunges forward and falls heavily on his face—dead. A shudder passes through the men nearest him as they close up and move on—for some of them have never before met death, face to face. The crest of the position held by the hostiles, now becomes hidden in smoke. The Indians are firing rapidly. Fortunately their aim is rather wild. The order is now given for the men to fire. There is a crack from a hundred carbines, followed by a wild cheer as the line sways forward after the volley. Now it is every man for himself. Each soldier loads and fires at will. The Indians can be seen running between the rocks and moving higher up the mountain side as the soldiers close in on them. The fight resolves itself into a series of rushes. As fast as the hostiles abandon a position it is occupied by the soldiers. Higher and higher up the mountain they go until, a few yards from the crest, they make a final stand. There is no time to look after fallen comrades now. The two lines not over 50 yards apart, are pouring lead into each other as fast as they can load and fire. On level ground one final charge and the fight would be over; but here such a charge is impossible. The mountain side is so cut up that it is difficult for the soldiers to find a foothold. The Indians have set fire to the underbrush and the men are nearly blinded by the smoke—the wind carrying it into their faces. It is growing darker every minute. The hostiles reach the top of the mountain when, abondoning their dead, all their provisions and camp outfit, they scatter in all directions, in the darkness, to come together again, perhaps day sand weeks hence, a hundred miles over the line in old Mexico, where they will join their women and children.

The trumpets now sound the recall. The fight is over and the soldiers march back to their horses. Everything left by the hostiles is burned and the wounded are tenderly carried on hastily improvised litters. Several men are desperately wounded, but they will die a soldier's death. They have done their duty. Among them is a mere lad, one who had run away from his California home and, against the wishes of his old mother, had enlisted in the cavalry. How proud he felt that day on going into his first Indian fight. He had promised himself that on his return to his post he would write to his mother. How proud she would be of him! He would tell her of his part in the fight—how he had done his duty and been praised by his captain for brave conduct. How it would make her dear old heart beat with pride for her boy. But now—with a bullet through his lungs, his face drawn and white from suffering, his life blood ebbing from his breast, he lay slowly dying. No more would he know his mother's kiss: his sister's gentle voice or the happy home.

As the surgeon passed among the wounded, he paused before the suffering boy, and saw that the hand of death had touched him, that his life could be counted by minutes. Bending over the young soldier, he told him that he had but a few minutes to live, and that if he had anything to say he must speak quickly. The brave lad said:

"Tell them at home that I died like a soldier; that I have done my duty." The gray pallor of death crossed his face and in a few minutes he was dead.

A plain rough slab of native sandstone is all that marks his lonely grave, away out there in the treeless foot-hills, but it bears this inscription, rudely cut by a loving comrade:

"Here lies a boy who did his duty and who died like a soldier."

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And eats a watermelon that is not ripe,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What potion ease her fearful gripe?

"Father," said Johnny Ironside, "how big a fish did you ever catch?"

"I caught a catfish once, Johnny," replied Deacon Ironside, "that weighed"——

The good man stopped short, looked fixedly at his youngest son, and resumed in an altered tone—

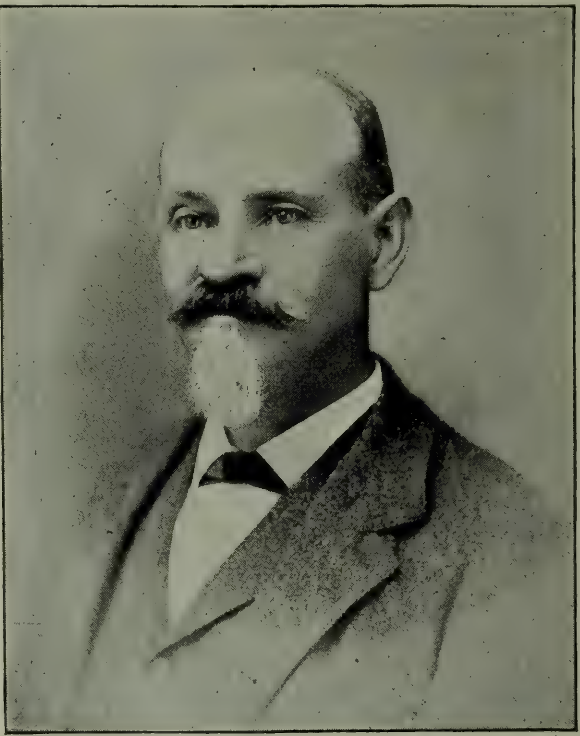
"John, this is Sunday."—*Youngstown (Ohio) Vindicator.*

America has no Shakespeare yet,
No epic bard of deathless lay;
But on the baseball grounds, you bet,
A homer's made most every day.
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

XII.

Judge C. W. Hinman, of Schoharie, N. Y., has had an eventful career. When 27 years old (August, 1862), he enlisted as a private in the 134th M. S. V. The regiment was composed of volunteers from Schoharie and Schenectady counties. He was promoted to First Lieutenant, was captured and served the last six months of his term in Andersonville Prison, being released after Lee surrendered. He returned to Schoharie a skeleton, recuperated at home, commenced the study of law, was admitted to the bar in 18 months, and has been practicing law there ever since. His only recreation is shooting and fishing, and in these he has had a wide experience. His tastes are simple; he uses old-fashioned tackle, but never gets left when he goes after bass or trout. He says, "I shoot on the wing, for which the birds give me thanks."



His friends, however, account him one of the best wing shots in the state, and say he seldom misses a bird that any other man could kill. As a writer he is full of droll and quaint humor. His stories deal mostly with field sports of 40 or 50 years ago, but have a charm and a freshness about them that carry us all back to our boyhood days. Several of his delightful reminiscences are in reserve for the readers of RECREATION.

Diamond Pond, in Colebrook, N. H., although made famous more than twenty years ago by Wm. C. Prime, in his "I go a Fishing," is still an excellent fishing ground. Mr. George W. Gladwin, of New York, during a recent trip in that neighborhood, made a large catch of trout there, both as regards the size and number of fish. It is reached from either Boston or Springfield, via. the B. & M. R. R.

CLEVER BOY SHOOTERS.

VIII.

Merchant Phelps, of Spring Cove, N. Y., is only 12 years old, but has had some lively experiences in hunting. He commenced shooting with a rifle when about 7 years old. When 11 years of age, he brought down his first deer. He and a friend went out in a boat one night, with a jack light. Merchant carried the jack on his head. They had been out about an hour when, on rounding a point of land, the deer was seen standing in the lake, a few feet from shore. Merchant brought the rifle to his shoulder, took careful aim at the deer's head, and fired. The deer made one leap, and fell dead with a broken neck. Since then the young hunter has killed four more in the same way.

He hunted with a party of sportsmen from Boston during the open season of 1894. A prize was offered for the hunter who should kill the largest deer. Merchant earned the prize, a silken flag, by killing a four prong buck, which weighed over 200 pounds.

During the same summer, in which he killed his first deer, he had an opportunity to try his hand on still larger game. While out in the woods with his rifle, one day, he met a large black bear. Without thinking of the trouble a wounded bear might give him, he instantly fired two shots at Bruin in rapid succession. Both bullets took effect, one entering the neck and the other penetrating the brain.

In the picture is shown the skin of the bear and the head of the second deer. The boy of course values both trophies highly, and will always cherish them as mementoes of his early days in the woods.

He uses a 32 calibre Winchester carbine, weighing 5½ pounds, with which he does some fine work on small objects. "I have," says a neighbor of his, "seen him shoot off partridges' heads in a way that would do credit to any of the crack shots in the country."

Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Editor RECREATION.

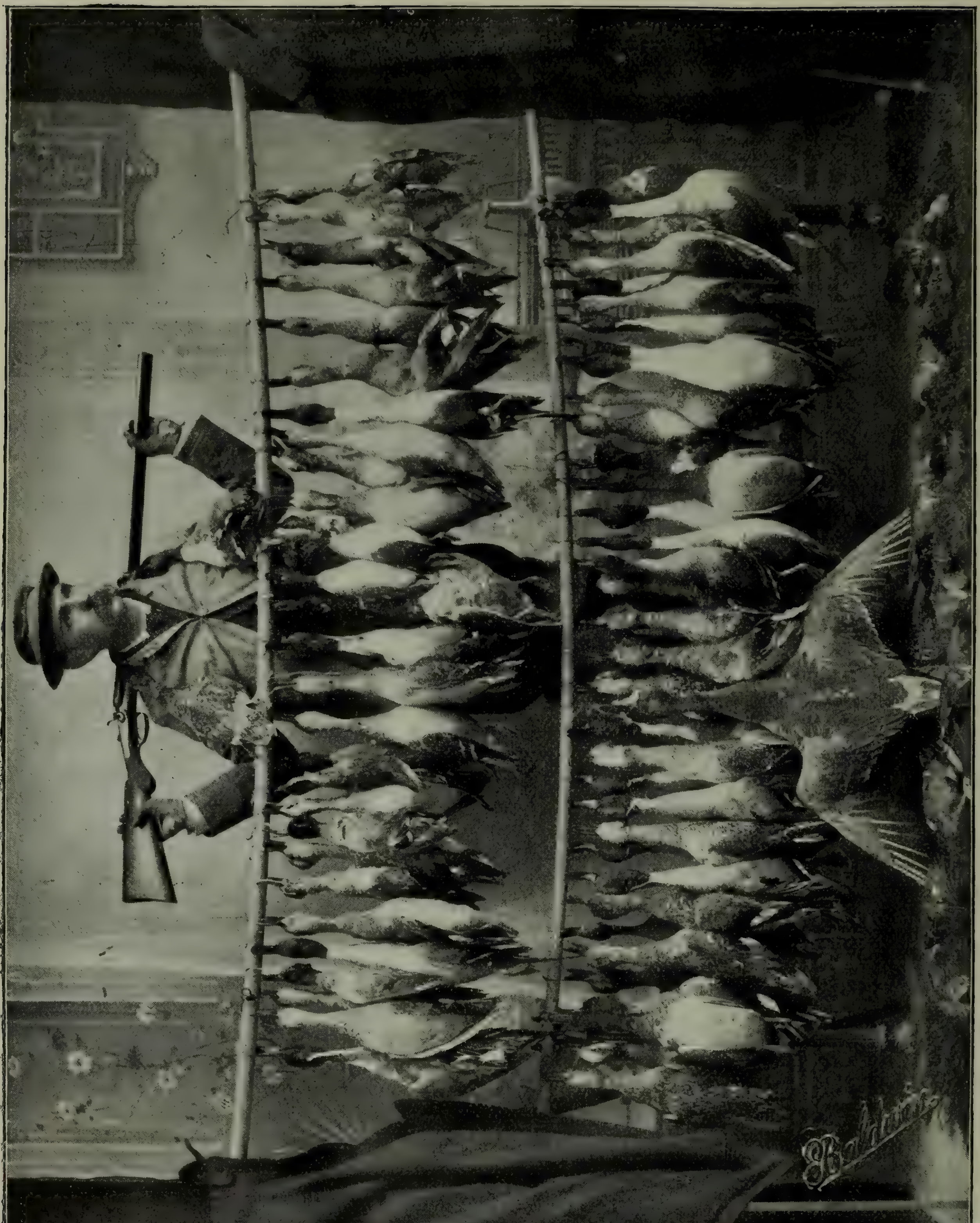
In your splendid magazine I notice many interesting articles from various points in the north-west, but have never seen our beautiful lake region represented. Here, in a space 12 miles square lie a dozen lakes, as pretty as any in the country. Some of these are detached, having no outlet during the summer and fall, but in the spring all have a common outlet, viz.: the Little Sioux river, which empties into the Missouri, near Sioux City, Ia. "Spirit Lake Town," as the resorters call our city of 1,200 people, is pleasantly situated about the geographical centre of the group, and is the base of supplies for scores of pretty summer homes, which stand embowered in groves of giant oaks, back of the many miles of sandy beach in every direction. These cottages, many of which are quite expensive, are owned by business and professional men of Des Moines, Sioux City, Cedar Rapids, Burlington, Dubuque, Davenport, Omaha, Lincoln, and other cities.

There is no finer prairie chicken country out of doors than this. Then we have myriads of geese, ducks and swan, in spring and fall; many of these water fowl hatching and rearing their broods in unfrequented places, about the smaller lakes.

As to fish. I have a photo. of a 20 pound "'lunge" caught here in January, 1895, and one caught during the same month, one each of 24, 16, 13, and several of 10 pounds each. Our perch, pike and bass run from 8 pounds down, and the supply seems unlimited.

FRED. PHILLIPS.

Show RECREATION to your friends and ask them to subscribe for it. They will thank you ever after for calling their attention to it. In no other way can they get so much comfort for a dollar.



THE RESULT.

DUCKING ON THE NINNESCAH.

Wichita, Kan.

Editor Recreation.

On the morning of March 12, Mr. Fred. Baldwin, Wichita's expert photographer, and an ardent lover of the rod and gun, and your humble servant boarded a train for the shooting grounds of the Wichita Rod and Gun Club, located on the upper Ninnescah river, in Pratt county, 75 miles northwest of Wichita. As the train sped on, dark and lowering clouds gathered in the west, and occasional spots of rain dashed against the windows; auguring good weather for ducks, but not so pleasant for the hunters. The road runs parallel with the river for miles and, at times, as we come close to it, a bunch of ducks would get up and pull for other quarters.

When our train finally slowed up, and the obliging conductor assisted us off with our traps, we found ourselves within 10 minutes' walk of the club house. After partaking of a hastily improvised lunch, we gathered up the decoys, guns, etc., loaded them into the boat and pulled for the lake. En route we quietly ascended a steep bluff and took a survey of the lake, and " great Cæsar, look at the ducks," burst from the lips of my friend. It was really a sight to quicken the blood of a sportsman. There, right in front of us, bunched on the water and on a bar near the shore, were at least a 1000 ducks. The bank at that point was high, and we could easily have approached them within 40 yards, and how we could have " mowed them !" What a pic-nic it would have been for a pot hunter; but we did not go for that kind of shooting.

We were now assured of good sport and, on reaching the pass, got the decoys out and took to the blinds where we had fair shooting till dark ; but the majority of the ducks were sprig tails. Not having any decoys of that kind and the other ducks flying high, we did not do as well as we had anticipated.

During the evening a light snow commenced falling, and before midnight a howling Kansas blizzard was on in full force. We hustled all the blankets the club owned, and wished for more—filled the stove full of coal and tried to sleep ; but between thinking of the ducks, and being nipped by the extreme cold, we didn't sleep much. We got up before daylight, built a rousing fire, had a red hot breakfast, and after that felt equal to any weather.

We donned our shooting traps and made a bee line for the lake. We could hear the musical "quack" of the ducks, going over us, but it was yet too dark to shoot. We soon reached the lake and, to our great surprise, found it frozen over, solid, from end to end. We were not aware it had been so cold, but learned, later, that the mercury had reached 10 degrees below zero. We took to the blinds, but soon found that we were left. The ducks gave us the go by and followed along the river, where there was open water. A few teal came along, which fell to our guns, and then, being stiff with the cold, we pulled out for the river, where we had a grand day's sport, and only regretted not having a good retriever, as we lost a number of ducks in the tall and thickly matted grass. Our shooting was mainly on singles and small bunches, getting up out of the bends of the river.

In the evening I came to a small pond of open water, fed by a spring, and only a short distance from the club house, where I had the best sport of the day. I shot till the ducks looked like big blotches of ink floating before my eyes. Then I thought it time to quit, and shouldering my gun and ducks I made a short cut for the house, but came to grief in crossing a pond. The ice broke and I went into the water over my hip boots. With the ducks and gun to manage I had a tussle to get out, but finally reached the house. I was tired, wet and cold, but well satisfied with the day's shoot.

My friend was there, had a good hot supper ready, and I assure you the commissary was considerably depleted by the time we had filled up.

We lost no time in getting to sleep that night, and left for home on the early train in the morning with 75 ducks and one goose. Mr. Baldwin photographed the string and I send you a copy of the picture herewith. I think you will seldom see a better record of a day's shooting.

A. W. BITTING.

It is my painful duty to announce the death of another of my best friends, Major William H. Schieffelin, author of the series of articles now being published in RECREATION, under the title of " Across the Rockies in '61." He died at his home in New York, on the 21st of June, at the age of 59 years. He had been an invalid ever since the close of the war, and for some weeks preceding his death had been confined to his room. The immediate cause of his death was gastritis.

Major Schieffelin was one of the most genial, kind-hearted, sympathetic, and, in every way, lovable men, it has ever been my good fortune to know. All who knew him loved him. To me he was like a brother. He took me into his confidence at our first meeting, and ever after gave me sympathy, valuable advice and kindly assistance. Only three days before his death he wrote me a letter, requesting me to visit his father, and expressing feelings of tender interest and regard, such as are rare in this matter-of-fact world. I shall always feel the loss of so generous and valued a friend as Major Schieffelin.

Marysvale, Jacksons Hole, Wyo.

Have just returned from a two weeks' camping trip on the west side of Snake river. S. L. Adams camped with me part of the time. He put out one bear trap, went to it twice, and got a bear each time. So far I have heard of 11 bear being caught near here this spring. While at work across the river I could see small bunches of elk almost every day, and by going out of the timber a short distance, on the flat, could see antelope at any time. Game wintered well last season and there will be great shooting here this fall.

O. F. BIKE.

GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST …… OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J. Tucker.

CHAPTER VI.*

CAIN AND ABEL.

I sank into a chair appalled. They have abandoned me and wished me to sell them the farm so that it could be kept in the family. I read the cruel lines over, and placing my aching head between my hands endeavored to penetrate their reason for treating me in such a shameful manner, but could not fathom the mystery. Suddenly I started to my feet.

"Heavens," I cried; "The buildings have been shut up for a week, with no one to attend to the live stock." I rushed to the stable. The door was locked. I pounded on the door and shouted, but not the faintest sound could I hear. Running around the end of the barn to the kennel I found my worst fears realized. My setter, pointer, and cocker spaniel were dead from starvation. Returning to the house I got the keys, hastened back to the barn, and with trembling hands unlocked the door. On entering I stumbled over the dead body of a horse; the broken headpiece told the story of the poor beast's sufferings plainer than words. Desperate with hunger and thirst he had broken from its fastenings and had tried in vain to beat down the door that held him a prisoner.

Kneeling beside the poor, stricken animal with tears in my eyes, I took its head in my lap. As I did so it opened its eyes a moment and immediately closed them. Springing to my feet I seized a couple of pails and running to the pump filled them with water. On the way back I found a large sponge used for washing down the horses. I dipped this in the water, and forcing open the horse's mouth, inserted the sponge. I then dashed the remaining contents of the pails over its body, and repeated the operation until I saw it revive. In the meantime I looked into another stall and found the mare and her colt dead. Robert le Diable was not in the stable, and I concluded he was still at the veterinary's. Further examination disclosed the fact that the cows were dead and the hogs in a dying condition. The chickens having a large open yard, had flown over the wire-netting and had managed to pick up a living.

Choking with rage at the devastation that had been wrought during my absence, I determined that Steve should answer for the ruin for which he alone was responsible. I then started to town, after leaving plenty of feed and water for the horse.

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*Continued from page 40.

I remember reading in one of Sir Walter Scott's novels the remark of a judge as he pronounced the sentence of death on a drover who had murdered a companion.

"I cannot," said the judge, "admit the plea of emotional insanity; as the evidence shows that after your companion inflicted the blow upon you, you ran half a mile to where your outfit was stationed, got the knife with which you committed the deed, and running back to the tavern you plunged the knife into the side of your friend. Now, I hold you could not accomplish a fraction of the distance without regaining your balance of mind and realizing what you intended to do. I can find no extenuating circumstances in the provocation; therefore, I sentence you to death."

Now that judge may have been right, theoretically; practically I do not believe he was, as I walked the two miles to Wilkesbarre without knowing how I accomplished it, nor did I know what I was to do or say when I found my brother and father. My mind was in a chaotic condition, and through the mass of matter that surged through my brain, the dominating idea was that my father and brother were trying to ruin me, and for some inexplicable reason were endeavoring to obtain possession of the farm.

Through all the mental aberration I was laboring under, I was dimly conscious I would find Steve at Jessie Sheldon's, and mechanically I turned down the well known street.

As I passed the church I raised my eyes and sure enough saw Jessie sitting on the lower step of the stoop with Steve, while father and Mr. Sheldon sat on the upper step, all evidently enjoying the fine September evening. I fully expected to find them there, yet the sight goaded me to madness, and before I was aware of my action, I made one stride forward and stood like a spectre before Steve. Jessie gave a slight exclamation at seeing me, and, indeed I must have been a sight horrifying to contemplate.

My clothes were old and travel-stained. My hair unkempt and my face convulsed with jealousy, love, hate and despair, while Steve sat calm and unmoved.

Slowly they rose to their feet. I was unable to articulate, and Steve broke the silence first.

"Well, sir!" he exclaimed. "You appear in a most unceremonious manner. Have you come to call us to account for our determination to work for ourselves and not for another without pay?"

"Wretch!" I hissed in his face. "Why did you sneak off in the night when I was absent from home? Why did you discharge the farm hands and lock up the stock to die of starvation?"

"What do you mean?"

"Mean," I shrieked, in a paroxysm of rage. "I mean that all the cattle are dead; the hogs are dead; the mare and colt are dead, and my dogs are dead—all from starvation. The devastation at the farm is as great if a pestilence had struck it. You know it was not unusual for me to absent myself from home weeks at a time. I returned only to-day and find everything ruined."

"Well," answered Steve, coldly. "I fail to see how you presume to hold me accountable for any loss the farm may have sustained through your negligence; you surely cannot expect us to work for you forever without compensation."

I laughed in a hysterical manner. "Compensation," I cried, pointing to him and then to myself; "pray, have you not always pocketed the proceeds of the farm, and have I ever received one cent in the way of rent or profit? But never mind, Mr. Farrington has promised to see this through for me and I will require a strict accounting from you both."

I noted the lightning-like glances that flashed between Steve and my father. I turned and walked a few steps toward the village, when Steve approached and said.

"Allen, I am very sorry about the stock and your dogs, but we fully expected you home that night. You never seemed to care for the farm and always desired to study medicine; if you still wish to do so, name your price for the farm, including the stock that has died."

I gazed at him a moment in surprise and answered with a sneer.

"Where did you get so much money? Was it from the proceeds of the farm?

There are other things I value more than the farm that you are robbing me of. Money will not heal the wound or compensate for my loss. You are aware to what I refer; so promise me, if fight we must, it will be a fair, open fight, and you may have the farm."

Regarding me a moment with bitter scorn and hate, he turned on his heel and left me. I was about to proceed down the street when Jessie stepped over and laid her hand lightly on my arm.

"Allen," she said, "I have not known you long, and until the other day I was not aware you two were brothers. Why this fact was concealed from me I do not know, nor do I know much of the quarrel between you, your brother and your father. What little I have seen, and the fact that your nearest relatives are arrayed against you, indicate that you are in the wrong. You are of a vindictive, sullen nature, brooding over imaginary wrongs, and magnifying real wrongs, until they loom before you in imagination, and appear to surpass the unforgiven sin. Come, you are surgeon enough to know a sharp knife makes a quick cure "

"Yes," I replied, bitterly. "A sharp knife cuts deeper than a dull one."

The color left her face and then slowly returned until a deep crimson suffused her clear, transparent skin. Her voice slightly trembled as she replied.

"Nay, friend, I have no wish to wound you unnecessarily, but you brothers are so like Cain and Abel there is no telling where this feud will end."

"In your estimation I am the Cain. Well, it only needed this bitterness to complete my woe."

Could I have analyzed my sensations as I stood listening to her pleading for Steve, I would have found nothing but murderous hate for the brother who had robbed me of the fairest being this world contained. My countenance, always an index of my mind, spoke the grief, love, hate and despair that tore my soul. A look of pity lighted the fair face before me, and again laying her hand on my arm, she said.

"Indeed, I am sorry for you, Allen; but you must remember you are big and strong, while your brother is weak. He is of a forgiving nature and will readily overlook any wrong you may have done him. He has already offered to atone for the loss of your animals, if indeed, he is to blame."

"There is a loss he can never atone for. Is it nothing," I cried, passionately; "that when I confessed to you it was my fault you sprained your ankle; that when my boorish manner so grievously offended you, he betrayed me to you, listened to your abuse of me and concealed the fact that I was his brother, and all this, after I had compelled him to go to your assistance?"

"I did not mean to stir your evil blood," she answered, coldly.

"No," I said, somewhat hysterically. "If what I said related to me only, you could listen readily enough."

"You are unreasonable," she replied, drawing herself up proudly. "And I will bid you good day."

With a groan I turned and walked rapidly away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

When ripening is the early fruit
  And solar fires begin to glow,
The maid her handsome bathing suit
  No more goes to the beach to show.

The surf no more she paddles in,
  That's not the modern maiden's way;
Along the road she takes a spin
  Her pretty bloomers to display.

—*Boston (Mass.) Courier.*

THE GREAT SPORTSMAN'S EXPOSITION.

Continued from page 37.

Tatham Bros., New York, had a small edition of their shot tower at work in the garden, giving an object lesson in the making of shot. It was a great source of pleasure and instruction to all who saw it. Every well regulated family should have a shot tower in it, but some of us ordinary millionaires, like the Gould's, the Vanderbilts and myself, can't afford them. We are, therefore, much obliged to Tatham Bros. for allowing us to see the old thing at work, without going away down to Pearl street.

And speaking of Winchesters reminds me that my old friend, Major Albee, borrowed a lot of guns and things from the Winchester factory, at New Haven, and brought them down, just to show the boys what they mean "away down east," when they talk about good work. Among the guns were repeating and single shot rifles, of 22 up to 50 caliber, some of them gold plated and engraved until they were worth about $5 an ounce ; but most of them built for business. Then there were repeating shot guns in such a variety of trimmings as to fit any kind of a taste. Among the "things" referred to above, there was a rapid fire cannon, of about 2-inch bore and a slab of steel, about four inches thick, with a lot of holes in it, that Major Albee said had been made with this cannon. He even showed me the six pound steel slugs that he said had been driven through this slab of steel. If I didn't know the Major mighty well I would be tempted to——but, come to think of it, I guess I would better not. Along in the 60's I used to get behind a tree whenever the firing commenced ; but a tree would be no protection from that long, sharp pointed projectile. A good sized mountain is about the only thing that would stop it.

The Winchester Company also showed a fine line of revolvers, and of rifle and shot gun cartridges. Its ad. is on the last page of RECREATION'S overcoat. Write and get one of its catalogues. It is as necessary in a sportsman's family as a dictionary is.

The U. S. Cartridge Company, Lowell, Mass., made one of the most novel and attractive exhibits in the garden. It consisted of a log cabin, furnished and fitted as a hunter's home, and containing many trophies of the chase, such as mounted heads, skins, birds, etc. Cordial greeting was given to all visitors by Col. C. W. Dimmock, and he was assisted in the greeting business by a bunch of old time hunters and guides from the various game centres of the United States. There were Ira Dodge, Cora, Wyo.; Jonathan Darling and Joe Francis, of Maine ; W. H. Wright, Missoula, Mont.; J. H. Schultz, Kipp, Mont.; H. H. Covey, from the Adirondacks, and others. The United States Cartridge Company prepared and distributed, among its visitors, a beautifully illustrated souvenir entitled, "Hunting Regions and How to Reach Them." If you were not at the show you can probably get a copy of this little book by writing to the company as above.

The five cycloramic hunting scenes in the east end of the Garden, were designed and prepared by Frederic S. Webster, the well-known professional taxidermist and naturalist, and were studied with deep interest by all visitors.

Group No. 1 embodied a scene from the Western wilds. The season is winter, and a fresh fall of snow covers the ground. An Eastern sportsman has killed his first elk after a long hunt.

Group No. 2 leads to the marshes the sportsman who loves duck shooting. Though the style of pursuit may not spice of action and danger, it is full of anticipation and pleasure for the experienced duck shooter.

Group No. 3 represents a chapter in the life of every lover of field sports. The temporary camp fire, built by the old fox hunter on a wooded slope, is slowly dying out. Beside him is his faithful companion of many hunting days (a fox hound), a scarred old veteran. The two dead foxes tell the story of the day's work.

Group No. 4 is intended to picture an experience of the fisherman. The cool chattering stream, from which a plump trout of two pounds has been taken, was a deception produced with charming effect.

A common experience of the sportsman was portrayed by Group No. 5. The hunter has been shooting ruffed grouse, when the signs of deer are discerned. A report from the gun has jumped the buck at the instant when the gun is empty. The shooter has bagged the grouse, but lost the buck.

Mr. N. Spering, of Philadelphia, loaned a valuable collection of old arms, which were examined with deep interest by hundreds of persons interested in the development of the gun, from the invention of gunpowder to the present day.

Fred. Sauter, taxidermist, 3 North William street, N. Y., exhibited a series of groups of mounted wild animals that displayed a great deal of skill and ingenuity. Among the groups these were especially noticeable :

"PURSUERS AND PURSUED."—A scene from the Black Forest of Germany, in which a pack of seven great boar hounds have overtaken their quarry for the final struggle.

"AN UNEXPECTED ATTACK."—Represented a Virginia deer under the claws of two mountain lions, the largest of the cat tribe indigenous to America.

"A FIGHT TO THE DEATH."—Showing a black bear and mountain lion, engaged in a struggle for the prey which has fallen victim to the craft of the one, or the cunning of the other.

"A FAMILY AFFAIR."—Introducing the spectator to a group of grizzly bears and cubs.

"REYNARD AT HOME."—A family group of foxes, old and young.

"NEARING THE END."—Showing a pack of thirteen wolves about to pull down an exhausted old buffalo bull, was one of the finest pieces in Mr. Saur's splendid collection.

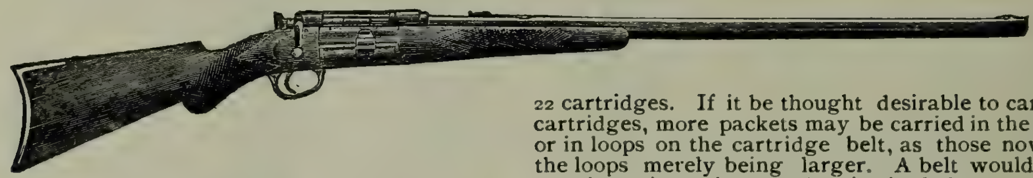
To be continued.

THE BLAKE RIFLE.

A new rifle has recently been constructed and submitted to a series of severe tests by the inventor, Mr. John H. Blake, who now announces his readiness to build them to order. Of this rifle he says:

It is designed for a high grade sporting rifle for practical use in the fields or the mountains; the first consideration being a solid breech action, one that will "hold up" under the enormous chamber pressure developed by smokeless rifle powder in projecting the bullet at the high muzzle velocity now required to give the flattest possible trajectory.

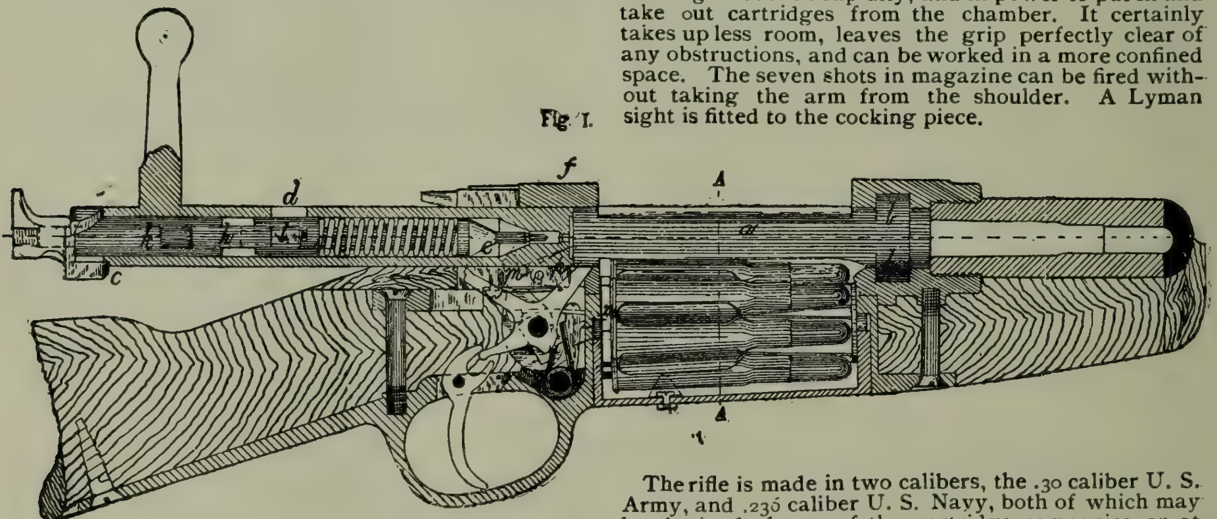
To accomplish this the general idea of the famous Sharps action has been followed, that of supporting the strain of the chamber pressure, developed by the explosion of the charge, immediately in rear of the base of the cartridge. In the Sharps, which was a single shot action, the vertical sliding wedge was used, but in the Blake action, to conform to the requirements of a repeater, the bolt action with double locking lugs at the extreme front end, is employed. These lugs are symmetrically placed on opposite sides of the bolt, are theoretically and mechanically correct, and constitute the most solid locking device ever put into a repeater.



The next feature considered is the extraction of the empty shell after the charge is fired. To accomplish this two extractors are employed, one a powerful spring extractor, the other a positive device which surely starts the shell for the first eighth of an inch, although both pull at the start. The empty shell is thrown to the right and away from the operator.

Simplicity is next considered, the number of parts being elemental, and when the bolt action is removed from the receiver, which can be done almost instantly, the breech is open, so that the bore and grooves of the barrel can be readily examined and cleaned. The breech mechanism can be taken apart and a new main spring and extractor, or firing pin, substituted and replaced in 40 seconds.

Fig. I.



Next in order I have considered a magazine system with a good reserve, a positive feed, and that can be instantly refilled.

This rifle, by the use of a "cut off," can be used as a rapid single loader, with magazine holding seven cartridges in reserve, available as a repeater whenever the cut off is thrown in. Single loading fire can be resumed at any time, holding the remaining cartridges in packet in reserve. As a repeater the sustained rapidity of fire is probably greater than that of any known rifle, being 42 shots a minute. The loading being done from the cartridge belt, and not from a table, as in most of the high speed tests.

A distinctive feature of the system is that the cartridges may be carried in the belt or pockets, in a revolving cylindrical packet, holding generally seven cartridges; the small cut (Fig. 2) showing an empty packet, seven cartridges, and a filled packet. These packets are charged into the magazine, which lies under the receiver and just forward of the trigger guard, in one movement and "en bloc," as if the packet were a single cartridge. The cartridges are fed into the chamber by a positive movement, dispensing with the magazine spring. When the cartridge packet is empty, the magazine door at the side of the receiver is opened, the empty packet drops out, and a full packet is recharged. An empty packet may be refilled with cartridges many times, if desired; the packet weighs less than two ounces, and can be furnished for a few cents.

The rifle holds eight cartridges: one in the chamber, and seven in the magazine. Two more packets may be carried in a vest pocket, which would give a supply of 22 cartridges. If it be thought desirable to carry more cartridges, more packets may be carried in the pockets, or in loops on the cartridge belt, as those now in use, the loops merely being larger. A belt would hold 49 cartridges in packets, and 30 in single loops.

Positive feed of cartridges in magazine is employed, avoiding the use of a magazine spring for the purpose. This is a great convenience in loading, and reduces liability of disablement. The positive feed enables the full strength of the operator to be used in feeding the cartridges in front of bolt, ready on its forward movement to be pushed into the chamber of the barrel, and avoids the dependence on a weak spring. Barrel and receiver may be removed from the stock in three minutes by the use of a screw-driver, and the arm may be packed in an ordinary trunk. It may be mounted in the same time.

Single cartridges may be charged into the packet or magazine at any time, or the charged packet may be instantly removed. It is claimed that the bolt action, with handle at the side, as employed in this rifle, aside from its simplicity, strength, and lightness, is superior to a finger lever in rapidity, and in power to put in and take out cartridges from the chamber. It certainly takes up less room, leaves the grip perfectly clear of any obstructions, and can be worked in a more confined space. The seven shots in magazine can be fired without taking the arm from the shoulder. A Lyman sight is fitted to the cocking piece.

The rifle is made in two calibers, the .30 caliber U. S. Army, and .236 caliber U. S. Navy, both of which may be obtained of any of the cartridge companies, or at any army or navy station.

The .30 caliber cartridge is supplied loaded with smokeless rifle powder, giving a muzzle velocity to the cupro-nickel jacket 220 grain bullet of 2,000 feet per second, and a chamber pressure of about 20 tons to the square inch.

The .236 caliber, with smokeless rifle powder, gives 2,500 feet velocity to the jacketed 135 grain bullet, and a chamber pressure of about 25 tons to the square inch.

Both cartridges are supplied, also, loaded with 55 grains black powder and jacketed bullets, which makes a good charge for target work and for small game.

The .30 caliber cartridge is supplied with smokeless rifle powder and half mantled bullets with soft lead or express points. All lead bullets, alloy about 10 to 1 can also be used. Reloading tools are furnished. The rifle is built to order in several grades, with length of barrel, length and drop of stock to suit. The barrels are of nickel steel, the receiver and action also being of a superior grade of steel. Weight of rifle with 26-

inch barrel, about 7¾ pounds. The recoil is light. The type of this rifle is that of the revolving packet multiple loader, original in this arm, and should be distinguished from the flat packet, spring feed system whether of the vertical, side, or circular feed pattern.

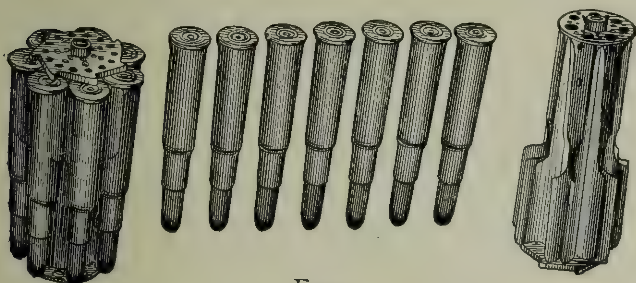


Fig 2.

The mechanical features of the system allow that grace of outline in the completed arm so much desired by sportsmen who wish a handsome gun."

Mr. J. H. Blake, 136 Liberty street. New York, is now ready to fill orders for his repeating hunting rifle, using full charges of smokeless rifle powder.

THE WHITE GOAT IN EVIDENCE.

Charles H. Kingsbury.

In October last I faced Westward for a little recreation in the mountains. Leaving Chicago in the evening, a most comfortable night's ride landed me in St. Paul, at daybreak, convincing me that the claim of the C., M. & St. P. to run the finest train out of Chicago, is valid. Perhaps the explanation of such satisfactory service is in the fact that the road owns and operates its own sleepers and dining cars, which are provided with every luxury known to modern railway travel, even to a system of electric lighting, devised and patented by one of its officers.

The scarcity of big game in Minnesota has led to the enactment of a law prohibiting the killing of moose, elk and caribou till 1898 ; but I saw many carcasses of deer at St. Paul, the majority of them does, which had been killed for market. Here is the secret of the rapid disappearance of our game Every one knows the history of the destruction of the buffalo, and skin hunters and game butchers have been busy, in and out of season, ever since. If not checked they will soon complete the extermination of every other species. Now let Minnesota, and every state in the Union, prohibit the *sale* of all game and it will be many years before it will again be necessary to prohibit all shooting. The "noble red man" hunting off his reservation is another active agent in the work of destruction. He should be forced to stay at home and should be taught that he has no rights superior to those of the white man, when he breaks the game laws.

The game I sought never did live in a plains country. The white goat and the big horn sheep belong to the mountains of the Northwest; and there, too, other large game can yet be found, in a few localities in fair numbers. From St. Paul across prairie and mountain to the tide waters of the Pacific, stretches the Great Northern Railway—the shortest line across the continent Its easy grades and fine equipment appeal to the practical man of affairs whose business or inclination leads him to seek the most rapid and comfortable route, and the tourist will ever be attracted by the magnificent scenery of the great plains and mountains, the beautiful lakes and grand rivers. It is to the lover of nature, in every form, who with rifle, rod or camera would cultivate a closer acquaintance with the life of the wilderness that the new country made accessible by this road, offers a most inviting field for study and adventure. The most recently completed of our trans-continental railways, its line close to the Canadian border, penetrates some of the best game country in the States. Within a comparatively limited district, comprising two or three counties in Northwestern Montana and the adjoining Panhandle of Idaho, can be found a greater variety of big game than in any locality of similar size in the country. In fact, if you except the Columbia river black-tail deer, every member of the family is represented ; for here that rare visitor from the North, the woodland caribou, can be found. It may not be generally known that a herd of buffalo roams in the vicinity of Flathead Lake. To be sure a man by the name of Allard looks after them, with rather more care than the Great Father at Washington bestows upon his wards in the Yellowstone Park, and if you should shoot one of these bulls you would probably fare worse than did the poachers who have been systematically slaughtering the Park buffalo for a number of winters past.

Let us hope that the boundaries of our National Preserve will soon be enlarged so as to include the sources of the Yellowstone and Snake rivers, on the south, and the Absarokee mountains on the east, and that a sufficient force of troops and scouts may be stationed there to insure the complete protection of the wild creatures who have sought a refuge from the relentless pursuit of hide and horn hunters. Lack of time forced me to decline the invitation to spend a few days in the vicinity of Devil's Lake, famous for its fine duck and goose shooting, and, resisting the temptation to stop at Kalispell and take a pot shot at Allard's buffaloes, I arrived at Spokane and joined young Robert G—, who was returning to the Methow valley, so charmingly described by Mr. Waring in the May number of Recreation At Wanatchee the Great Northern crosses the Columbia and here we left the railway boarding the steamer "City of Ellensburgh," about to start on her regular trip up the river. The uniform courtesy of officers and crew gave promise of a pleasant trip which was more than fulfilled, and we landed at Virginia City with the good wishes of all hands for the success of our trip. A 40 mile tramp and ride over mountain and up the beautiful valley of the Methow, brought us to Robert's home, at the forks of the river, and we received a hearty welcome from his brother and friends. After a council of war with our guide, Jack R—, we decided on a brief campaign in the mountains of the South Fork. This is the region that Owen Wister has described in his interesting sketch "The White Goat and His Country," and that animal's claim to some part of it will undoubtedly always be respected. We passed one such spot on our way up the river. Jack suddenly halted and pointing across the valley, remarked : "There is the Goat Wall." The mountain rose to a considerable height almost perpendicularly ; only here and there on its surface was the bare face of rock dotted with little patches of green, where the scanty soil supported a few bushes and scattering firs. "Look, near the top," said Jack, "there is a goat."

"I see another," cried Robert, and soon we had counted seven. Experienced hunters will seldom disturb goats in such a place.

"We'll find better hunting than that," continued Jack, "and you shall kill your goat where he won't fall out of reach when you drop him." We carried out this program to the letter, a couple of days later; but, although the goat did not fall very far, he managed to strike in such a way as to break off both horns, illustrating the truth of Pat's remark that "'Twas not the fallin' that hurt, but the landin'."

Two men camping near us, hunted in another direction and killed on enormous old Billy, one of the largest I ever saw.

On one mountain we found so many blue grouse that we gave up the attempt to hunt big game there. The continued noisy flight of these big birds must have notified the whole mountain side of our approach.

Bad weather forced us to remain in camp a couple of days, but three deer hanging at the back of our cabin supplied the choicest cuts of venison, and the big open fire sent out warmth and cheer and afforded a base of operations for the exercise of Jack's skill in the art of camp cooking. I have hunted goats in other localities and their pursuit must always involve considerable mountain climbing; but the work on this trip was not beyond the capacity of the average amateur, and the game was in evidence every day, in force sufficient to lend additional interest and excitement to our efforts to approach within range. But our short hunt was over and all too soon we were compelled to break camp and bid good bye to our friends of the Methow, consoling ourselves with plans for a longer stay next season.

When I saw a notice of your magazine I expected it would be a clean, nice, readable publication. When I received a copy I was not disappointed; so I talked a little with the boys, in your favor, and enclose herewith $5, for which please send RECREATION to five of us. We are all boys that go shooting. I am 61; one of my shooting companions, A. J. Warner, is 71; but we are all boys in the field and expect to be as long as we can go out and get a few birds.

EARL S. ELLITHORPE, Prophetstown, Ill.

Dr. Bradford Allen, of Nashua, N. H., a member of the Nashua Club, of that city, while fishing at Holeb, Me., last June, caught 13 trout whose total weight was 29 pounds. Holeb is a small station on the C. P. R., about 90 miles east of Sherbrooke, P. Q., the latter point being readily reached from any part of New England, via. B. & M. R. R., or from Montreal, via. C. P. or G. T. R. R. In the country around Holeb are the head waters of the Moosehead lake region. Trout are abundant and later, there is good deer, bear and other hunting. L. P. Kinne, Holeb, Me., has first class accommodations for sportsmen, and will take pleasure in answering all inquiries in regard to fish, game, etc.

Subscribe for RECREATION.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

INDIANS IN JACKSONS HOLE.

Marysvale, Wyom.

Editor RECREATION.

Jacksons Hole lies just south of the Yellowstone National Park, and, including the surrounding mountains, is about the same size as the Park. It no doubt contains more game than any other locality in the United States, outside the Park. The Shoshone Indian Reservation lies Southeast, and the Fort Hall Agency Southwest, in Idaho. These Indians of course know of the game here and it seems they come in here without let or hindrance,

We have a good game law and we mean to enforce it if possible, but the Indians are coming pretty thick for us. Do not be surprised if you hear of trouble here soon. We can muster about 60 men and probably can get as many more from Green river.

Not long since our constable, with two other men, started for Fall river, to look for game law violators. When near there they heard a great deal of shooting and going over to investigate saw an Indian skinning an elk. The Indian, on seeing them, mounted his horse and rode rapidly to the top of a hill, where he fired a shot. He was immediately joined by six other Indians. When our men rode up, the Indians covered them with their rifles and asked them what they wanted. The Constable read his warrant to them, but they refused to surrender.

These Indians had 7 elk hides on their saddle horses, and 3 pack horses loaded with hides, estimated at 20, for one day's hunt, and not a pound of meat had been saved, The men went to their camp and estimated the hides in sight at 300 to 400. These Indians were mostly Bannocks. There were 17 lodges—about 35 bucks—hunting for hides. They surround a band of elk and annihilate them.

A party was at once formed to take them. Our plan was to go up the Gros Ventre, to Green river, and come on them from the other way, but we struck a camp of Indians on Green river—of 8 bucks and their squaws, and 74 horses—that were killing for hides. We arrested these bucks, brought them to the Hole, where they were tried. Six of them were fined $75 each and costs, amounting to $1,280 in all, Five of them were from Fort Hall and had two passes, one—No. 599, was dated at Fort Hall agency, May 13th, 1895, issued for 30 days and to report back to the agent at Fort Hall. It was signed by T. B. Teter. The other, No. 600, was dated at Fort Hall Agency, May 25th, 1895, issued for 30 days, to report to Shoshone Agency, Wyoming. This was signed by Thos. B. Teter.

The arrests were made July 4th. These passes are now in possession of our Justice of the Peace. We have men out in different parts of the mountains, and our party is ready to start as soon as they return, if they find Indians or white men breaking the game laws.

S. N. LEEK.

Prospectors report deer and bear plentiful in vicinity of Robinsonville, Eastern Oregon.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

At Pasco, while waiting for the train I saw two Siwash Indians bring in a sturgeon that measured nine feet from nose to tip of tail. They captured it with hook and line in the Columbia river, a short distance from Pasco.

Trout fishing in the Spokane river below the Falls is reported as being better this season than ever before. Spokane, with its many pleasant resorts and its cool climate, with excellent fishing and shooting within easy reach, is one of the most desirable resorts in the Northwest.

Passengers on the N. P. Railway one day last week, as the train crossed Tompkins river, Mont., were treated to the rare sight of an angler landing, from one cast, two Rainbow trout that would weigh three or four pounds each. The number of hats and handkerchiefs that were waved from the car windows indicated that the passengers appreciated good sport.

Several gentlemen of Baker City, Ore., are agitating the formation of a new Gun Club, not being satisfied with the present organization whose members' chief ambition is reported to be to outrival each other in the killing of the largest bag of young ducks, yet unable to fly. Why this peculiar conduct on their part is unknown, as nearly all the members of the club have proved, at the trap, their ability to stop almost any kind of bird.

At present trout fishing seems to be the leading sport at Baker City. Fish are reported more numerous than usual this season.

In proportion to population Baker City, Ore., has more bicycles than any other town in the Northwest, and a small miss with a red head leads the procession. She can set the pace for any of the men. The white horse isn't in it.

The La Grande, Oregon, Gun Club, held a successful shooting tournament last week.

Several parties at Baker City are organizing a hunting and fishing tour to the Malheur lake country, 150 miles southwest. Large and small game and fish are plentiful there.

A gentleman from Astoria reports seeing a band of 21 elk in Clatsop county, south of Astoria, three weeks ago.

Some of the army officers stationed at Fort Keough, Mont., say the magazine action of the new army rifle is faulty, and that it will never prove a practical arm in regular service. They praise the new 30-calibre cartridge highly, and say a gun built on the same plan as the regular Springfield rifle, to shoot the new smokeless cartridge, would be in every way a better and more serviceable arm.

Mrs. Madge Olmstead, Miss Mabel Houston and Mr. Claud Houston, of Baker City, Ore., and Percy Olmstead, ensign U. S. N., are enjoying an outing in the canyon country of Eastern Oregon. They report trout and game abundant and their nomadic life delightful.

W. A. Houston is spending the summer in the gold mines of the Salmon river country, Idaho, where he finds plenty of big game as well as nuggets.

Carl Parker can justly claim the medal as the best rifle wing shot in Eastern Oregon. On July 4th he killed 44 sage hens, out of 50 shots, all on the wing, using 38-55 Winchester.

Cinnamon and silver tip bears are reported numerous on the Little Missouri river, 30 miles South of the N. P. Railway. Cattle men on the round-up report seeing them every day.

M. W. MINER.

The new game law for New York provides an open season on deer from August 16th to October 31st, except in the counties of Greene, Ulster and Sullivan, where deer are protected until 1900. Hounding is permitted between September 10th and October 10th, except in the counties of Delaware, Greene, Ulster and Sullivan. Only one carcass may be taken from the county where killed and that only when accompanied by the owner. On black and grey squirrels, hares and rabbits the open season is September 1st to November 30th, except in the counties of St. Lawrence, Franklin, Essex, Clinton, Lewis, Warren, Hamilton, Herkimer, Saratoga, Washington, Onondaga, Oswego, Duchess, Steuben, Orange, Richmond and Delaware, where the open season is from October 1st to April 30th.

On wild ducks the open season is September 1st to March 31. Night shooting and the use of swivel or punt guns prohibited at all times.

The open season for quails is November and December, except in the counties of Monroe, Livingston, Orleans, Wyoming, Genesee, Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Tioga, Tompkins, Wayne, Ontario, Steuben, Courtland and Otsego, where they shall not be killed until November 1898.

Woodcock and grouse may be killed between August 16th and December 31st.

On Wilson's or English snipe, plover, rail, mud-hen, gallinule, grebe, bittern, surf-bird, curlew, water chicken, bay snipe or shore bird, the season is from September 1st to April 30th.

Mongolian or ring-necked pheasants are protected until 1897.

The open season for trout is April 16th to August 31st. The taking of trout, salmon trout or land-locked salmon less than six inches long is forbidden at all times. Salmon trout, lake trout and land-locked salmon may be taken from May 1st to September 30th.

Black bass may be taken during June, July, August, September, October, November and December, except in Lake George, where the open season is August, September, October, November and December. Pickerel, pike or wall-eyed pike, may be caught June 1st to February 28. Salmon August 15th to February 28th. None less than 18 inches long to be taken.

POINTERS FOR HOME SEEKERS.

I am still having many inquiries from people who are seeking homes in the west, as to the conditions existing in the Pecos valley. For the information of all such the following letter is printed. It is from a man who lived there several years.

"Dear Sir.—Replying to your favor of 8th, the Pecos valley has proved a failure, in the experiences of a great many people, as a fruit country, and even as a general farming country. I left there a year ago, and can no longer recommend it to any one as a place to live, or to invest money. My experiences there have been as disastrous as those of many other people. My losses in real estate investments foot up about $4,500. I sold a section of as good land as there is in the valley for $1,000. It cost me about $2,500. A great many of the farmers who are there are offering to sell their land at what it cost, and some of them for much less, in order to get away; but they find it difficult to sell at any price.

"An Italian colony of 30 families abandoned their land, forfeiting all they had paid on it, and left the country, after trying to raise crops two years.

"A Swiss colony, of about 40 families, found their attempt equally disastrous. All are gone but four or five families, and these are trying to sell their lands, so as to recoup a part of their losses. Hundreds of Americans have left the valley after living there one to three years, many of them having lost all the money they invested.

"Don't ever allow yourself to be duped into settling in that graveyard of blasted hopes and wasted fortunes. Yours truly,

"A. G. INGRAM."

Meeker, Colo.

Editor RECREATION.

Marvine Lodge, the Club House of the Marvine Rod and Gun Club, is now open, under the management of Wells and Patterson, whose address is Meeker, Colo.

The lodge is located on Marvine creek, in northwestern Colorado; is in the heart of the great White river timber-reserve, and is within easy reach of the famous hunting and fishing grounds of that part of the State. Deer are plentiful close to the lodge, and hundreds of elk range within 20 miles. Forty miles to the north there is said to be the largest herd of antelope left in the United States, numbering 5,000 or more, while the trout fishing is equal to any in the west. A fish a minute with a single fly is the average catch at the Marvine lakes, only seven miles away, while from 20 to 40 pounds is the day's catch for an angler in Marvine creek, or the North Fork of White river, within six miles of the lodge.

The lodge is 80 miles from Rifle, Colo., on the D. & R. G. Ry., and is reached via Meeker, by the stages of the Colorado Stage and Transportation Company.

Wells and Patterson are prepared to take hunting parties to the Elkhead mountains, California park, the head waters of the Little Snake, Lost lake, Lost park, the Pagoda peak country and Williams Fork of the Bear. Marvine Lodge is a delightful place at which to make headquarters for hunting or fishing, or both. W. W. H.

Editor RECREATION. Marysvale, Wyo.

I see in your magazine several items from this part of the country, and wish to impress on the minds of eastern sportsmen, who wish to visit this region for sport, that it would be wise for them to engage their guides in Wyoming. The guides from Montana and Idaho have been coming in here, and have allowed their parties to slaughter game by wholesale, females and young, as well as males. The law will be enforced in this state during the coming season, and some of these butchers will be made to pay dearly for their lawlessness. One German outfit killed, last fall, on Buffalo Fork, 30 head of elk, and left their carcasses to rot; and furthermore, got a permit to carry their plunder through the Yellowstone National park. If this sort of butchery is not stopped, our elk, deer, mountain sheep and antelope will soon be extinct.

There is plenty of game here for the true sportsman, but if this waste is permitted a few more years, as in the last four or five years, your rifles will rust on the wall, for there will be no further use for them. Any information in regard to this country, and to guides, can be had by addressing FRANK PETERSEN.

Editor RECREATION. Peekskill, N. Y.

RECREATION is a great and good magazine. It fills a niche in sportsmen's literature almost to perfection. The illustrations are elegant, and the letter press fine. Now, after all this, you might think you have a perfect magazine; but it is not so. There are thousands of men in this country, and the number is growing daily, whose only recreation is a couple of hours, once a week, at trap shooting. This class of men are drawn from every trade and profession. Doctors who, in their boyhood days, tramped many a day, with dog and gun, and who now have no time or place to do so, gladly break away for a few hours, and relax at the traps. Lawyers and merchants are equally interested, and the large number of strictly amateurs is constantly increasing. The growth of trap shooting clubs, all over the country, is evidence enough of the popularity of the sport. Modern powder and modern guns, new traps and good inanimate targets, together with an increased willingness on the part of gentlemen to give up a little time occasionally from business, is responsible for the increased interest in this branch of recreation.

It strikes me that a little space in your esteemed journal, devoted to things most interesting to amateur trap shooters, *i. e.:* results of best and latest experiments with nitro powders; most approved methods of loading different shells; various wadding; digest of tournaments; results for the month, and many other things entertaining and instructive, would fit nicely in your pages. Then, as a matter of record, your magazine is one that many would like to keep and refer to occasionally, while the weekly sporting papers are glanced over and lain aside.

Possibly all this might excite some correspondence that would prove beneficial to all.

P. H. MASON, M. D.

[I should be delighted to print just such matter as Dr. Mason outlines, in every issue of RECREATION, if he or other trap shooters will kindly furnish it.—ED.]

Editor RECREATION. New York, N. Y.

Coming down from a fishing trip to lake St. John, a few days ago, via the Boston and Maine R. R., I had a pleasant chat with Mr. G. B. French, of Nashua, N. H., a disciple of both Walton and Blackstone (you perceive that I place Walton's name first). Mr. French was returning from a successful fishing trip at the Nashua Club's preserves, at Holeb, Me., and gave me the following memoranda of that neighborhood, which may be of interest to your readers, "June 25, counted 31 deer, nearly all bucks, along the shore of Turner Pond—mostly within 20 rods of the shore. Counted 25 deer on another day within a shore space of 200 feet. This pond is about one-half mile in diameter and is full of trout from ¼ to 1½ pounds in weight. The deer, in the hot days of June, July and August, will remain on the shore with canoes in plain sight.

"June 26. Between nine and ten in the evening, while out in a canoe, with a lantern or "open jack," as it is called, we ran the canoe's bow within two feet of a doe, on the shore, and she never looked up till we stopped. Then she turned around, faced the lantern and jumped away with never a whistle. A little further on, another doe, licking a log on the shore, paid no attention to us till we ran the bow against her flank, when she leaped into the woods, making such a whistling that she frightened nearly all of the other deer out of the pond. We were out sight-seeing only—no firearms of course—for the deer are protected by law, and nowhere else in Maine have we heard of so many being seen at a time. Moose have been seen about the pond this month, but they move off to the deeper woods in the fall.

"The custom of those fishing in the ponds about Holeb, under lease to Mr. L. P. Kinne, who has comfortable camps there, is to discourage the killing of trout to carry away and to take only such as can be eaten. This has kept these ponds well-stocked so far. Trout in Moose river are caught up to 4½ pounds in weight, but that size is exceptional. These ponds are a part of the headwaters flowing to the Moosehead lake region." F. G. NELSON.

Sheridan is about 125 miles southwest of Billings, Mont. The Big Horn mountains are 18 miles from here, Big Horn basin about 60 miles. A new road has been built from Sheridan, over the mountains, to Yellowstone Park, for hunting and fishing parties. In fact, we are in the heart of the big game country. We are on the Burlington & Missouri Railway. I can furnish single horse and wagon at $1.50 a day, team $3.00. Guides can be furnished by the day, week or month. Fine deer, elk, bear and antelope hunting can be had by one day's drive. The Big and Little Goose creeks rise high in the mountains and teem with mountain and brook trout. By going six to ten miles one can get the finest kind of trout fishing. We have a new and delightful summer resort at Dome lake. MARK R. PERKINS, Sheridan, Wyo.

Mr. J. Mortimer Murphy writes from Sponge Harbor, Hillsboro Co., Fla.:

"I am thinking of forming a stock company to put up a sportsman's hotel on my place here, and keeping a pack of hounds for hunting deer, foxes or hares. The land is high, very rich, and capable of producing all the fruits, vegetables, butter, milk, eggs, etc., that a hotel needs. Plenty of fish can be caught within fifty feet of the house.

"I have a beautiful bathing beach along the front of the grove, and 16½ feet of water outside that, in the main channel. I have a charming salt water lake near the middle of the grove, a salt water estuary washing its front, and the Gulf of Mexico is about a quarter of a mile away. The place is very healthy, from 30 to 200 feet above the sea, as fertile as land can well be. It slopes to and from the river, so that a hotel in the terraced Italian style could be erected on a high ridge 40 feet from the water. Do you know of any one who would like to take an interest in such an enterprise?"

The antlers of the caribou are said to grow much larger in Newfoundland than elsewhere. The season opens there October 1st and the best hunting grounds are on the barrens 20 to 30 miles inland—near Grand Pond. This point is reached via the Bay of Islands and the Humber river, on the west coast. There are four Indians and two Frenchmen at Hall's Bay, who are reputed to be good guides—Andrew Joe, Levi Joe, Peter Joe, John Paul, Richard LeBuff and Joseph Bushie. They charge $2.00 a day. Non-residents are charged a license of $100 for hunting on the island, and no one man is allowed to kill more than five caribou in a single season. The Red Cross line of passenger steamers run from New York to Newfoundland, via Halifax. Bowring & Archibald, 18 Broadway, are the agents.

I have noted, with much pleasure, the interest taken in the Mongolian pheasant question through the pages of RECREATION. The Tacoma Gun Club put out 15 Mongolian cocks and 15 hens last March, on several of the ranches in this county. The birds were turned loose, to shift for themselves, and as soon as liberated took to the woods. Accounts of them are now coming in. Two or three of the old birds have been seen, accompanied by large broods of youngsters, which are now able to fly. I think the secret of raising these birds is to turn them out to take care of themselves.

JOHN LEASURE,
Tacoma, Wash.

Have just returned from Ganoga Lake. It is in the North mountain, on the line of the Lehigh Valley Railway, at an elevation of 2,500 feet. It is a fine place for camping. A few black bear are to be found and the fishing is good, pickerel and bass being abundant. About five miles from there, at a place called Thorndale, there is good trout fishing. The entire locality is wild, with considerable underbrush.

HERBERT D. WILLIAMS, So. Bethlehem, Pa.

We have little game here except a few rabbits and quail. I have only lived here about two years, but am told that the game birds are decreasing. Good sport can yet be had, however.

There are wild fowl on the eastern coast and some deer in the almost inaccessible and "untraversible" swamps. A party from here who went deer hunting in these swamps in the latter part of November, told me the people there did not know an election had taken place.

ELLIOTT WARREN,
Winston, N. C.

Would be pleased to join some one going East for bay birds and striped bass, in September, or to the St. Lawrence for black bass, or to Canada. Would also be obliged for a line from any of the brethren who have shot bay birds in vicinity of Virginia Beach.

E. A. J.,
P. O. Box 1798, New York.

An immense flock of wild geese, two tiers deep, passed down Eagle Pass a few weeks ago. An enthusiastic member of a group, who watched this phenomenal flock for several minutes, declared that from the tip of the most easterly to the tip of the most westerly fowl it was a mile broad.

If this thing is to continue it will be proper to change the name of that town to Goose Pass.

The Great Northern Railway issues a poster giving synopsis of the game and fish laws of Minnesota, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Copies are sent to all agents of the company, with instructions to hang them in the passenger rooms and other conspicuous places. Copies will also be furnished to sportsmen's clubs and to individuals on application.

A St. Louis man has invented and put on the market a shot cartridge which he claims will kill ducks, regularly, at 150 yards, men at 200 yards (using buckshot), and which he says makes a $25 gun shoot just as well, and kill just as much game as a $300 gun. Natural laws cut but a small figure in the calculations of some "inventors."

Dr. Barrett and party will leave Brooklyn about Sept. 1st for Red Lodge, Mont., via the Northern Pacific R. R., for a seven weeks' cruise through the Yellowstone Park, Jacksons Hole, and the lower Snake river country. They have contracted for three guides and complete saddle and packhorse outfit.

York, Neb.

On account of the dry weather here this spring, the hatch of young prairie chickens is reported very large. Farmers report seeing numerous coveys of young birds just hatched.

M. W. M.

Wise P. O., Wyoming.

I shall be obliged if any of your readers can give me information of the best places for ducks and geese, in Montana, or North-west Territories, accessible by wagon from the Northern Pacific Railroad.

R. ASHWORTH.

Mr. S. T. Fullerton is the best Game Warden we have ever had. You ought to see the pile of nets he has captured this season. I hope they will make it so hot for some of those robbers that they will be glad to leave good enough alone.

E. J. PAULI,
St. Paul, Minn.

Last evening two deer came to the river, by our house, surveyed us all and trotted off. Within an hour three mountain sheep were on the hill, back of the house, and we all turned out to look at them.

JAMES FULLERTON,
Ten Sleep, Wyo.

The National Racing Board of the L. of A. W. has accepted the following records made by Class A and Class B riders.

Unpaced flying start, Class A records, made by William DeCardy at Louisville, Ky:—

One-third of a mile, time 38 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile, 1m. 2-5s.

One mile, time 2m. 12 4-5s.

The following is a list of Class B competitive records allowed by the Board:—

Three miles, time 7m. 1 2-5s., F. G. Lacy Los Angeles, Cal.

Four miles, time 9m. 26¾s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Five miles, time 11m., 45½s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Six miles, time 14m. 18 3-5s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Seven miles, time 16m. 49½s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Eight miles, time 19m. 21¾s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Nine miles, time 21m. 56¼s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Eleven miles, time 26m. 55½s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twelve miles, time 29m. 32¾s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Thirteen miles, time 32m. 13¼s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Fourteen miles, time 34m. 49¾s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Sixteen miles, time 39m. 53¼s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Seventeen miles, time 42m. 27s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Eighteen miles, time 45m. 1-5s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Nineteen miles, time 47m. 32s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-one miles, time 52m. 43¾., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-two miles, time 55m. 19¼s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-three miles, time 57m. 56¾s., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-four miles, time 1h. 37m., F. G. Lacy, Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-five miles, time 1h. 3m. 7¾s.

The shotgun and book which you sent me for a club of subscribers have been received and I am delighted with both. Would not take $15 for them.

WILLIE HAMM, Calais, Me.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Some things show which way the wind blows. For instance: Parker Bros. placed an advertisement in Recreation, in October last, for three months on trial. They are still in it, and have lately signed a contract for a year. The same is true of the Horton Manufacturing Company, the Davenport Fire Arms Company, and Henry Milward & Sons. Spratts tried it one insertion, and are now in for a year. Marlin Fire Arms Company, ditto. They all say the returns are entirely satisfactory.

The Remington Arms Company, having sold out all its bicycles, ordered its advertisement discontinued. Mr. Cannon, the advertising manager of the gun department, heard of this, and promptly requested that the space formerly occupied by the bicycle advertisement be reserved for him. He was not willing that the house should lose so valuable a position. The Remington gun advertisement is in for the remainder of the year.

The Monarch Cycle Company took a half page for four months. At the expiration of that contract, it renewed for three months—increasing the space to a page. This second order expired with the June number, and, although the Company's entire product is sold ahead, the manager ordered the advertisement carried in the July number.

H. Boker & Co. made a three months' contract, and, at the expiration of that time, renewed it for six months. The American Tobacco Company started in for three months, and have now ordered their announcement of Yale Mixture, to run four months more.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company made a trial order of one insertion, October, 1894, reluctantly. They have been in ever since, and say they will probably stay in as long as they stay anywhere.

Write any or all these people, and ask them about it.

If you have anything to sell, advertise it in Recreation.

Recreation now has a *bona fide* paid circulation of over 10,000. This is growing at the rate of 1,000 to 1,500 a month. If you doubt it, write or call on P. F. McBreen, 216 William street, New York, who prints the magazine. Write or call on The Gardiner Binding and Mailing company, same address, who bind and mail it each month. They are authorized to tell the truth, and to show you their books, or the magazine in process.

The American News company is now buying more than 5,000 copies a month. Write or call on the manager. He is authorized to tell you the truth, and to show you his books. I have more than 5,000 *bona fide* paid subscribers. Will gladly show you my books if you care to see them.

Recreation has 26 pages of paid advertising, for which signed contracts will be shown, at any time. This is a larger circulation and a better advertising patronage than any other magazine ever had at three years of age. Recreation is only 10 months old. It was started in the midst of the panic, and in five months was paying expenses.

How do I account for this success? I print good literature and handsome pictures; I sell the magazine at $1 a year—10 cents a copy. I give the people what they want, and at their price.

I *hustle.*

That tells the whole story.

If you have anything to sell, advertise it in Recreation.

Recreation is glad of the young Indian war now on in Jacksons Hole, Wyoming. The Indian agents have, all along, insisted that their pets were not allowed to hunt off their reservations. Recreation has proved this claim to be false. For six months past it has been agitating this question. It has urged the settlers, both in print and by personal letters, to stand up for their rights; to enforce the law; to protect the game; to keep the Indians out of the game country, at any cost.

A climax has at last been reached. Agent Teter has been compelled to admit that some of his wards were off their reservation and were killing game contrary to law; he has had to go after a band of them and take them home. Before he did this, however, the settlers rounded up a few of these same Bannock Indians and killed them. At this writing both Indians and settlers are congregating in belligerent mood; United States troops are en route to the scene of the trouble; state militia is under arms and it seems likely that more of the Indians will be made good. I hope the Indian Bureau will learn, from all this, that its agents in Wyoming and Idaho have been lax in their regard for game laws and they that may be replaced by men who will keep their chickens at home.

Governor Richards and the people of Wyoming have reached a point in this controversy where patience is no longer in evidence, and if the United States troops don't take care of the Indians the Governor will turn his cowboys and hunters loose. Then there will be music in the air. The Governor telegraphed me, on July 26th, "I am determined that all Indians shall obey the game laws."

Every reader of Recreation, will recall with pleasure the delightful story, printed in the January number, of "A Woman's First Mallard." The author of that story, Mrs. Katherine M. Baxter, has written another, equally charming, entitled "Billy Boy and Belle," which will be published in the September number. It describes, in spirited terms, a horseback ride across country, and some novel episodes thereof. It will be handsomely illustrated by H. S. Watson.

Other attractive features of the September issue will be "Lost in the Cheat Mountains," a story of a hunting adventure, by W. L. Washington; "A Bald-faced Grizzly in Camp," a thrilling recountal of a most novel and daring interview with Old Ephraim, by M. W. Miner; "Where Leaps the Ouananiche," a charming poem, by Dr. E. L. Tiffany; "A Half Hour with the Quail," by Dr. E. P. Kremer; "A Close Call for General Sherman," by Lieut. J. H.

Sands, and an interesting and instructive paper on "Fishing with the Fly," by Dr. M. G. Ellzey.

With this issue Major Schieffelin's story "Crossing the Rockies in '61," is concluded. Dr. E. J. Tucker's story carries the reader toward the land of the Aztecs, and there will be a great fund of good reading in the various departments.

The Scheutzenfest at Glendale Park, Long Island, which closed July 10th, was in every way successful. It was more a festival—a merry-making—than an effort at careful, scientific rifle shooting, yet some good scores were made. F. C. Ross made the best record and was crowned King of the Sharpshooters. About 500 prizes were distributed, partly in cash, but including many valuable articles of jewelry, plate, firearms, etc. There was one prize of $500 in gold; one of $300; one a silver dinner set worth $1,200; a silver tankard valued at $500, etc.

REV. E. L. TIFFANY, Guilford Centre, N. Y., is certainly an all round practical, sensible, brainy man. He has lately been assigned to the pastorate of the First Congregational church, of that place, and as a part of the good work which he found it necessary to do, has organized a gun club. He is a physician as well and knows the value of outdoor sports to those who would be good Christians Dr. Tiffany has contributed several delightful poems to RECREATION, one of which will be published in the September number.

SEND RECREATION a brief, terse, boiled-down account of your hunting, fishing, cycling, yachting or canoeing trip. If you carried a camera send in photographs for illustrating your sketch. If you have not time or inclination to write the story in full, send at least some notes of the prominent features or incidents of it.

THE Columbia College crew won an easy victory in the boat race against those of Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania, at Poughkeepsie, June 24th, making the course in 21 minutes, 46 2-5 seconds. Cornell was second, but lost by six lengths. Pennsylvania's shell swamped at the two mile post.

MR. V. B. BUCK and family are spending their fifth season at their beautiful summer home on Spectacle Island, in the Georgian Bay, Ontario. Mr. Buck is a prominent sportsman of Kansas City, Mo., and a most generous friend to RECREATION.

IF YOU have received a sample copy of RECREATION that you have not ordered, look it over carefully. It is sent by request of some friend of yours who likes it, and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

Maud (to her brother's chum, at the boat race.)—I know you college boys are awfully wild, and we were almost afraid to have brother Charlie come here; but there's one thing that comforts us, and that is, he never goes into a saloon.

Fred—No, Charlie don't go in; he stays outside and we go in and throw him out a hose.

Had a fortune
  From his dad;
Craze for writin',
  Had it bad.
Thought he wuz a
  Genius sure;
Fooled too much 'ith
  Literatoor.
Published poems,
  Costly group;
Now he's poor an'
  In th' soup.

—*Boston Courier.*

A curious thing I've observed—
  Our language was made to perplex—
A man of letters ofttimes
  Has neither a V nor an X.

—*Washington Post.*

Query.—Was a woman ever known to object to the breeches buoy as a means of escape from a shipwreck?

A man may guy,
And a man may lie,
And a man may bluff and blow
But he can't get rich
Sitting in the shade
Waiting for business to grow.

Digby—I hear that George Gould thinks his recently married sister, Anna, spends her money too freely.

Gagley—That's all right as long as she keeps a count.

Rameses—I'm all broken out with hives.

Cyclops—So, my lord? What kind?

Rameses—I was stung by a lot of bees to-day and I do suspect they're bee hives.

Watts—I see Spacer's story has caught on in great shape.

Rotts—Yes, its a prehensile tale—so to speak.

Angler—What's the best way to kill a gar, when you get one on your hook?

Spangler—Well, I should say the quickest way would be to give him a garlic.

A Wyoming kid said:

"If I had Laramie sights on my Mallard rifle I'd go down to the river and kill some of them Ballard ducks for breakfast."

BICYCLING.

The annual meet of the League of American Wheelmen, which was held at Asbury Park during the past week, has opened up an era of possibilities never before dreamed of by even the most ultra cyclists. During the three days' racing the crowds averaged 1000 a day, and fully 10,000 wheelmen attended the meet.

Those who saw the extraordinary interest displayed in the races were tempted to ask if cycling races would not eventually rival baseball in the hearts of the people. This is not impossible. When baseball was first played it was by amateurs. This continued for years until professionalism became a necessity.

Just so with cycling to day. It is now passing out of the ameteur alphabetical class so far as racing is concerned. The action of the Racing Board in their recent meeting exemplified this when they gave their official recognition to professionals.

This action will create a revolution in the ranks of racing wheelmen. Every man in Class B with any kind of a record will now jump out as a professional and race for revenue only. If the L. A. W. can keep the sport clean and free from all suspicion of trickery they need not fear for patronage. It is the opinion of many wheelmen that it will not be a great while before a regular bicycle circuit is formed.—*New York Herald.*

Albany, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION.

My experience in bicycle sailing has not been very satisfactory. Unless the wind is abaft it is difficult to obtain favorable results I used a pole of bamboo for a mast and lashed it to the wheel just back of handle bars, to be out of the way in steering. I then fastened the tip of sail to hub of back wheel, with a wire and small pulley. This gave me control of the sail and enabled me to get it low, so it would not over-balance easily. My boom was only half as long as my sail. This let me handle quickly for a semi-tack, but it is impossible to grab on to the ground tightly enough to tack against wind. With wind abaft, one can fairly fly and trust to—luck to stop.

R. F. W.

The Rev. Mr. Dennett, of New York, said in his pulpit a few days ago: "What was once thought to be impossible has been accomplished. We have even outdone Peter, who failed to walk on the water. We are riding on the wind. Take this beautiful wheel, this rubber bauble, with its steel wings, this scientific angel, which seems to bear you on its unwearied pinions, and tell me is my text out of place when I say that what Job did in his figurative escape from trouble, riding on the air, the wearied and confined toiler at the desk and counter performs when he shuts the door behind him, comes forth into God's pure air, and mounts his scientific angel for a buoyant ride of miles and miles without a thought of care?"

Private Arthur E. Weed, of Company F, Ninth Infantry, who left New York on a bicycle at 3 P. M. June 27th, with a message to Colonel Kline, at Madison Barracks, reached Sackett's Harbor at 3:40 P. M. of June 30th. Starting on June 9, Lieutenant Wise and Private Weed made the trip from Madison Barracks to Governor's Island in 88 hours. The return trip was made by Weed alone in 96 hours and 40 minutes. Weed rode a 21-pound wheel, and carried the regulation soldier's equipment, which weighs about 35 pounds.

The management of the Rhode Island State Fair is planning the building of what it is proposed shall be the finest bicycle track in the country. It is to be three laps to the mile, and no expense or skill is to be spared to make it a record breaker. The Rhode Island Fair proposes to hold a bicycle tournament during Exposition week, which opens September 16.

Perley Burritt arrived in Chicago, recently completing a ride on an 18 pound bicycle from Jacksonville, Fla., to Chicago. The total distance covered was 1,385 miles. Burritt started on his ride June 13.

The young ladies in York, Neb., are too nice to wear bloomer bicycle costumes. Only one has dared to appear in them, and the evil prophecies in regard to her future, for appearing in such attire, would hoodoo old Trinity.

"Mike" Dernberger, of Syracuse, rode two miles in 3m. 51 4-5s., at Louisville, May 30th, cutting almost three seconds from the record, which previously stood at 3m. 54¾s.

Arthur Zimmerman made a new world's record at Pittsburg, June 22d, by covering a mile in two minutes on a quarter mile track.

At Philadelphia, June 22, John S. Johnson established a half mile unpaced professional record, doing it in 59m. 2-5s.

Charles Murphy, of New York, broke the world's mile record in competition at Waltham, May 30th. The new record is 2m. 1 4-5s.

Chairman Gideon, of the L. A. W. National Racing Board, announces that he will not sanction any record trials until after October 1.

Elgin, Ill.

Herewith please find draft, $13, for 13 new subscribers to RECREATION. I am so delighted with its bright, newsy stories, that it affords me pleasure to be the means of increasing its circulation. Four of these gentlemen are taking a magazine at $2 a year, but say yours is much better, at half the price. Sportsmen owe you a debt of gratitude for giving them a first-class publication at so low a price.

FRED. M. ADAMS.

FISH AND FISHING.

WHERE LEAPS THE OUANANICHE.

Following is a list of anglers who have recently visited the Island House, Lake St. John, Canada, and of their catches of Ouananiche :

	No. of Fish caught.	*Largest.*
G. F. Gregory, Syracuse, N. Y.,	10	5¾lbs
E. G. Seymour, " "	12	5¾
Arthur Beebe, " "	9	4¾
Dr. W. H. Brown, " "	11	5
Mrs. W. H. Brown, " "	8	4
D. C. Olin, Kalamazoo, Mich.,	11	4
W. W. Olin, " "	13	3¾
J. Nelson Parker, Boston,	25	4
G. H. Thomson, Quebec,	25	3
Nelson G. Palmer,	7	3
H. W. Hawley, Chicago,	15	3½
A. G. Hegeman, New York,	6	2½
Dr. R. T. Morris, "	173	5
Julian Mitchell, Jr., Charleston, S. C.,	6	3
Dr. R. R. Trotter, Yonkers, N. Y.,	10	3½
E. M. Coats, Springfield, Mass,	103	4
E. H. Sterns, " "	22	4½
H. A. Sherwin, Cleveland, O.,	28	3
J. H. Walsh, 96 Spring st., New York,	16	4
A. W. Hooper, New Haven, Conn.,	171	3¾
L. C. Flynt, Monson, Mass., A. D. Norcross, Monson, Mass., F. G. Nelson, New York,	79	3¼
E. B. Mayo, Boston,	152	3¾
M. D. Tyson, Baltimore,	80	3
E. C Quiggle, Hartford, Conn.,	54	3¼
J. E. Nichols, New York,	56	3½
Wm. B. Neal, Newark, O.,	44	2
Wm. Sargent, " "	36	2½
Geo. Cottrell, New York,	18	3
M. H. Hulbert, " "	16	2½
J. G. Hecksher, " "	129	4
Jos. Gamble, Plattsburgh, N. Y.,	62	4
J. S. Codman, Boston,	10	3
Wm J. Schieffelin, New York,	29	3½
R. Bacon, Jr., Cleveland, O.,	97	5¼
J. T. Carpenter, New York,	14	3
J. M. Pangman and J. A. Hamilton, Montreal,	13	3

State Fish Commissioner Kirsch, of Indiana, has recently investigated the fishes of the Maumee river and published the results in the Bulletin of the U. S. Fish Commission. He finds the Maumee basin surprisingly rich in number of species, the total number now known from that river basin being no fewer than 87, including 1 sturgeon, 2 gas-pikes, 8 catfish, 9 suckers, 25 minnows, 2 whitefish, 9 sunfishes, and basses, and 13 darters. The number of species of valuable food and game fishes is large, among them being both the large and small-mouthed black bass, the pike (*Lucius lucius*), the muskallonge, the wall-eyed pike, the sanger and the rock bass

The Nashua Club, of Nashua, N. H., controls some excellent fishing and shooting privileges at Holeb, Me., on the Canadian Pacific R. R. The following is a list of the members, all of whom are residents of Nashua :

Dr. Bradford Allen, George E. Anderson, George F. Andrews, Frank Ayers, Mr. Dennison, E. F. Emerson, G. B. French, C. F. Hamblett, Dr. E. F. McQuesten, John F. Stark.

The club preserves are located about half-way between the Megantic Club region and Moosehead lake.

There has been some fishing this spring up the Potomac, but no very large catches. The perch fishing, for the last two months, has been grand. It is almost at our door. I took a walk with a friend, not long ago. Saw parties fishing with three snoods on their lines and raking white perch, three at a time. Our bass fishing is not good until fall. One or two frosts make it more agreeable for the anglers, and the fish are better. Our party generally gets off about October 1st. CHAS. SULLY WHEELER.

Washington, D. C.

Walter M. Hazeltine, who contributes such delightful poems to RECREATION, writes from East Bethel, Vt. :

" Am once more among the green hills, where I shall probably spend the summer, seeking diligently for renewed strength and vigor, which—after all—I hardly expect to find. Fishing is everywhere throughout this section reported bad, the unusually heavy spring freshets having done much damage, in the smaller streams especially.

Can you give me a recipe for dyeing silk worm leaders a mist color ?

W. D. CHURCH.

Ans. To stain leaders some persons use strong tea, others strong coffee, leaving in a sufficient time to take the color to such a degree as may be desired A good stain is obtained by boiling about 6 ounces extract of logwood in a quart of water, or 3 ounces in a pint. Soak the leaders in this about five minutes ; then put into the solution a piece of copperas about the size of a small egg or large walnut. Then wash and rub the leaders. The desired shade may be obtained by leaving the leaders in the solution a longer or a shorter time.

I live, during the summer, at Mr. O. N. Thorne's large farm house, 2½ miles from Greenport, L. I., and close to the shore of Long Island sound, where I can breathe the salt air and sometimes catch blackfish, sea bass and porgies. It is curious that I never knew a weakfish or bluefish caught here by hook and line, though the nets often take them.

ISAAC MCLELLAN.

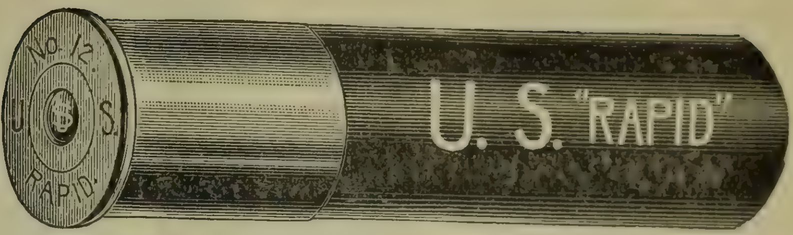
Greenport, L. I.

Probably the largest jew-fish ever captured in Texas waters was seined recently in Corpus Christi bay. It weighed 863 pounds after its entrails had been removed. Its length was 8 feet 3 inches, and the largest circumference of its body was 6 feet 3 inches.

Please change my address on your books to Blue Mountain Lake, New York, and send RECREATION there until further notice. I like the magazine so well that I do not wish to be without it, even in the Adirondacks.

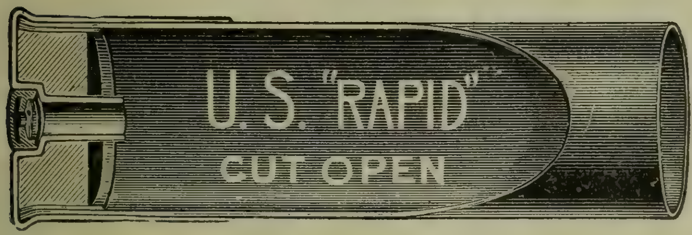
J. C. ALLEN, 247 Decatur Street, Brooklyn.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR

Nitro

Powders.

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

AGENTS:
U. T. HUNGERFORD,
29 Chambers St., N. Y. City.
CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

Iowa Falls, Ia.

Editor RECREATION.

In amateur photography, as well as in real life, I have found that experience is the best teacher. With all due credit to the text books on this subject, I must insist that the ideas and hints that one picks up in following the pleasing pastime, are of more real value than weeks of study of the theoretical side of photography. I think the majority of the amateurs will agree with me that after the fundamental principles of photography have been well learned, from the study of a good text book, from the pen of one who has "been through the mill," the manipulation of the various ingredients that go to make up the artistic whole, proves the best teacher. After a few months of the ups and downs of an amateur's life he can read appreciatingly many of the books and pamphlets on the subject. From my own experience, I found that to read a work on the art was of little benefit, as many of the terms and phrases were new to me and I had no idea of their meaning; but since becoming acquainted with the subject by personal contact, so to speak, I find the numerous articles in the periodicals and elsewhere have a double interest, and I can peruse them understandingly and with some profit.

* * *

Among the many readers of RECREATION, a large number must be interested more or less in the art to which this department is devoted. Of such I would ask reports of their experiences and successes. A department of this character can be made most interesting and the readers of the magazine are asked to contribute or to ask questions that may aid in following the mazes through which a faithful "camera fiend" is led during the summer season.

* * *

The best grades of plates I find are the cheapest in the long run. There is a temptation to cut down the cost of supplies; but let it be in some other direction, for the best work cannot be done with poor materials. The plate is the basis of photography. If there is anything that will cause an amateur to "speak fluently," it is to find that a rare picture is marred by defect in the plate. This may occasion the total loss of a scene that cannot be duplicated, and even if it could the cost is increased at a terrible ratio.

* * *

However few plates you may have, it seems to me that the average amateur cannot afford to do without a drying rack. I have often attempted to dry negatives hastily, but found that they were ruined or injured to such an extent as to mar the beauty of the picture. A drying rack in a cool, dry place, in the hot weather, produces the best results. A few days ago, I placed a negative in the shade of the porch to dry, thinking the motion of the air, out of doors, would quickly dry the film. When I went to look at it the sun's rays had struck the plate and the negative was ruined. The sun had acted upon the film in such a manner as to draw out some of the chemicals, leaving the film punctured with tiny holes. Besides the heat from the sun had caused the film to melt on the edges of the plate, completely obliterating the negative.

* * *

For the amateur, without the conveniences of a photographer's studio, I find a good arrangement for keeping the toning solution cold during the hot weather, is to set the toning tray in a dripping pan that is about twice as large as the tray, and in one end place a good sized piece of ice. The ice melting will surround the tray with cold water, thus keeping the tray and toning solution at the desired temperature. I find this superior to putting the ice in the solution itself, for in that case the melting ice gradually weakens the developer.

* * *

I have seen, somewhere, a formula for a solution that would prevent films from curling. One ingredient was glycerine. Can any of the readers of RECREATION tell me what the others are?

AMATURI PHOTOGRAPHI.

Sidney, Ohio.

Editor RECREATION.

The woodcock photos you so greatly admire are not wholly my own work. The figure being that of the writer, I was compelled to have an assistant make the exposures. This part was performed by a brother—or rather cousin—amateur, Frank Woodmancy, one of your appreciative readers.

I had often observed, when hunting in this locality, this ideal spot for a woodcock scene, and on the day these pictures were made, drove the eight miles solely for the purpose of making them.

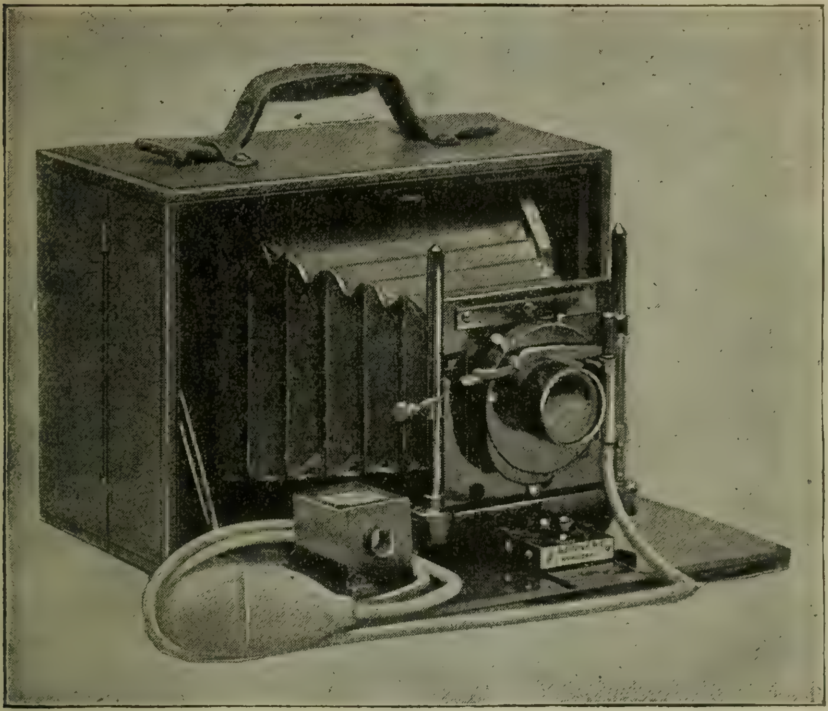
The grounds are not only ideal in appearance, but, in fact, as many fine bags have been made on this and near-by bogs. About sunrise, not many feet from where the pictures were made, a companion killed the first bird of a bag of 37 woodcock, this number falling to two guns an hour before noon.

E. P. ROBINSON.

Some of the most remarkable colored slides ever produced are the work of Mr. and Mrs. Van Brunt, celebrated amateur photographers of New York. Their subjects have been chiefly flowers, and they have produced the most wonderful and delicate effects. Mr. and Mrs. Van Brunt have introduced these slides into the teaching of botany with great success. The coloring is done with a photographic retoucher's frame, the painter working by the aid of a watchmaker's microscopic lens. Aniline dyes, in water colors, are used and applied by fine brushes to the photographic film, which has been re-photographed from the original negative on a sheet of glass.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,		$25.00
"	"	5 x 7,	32.50
"	"	6½ x 8½,	50.00
"	"	8 x 10,	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

Pleasure in Life

—the delight of rolling through smooth, shady ways on a perfectly adjusted Columbia Bicycle. Costs but $100 this year. We want you to ride.

THAT PLATE MEANS Columbia THE BEST BICYCLE

Boston
New York
Providence
Buffalo
Chicago
San Francisco

POPE MFG. CO.

General Offices and Factories, HARTFORD, Conn.

We shall take pleasure in sending you the handsomest Bicycle Catalogue ever issued, for postage—four cents; or the book is free from any Columbia agent.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Marlin Fire Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., calls attention to the new 25-36 Marlin cartridge, designed for use in the Model 1893 Marlin Repeater which can now be furnished for this calibre in all the various lengths and styles of barrel and magazine, straight and pistol grip, regular or take down. List prices for this calibre are the same as for the regular Model 1893 rifles, and are subject to the same discounts. The factory cartridge is loaded with 36 grains of powder and has a 106 grain bullet with metal patched sides and soft lead point; but owing to the mechanism of the Marlin action, cartridges can be used varying in weight and length from the empty shell, as a minimum, up to the full sized cartridge as a maximum, thus allowing the use of varying proportions of powder and lead.

Inasmuch as the action is the same, in take down form, barrel portions can be furnished for the 25-36, 32-40, and 38-55, all adjustable to the same action.

The Marlin Company is now prepared to fill orders promptly for this as well as for all other goods in its line.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., New Haven, Conn., is now ready to furnish the number 3 special and the number 6 regular reloading tools for the new Marlin 25-36 cartridge. The bullet illustrated here has six grooves and weighs 104 grains. It is said that the mixture of one part tin to about ten parts of lead produces the best results, Perfection moulds are also made that will enable the shooter to make heavier or lighter weight bullets as may be desired. Full description of these tools and bullets may be found in the Ideal Hand-book, which will be sent to all who ask for it.

The Overman Wheel Co. has made great improvements in the manufacture of baseball masks; they are making them out of better material than has ever been used heretofore by other makers. Victor masks are made of steel instead of cheap iron, and in consequence are much safer. Much may be expected from this company in the line of improvements in athletic goods. They have the reputation of using the finest materials only, and they sustain that reputation honestly. This is more than I can say of a certain other house in this line.

G. W. Cole & Co.

Dear Sirs:—I have used your "Three-in-One" compound for some time and will say that it is the best material for a bicycle or gun I have ever used. I always had trouble keeping my gun clean of rust while about the bay or river, but now I leave it in the shanty sometimes for three weeks and never find a spot of rust on it, as I always clean it with "Three-in-One" after using.

Respectfully,
N. T. Slee,
Baltimore, Md.

You'll Have a Big Dentist's Bill Soon

unless you use regularly

Dr. Tarr's Creme Dentifrice

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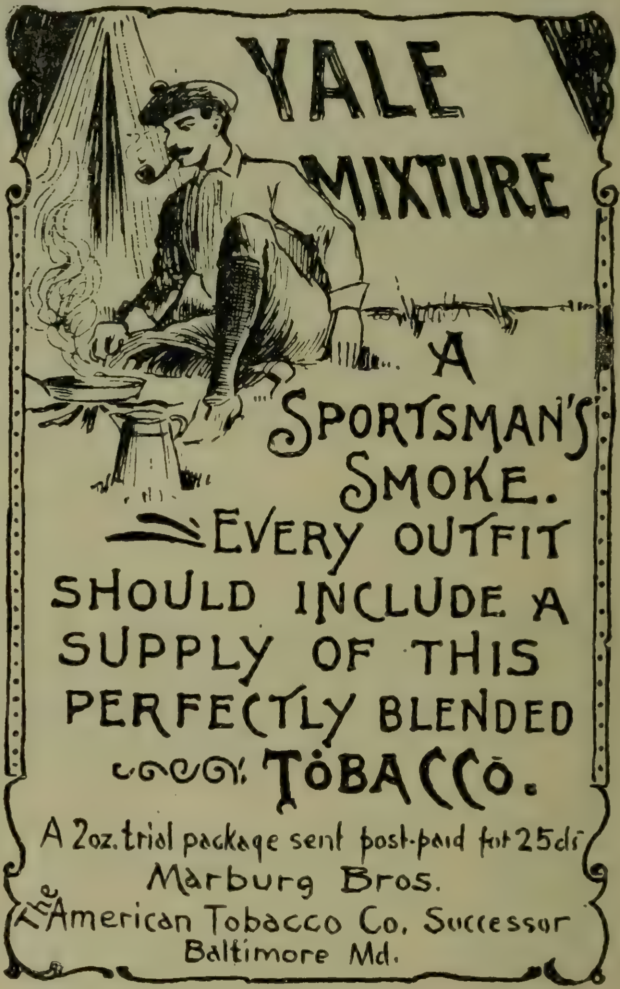

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Orange "Extra" Powder.

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THE BEST BLACK POWDER made for general shooting with sho'gun or rifle. Quick and strong, and burns with perfect combustion. **VERY LITTLE SMOKE** which is almost instantly dissipated.

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Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

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☞Send postal card for illustrated pamphlet, showing sizes of grains of Powder. MAILED FREE.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

RECREATION is a grand, good book. The picture on the front cover of the December number seems to place me back in the woods, looking at the trophy—the reward of a hard day's chase after one of the greatest of American big game, the lordly moose. So perfect is the picture that it makes the sharp, whip-like crack of the rifle, whose leaden messenger of death laid the old monarch low, ring in my ears. I hope you will have many more such pictures.

FRANK T. HUNTLEY, Oneida, N. Y.

Although I am but a young sportsman I want to see you succeed with RECREATION. Of all the sportsmen's publications I think RECREATION the ideal. I had not had the sample copy an hour until I went to the post-office and sent in my subscription. It was love at first sight. I have read your book, "Hunting in the Great West," and like it very much.

ARTHUR M. PACKER, Mulberry, Ind.

I cannot say too much for RECREATION. I had been reading other sportsmen's journals until I found RECREATON and then I stopped all others, for I think RECREATION is far ahead of anything I have ever read, on my kind of sport.

M. H. WRIGHT, Urichsville, O.

The current number of RECREATION came to hand and to say I am pleased with it puts the case mildly. It is an ideal publication for all sportsmen and deserves the success with which it is meeting. I think every sportsman will agree with me after reading one copy of it.

N. J. CARY, Utica, Ill.

Since the receipt of the first copy of RECREATION I have desired to express my appreciation of its great merit. It has enabled me to while away many hours delightfully. I hope you will consider me always a friend to both RECREATION and its editor.

WM. H. HUNDLEY, Greenbriar, Ala.

RECREATION is by far the best and most interesting magazine of its kind that I have seen. Enclosed find $1.00 for year's subscription.

WILL FULLER, Blenheim, Ont.

RECREATION is a model of beauty, elegance and taste. It is properly named.

O. D. LYON, Camp Clarke, Neb.

I am delighted with RECREATION. I have read your books and sketches, and know they are drawn from life. It is no trouble for an old campaigner to distinguish between an imaginary and a real picture.

Dr. JOHN W. TRADER, "Occident."

I think RECREATION is the best periodical we have devoted to sports and pastimes.

R. B. EATON, Notch Hill, B. C.

I think RECREATION the best sportsmen's journal published and take great pleasure in recommending it to my friends.

E. A. JACKSON.

THE FISHES OF THE COLORADO OF THE WEST.

The U. S. Fish Commission has recently published a paper on the "Fishes of the Colorado Basin," by Barton W. Evermann and Cloud. Rutter, which gives a summary of our present knowledge of the fishes of that basin.

Although the Colorado is an immense river, draining more than 225,000 square miles of territory, the total number of different species of fishes known to inhabit it and its tributaries is but *thirty-two.* These represent five families as follows: *Catostomidæ*, or Suckers, 8; *Cyprinidæ*, or Minnow family, 19; *Salmonidæ*, 2; *Pœciliidæ* or Top-minnows, 2; and *Cottidæ*, or Blobs, 1.

The species of most interest to the angler are the Colorado Trout (*Salmo mykiss pleuriticus*), Williamson's Whitefish (*Coregonus williamsoni*), and one of the Minnows (*Ptychocheilus lucius*).

The Colorado Trout possesses game qualities of a very high order, as Mr. F. D. Sanford or any one else who has ever gone "trouting on the Gunnison" can testify. The writers also know through personal experience in 1889, that in Eagle river, near Gypsum and the Rio Florida, near Durango, the trout are as game as in the Gunnison. Williamson's Whitefish is a wary, dainty biter, slow to take the hook, but when once he has made up his mind to strike, he will give the angler some real sport.

But *the* game fish of the Colorado is the minnow—the "White Salmon" of the local angler. None of the species of the minnow family east of the Rockies reaches a weight of more than a couple of pounds, the largest one being the fall-fish or chub (*Semotilus bullaris*), which reaches a length of eighteen inches, and, according to Thoreau, "tastes like brown paper salted." But its relative, the "White Salmon" or "Colorado Pike," which is, of course, no salmon nor pike at all, but only a minnow, attains a length of 5 or 6 feet and a weight of 80 pounds or even more. And he thereby proves that a "minnow" is not necessarily a little fish.

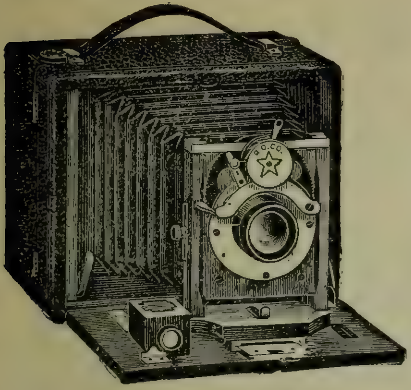
Will he bite a hook? And has he any game qualities? Well,—you who have experienced the savage "snap" and the reckless "rush" of the fall-fish, the chub or the jerker, will have some conception of what a Colorado Pike is like, if you imagine what a fall-fish, chub or jerker of 80 pounds weight could do!

The extreme paucity of the fish-fauna of the Colorado is remarkable. Only 32 species in a fairly well-watered territory of 225,000 square miles. A single haul with a 30-foot seine in Bean Blossom, a small creek near Bloomington, Indiana, brought to shore exactly as many different kinds of fishes.

And the Wabash basin, which contains but 33,725 square miles, is known to have at least 130; and not a single species is common to these two river basins,—the faunas are entirely distinct. The spiny-rayed fishes, the basses, sunfishes and darters, and the catfishes, have not a single representative in the Colorado basin, but in the Wabash they constitute a large and important part of the fish-fauna of that region.

I prefer RECREATION to any of the higher priced publications.

O. F. BIKE.



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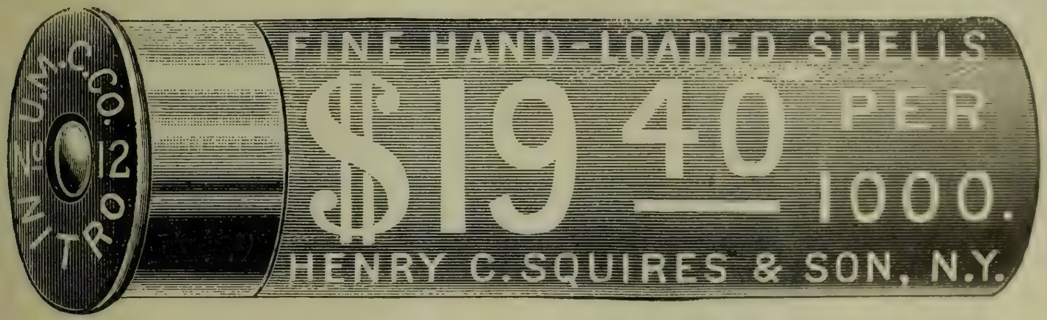
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No 12
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FINE HAND-LOADED SHELLS
$19.40 PER 1000.
HENRY C. SQUIRES & SON, N.Y.

There is a best in every thing, and particularly in loaded shells. There is one element that enters into the make-up of cartridges that few shooters give much thought to; this element is **brains. Brains** cost money wherever found, and brains are an all-important factor in a perfectly loaded shell.

A cartridge machine does not possess brains, consequently machine-loaded shells can rarely be depended upon, some shells shooting too strong and some not strong enough. A boy does not possess much brains, consequently even hand-loaded shells—loaded by boys—often go wrong.

We pay a higher price for brains, in our loading room, than any other house in the country, and always have. Our loaders are experts, and all the loading is done under the direct supervision of Mr. Frank Lawrence, who is probably the most expert shell loader in the country.

Formerly our net price to dealers and clubs, for our cheapest shells, was $25, but in order to very largely increase our sales in this department, we have reduced the price to $19.40.

Our shells at this price are not to be confounded for a moment with other $2.00 shells, loaded carelessly by boys, and put back in the boxes the empty shells came in.

Squires' Hand-Loaded Shells are all packed either 25 in an elegantly lithographed box, or 100 in a handsome wooden box, or will be packed in japanned tin carrying cases at $2.00 a 1,000 extra.

We want you to try a sample hundred or so, or if you are a dealer, a sample thousand or so. We want you to send for them to-day, this very hour, this minute, in fact, while it is fresh in your mind. Remember, that besides powder and shot and wads, we give you **brains,** and **brains** are scarce.

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TROUT FLIES, 16c. doz.
BASS AND PICKEREL SPOONS, 5c each.
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MR. C. E. PHILLIPS, Carverton, Pa., writes to the Davenport Arms Co. as follows: "Our gun club recently held a clay bird shoot, at which I broke 29 out of a possible 30 with a '94 Model, 12 gauge Davenport gun. The only miss I made was owing to a faulty spring of the trap. My score beat all the other guns in the match, of whatever make or price."

G. W. COLE & CO., 111 Broadway, New York, make a lubricant for guns and other metal implements, that is worthy the attention of all sportsmen. I have been using it on some of my old, back number guns that are badly rusted, and on some of my good rifles. It cleans the one and keeps the other clean. Furthermore it is long lived, retaining its hold on the metal for weeks, in both damp and hot weather. Send 10 cents, get a sample and try it. It is called "3 in one."

HENRY MILWARD & SONS, 297 Broadway, New York, say their advertisement in RECREATION is bringing them orders for their inimitable flies from all over the United States and territories, and from all parts of Canada. Subsequent mails bring from nearly every purchaser the most flattering endorsements of these new flies. If you have not tried them send for a sample dozen, and see how they will entice the wary big fellows from their hiding places.

Subscribe to RECREATION, $1.00 a year. You will find it a good investment.

THE MARLIN ARMS COMPANY is sending out a new edition of its playing cards. They are made of fine linen—in fact are such cards as sell in the trade at 50 cents to 75 cents a pack—yet the company sells these at 10 cents. It is a good plan to take a pack of these when you go into camp, so that you can play a game of freeze-out at night, to see who shall get up and get breakfast the next morning.

I can never fail to think of you when I look at my beautiful gun. I will confess that before I received it, visions of mounted gas-pipes were floating through my mind, but I wish to say right here that the Hollenbeck is a beauty in every respect, and I shall always feel myself your debtor for sending me such an elegant premium for the 35 subscriptions I sent you.

E. A. COREY, Geneva, Ohio.

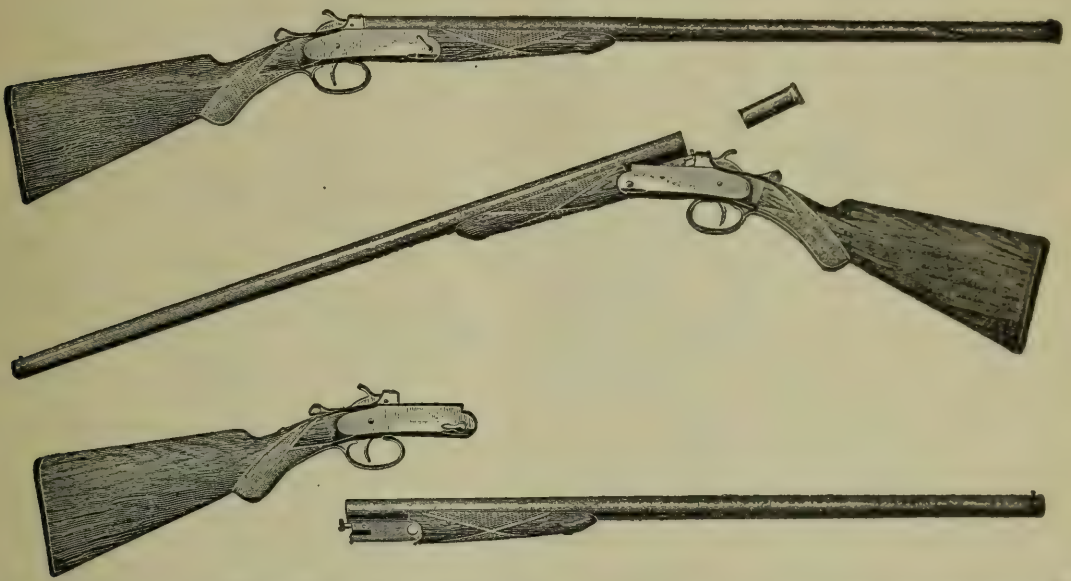
G. W. COLE & CO., 111 Broadway, New York, distributed 2000 sample bottles of their 3-in-1 compound among the German riflemen at Glendale Park, during the great Scheutzenbund. It is safe to say that all the rifles used there will be bright and clean for the next six months at least.

I want you to reach 20,000 circulation before fall. If you do half as well in other places as you have done in Elgin, you will have 40,000 subscribers by that time.

FRED. M. ADAMS, Elgin, Ill.

THE "DAVENPORT" SINGLE GUN.

MODEL '94. EJECTOR.



Has detachable barrel, with heavy lug securely bolted, and having extra strong screw key fastening. Frame either nickel-plated or casehardened, top snap action, rebounding lock, automatic ejector positive in action and perfectly reliable, drop forged steel parts, extra heavy fine steel barrels, 30 inch, carefully choke bored, finely checkered pistol grip stock, rubber butt plate and fancy checkered fore-end. Thoroughly high grade in finish and detail. Furnished in 12, 16 and 20 gauge. Weight, 5¾ to 6½ lbs.

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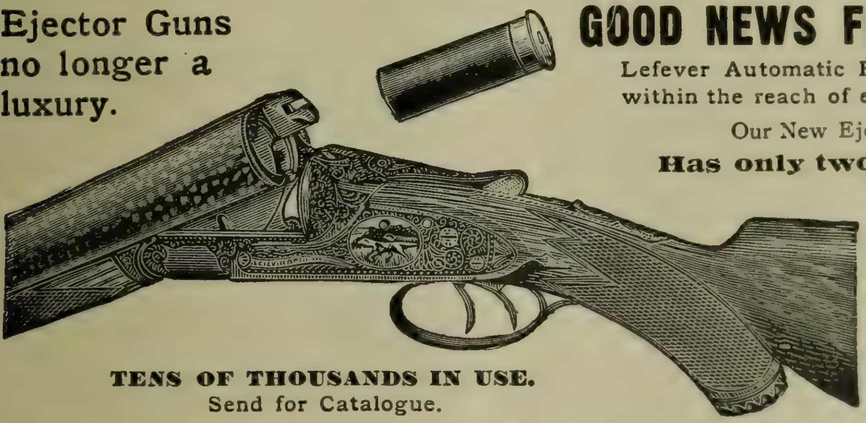

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"I can heartily recommend the whole work as one admirably meeting the design of a popular ornithology of North America at once instructive and entertaining, at a reasonable price. The text is perfectly reliable. The technical nomenclature is correct, being that used by the best ornithologists of the country.

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I have no hesitation in saying that RECREATION is the best magazine of its class.

JOHN N. HALL, M. D., President Denver and Arapahoe Medical Society, Denver, Colo.

Enclosed please find $10, for which send RECREATION one year to each of the following. *** All I had to do was to show the magazine and take in the dollars. Every one was pleased with it. Please forward copies as soon as possible, for subscribers are anxious to have them.

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H. E. Perry.

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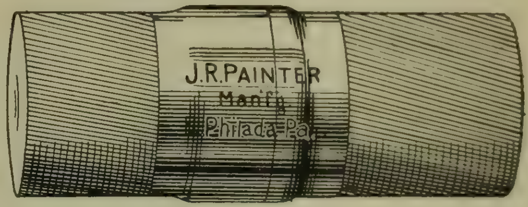

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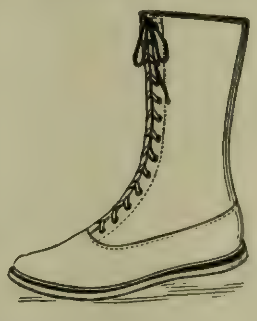
Uppers made of best quality heavy Horse Hide, tanned and finished same as Buck or Moose leather; soft as a glove, tough enough to stand the wear and tear of briars and brush; no exposure to repeated wettings will ***ever*** harden. By a peculiar and new process the upper is rendered entirely waterproof. The experience and suggestions of many critical and intelligent hunters combined, has resulted in the production of this,



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Will not glaze and slip. Electric sole is a new process tanned ***Cow Hide***, flexible and easy as a moccasin, as substantial as a Stoga Boot, and exceedinly light weight: all the parts are put together in workmanlike manner, hand-stitched, perfect in every detail, neat in appearance, suitable for any occupation requiring absolute comfort in tramping or exposure.

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The Boot is 18 inches high, laced instep, and laced at top outside to tighten to the leg.

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First class sporting goods houses are invited to send for samples and terms.

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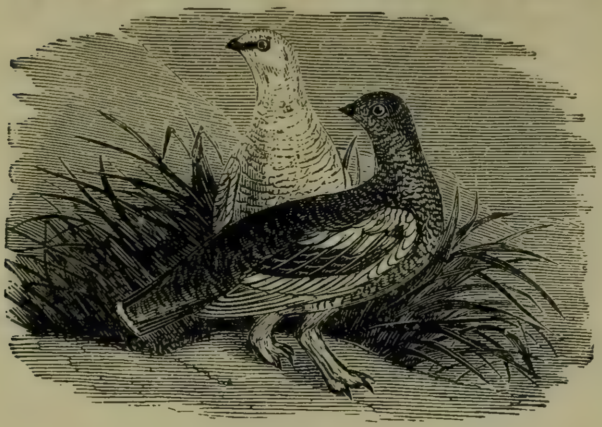

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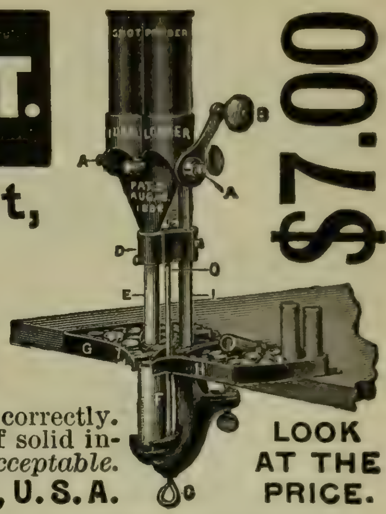

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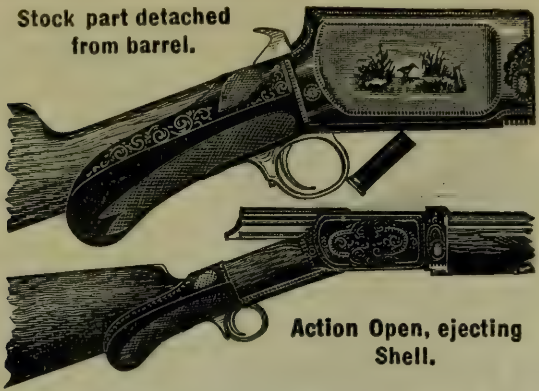

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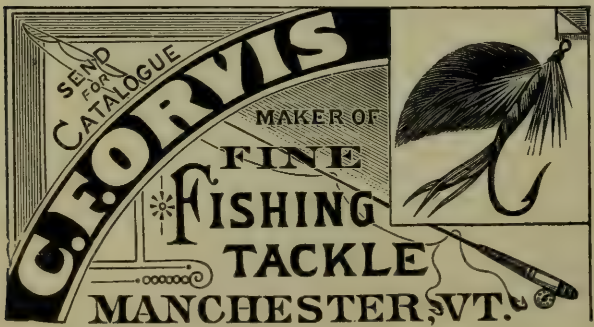

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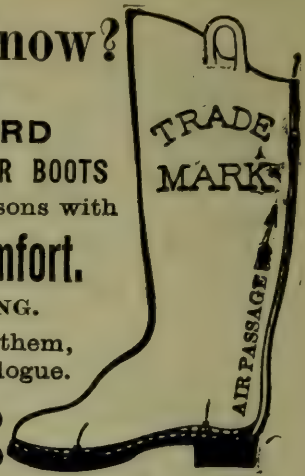

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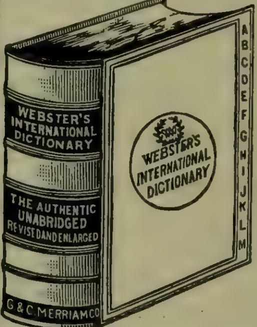
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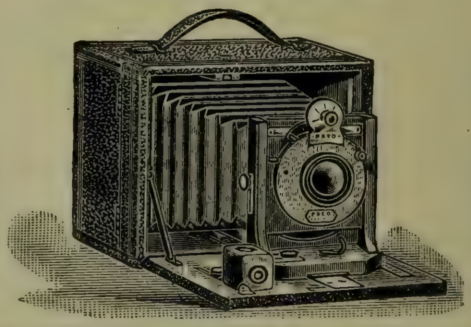

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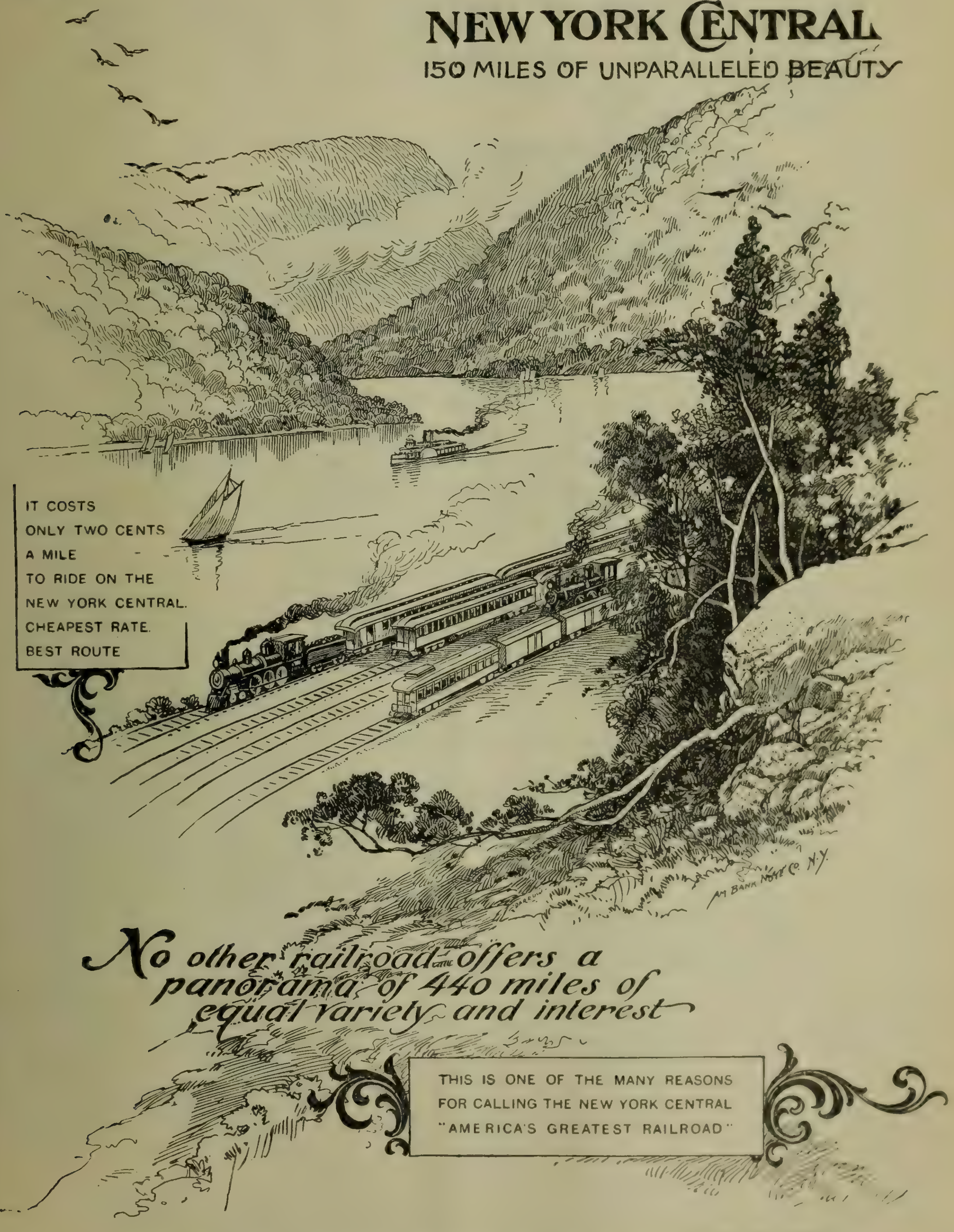
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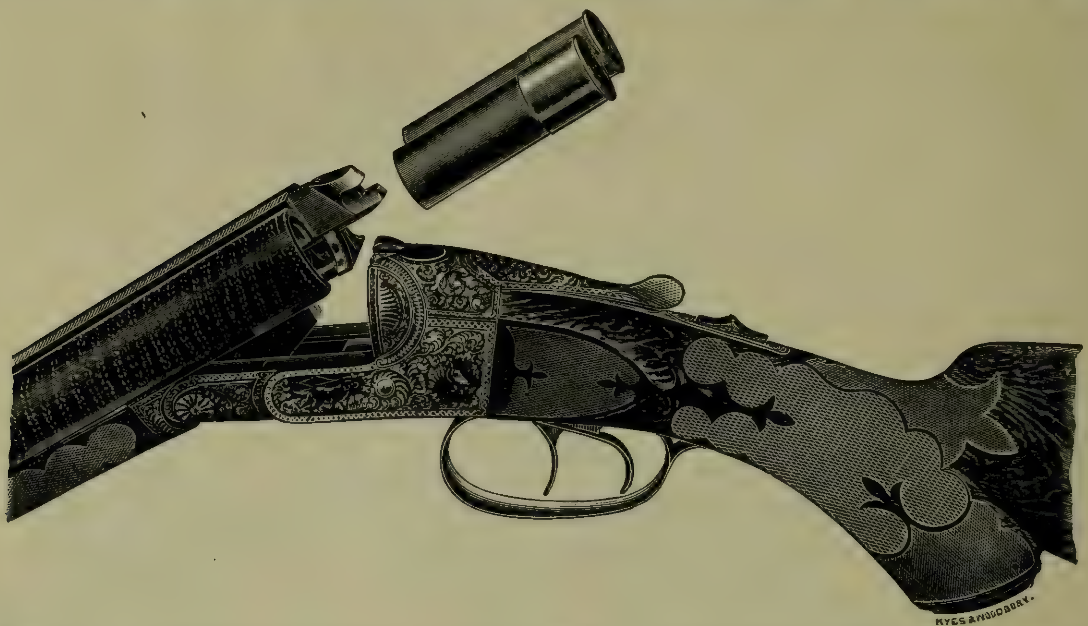

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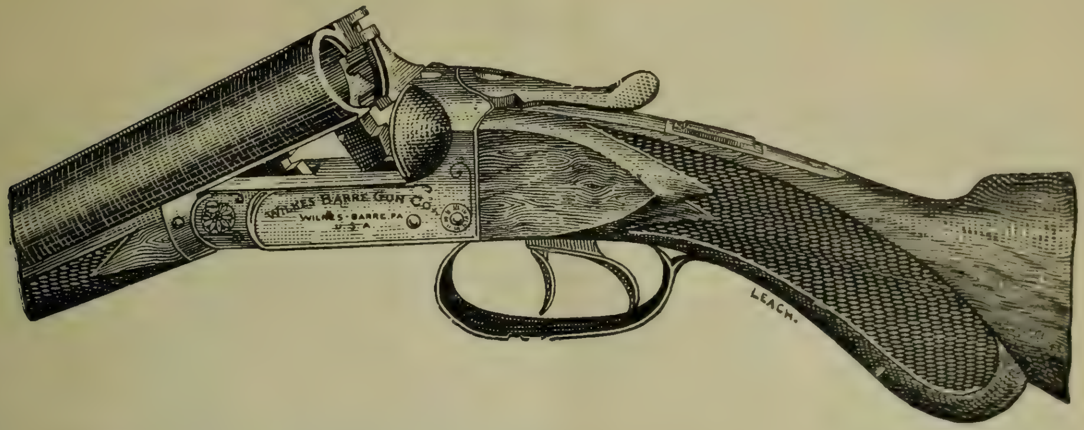
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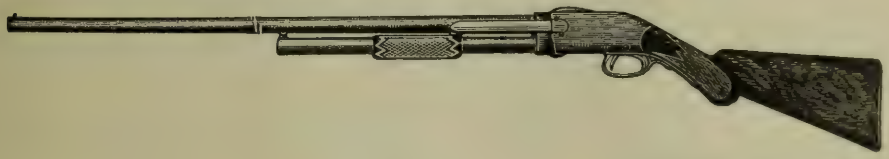

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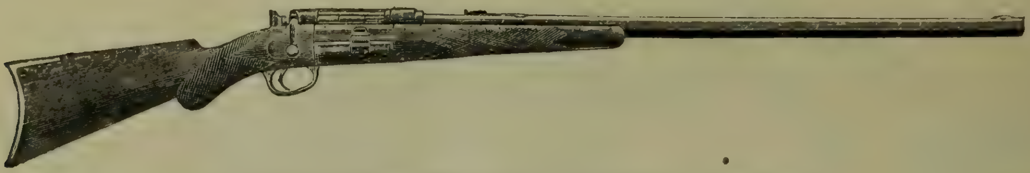

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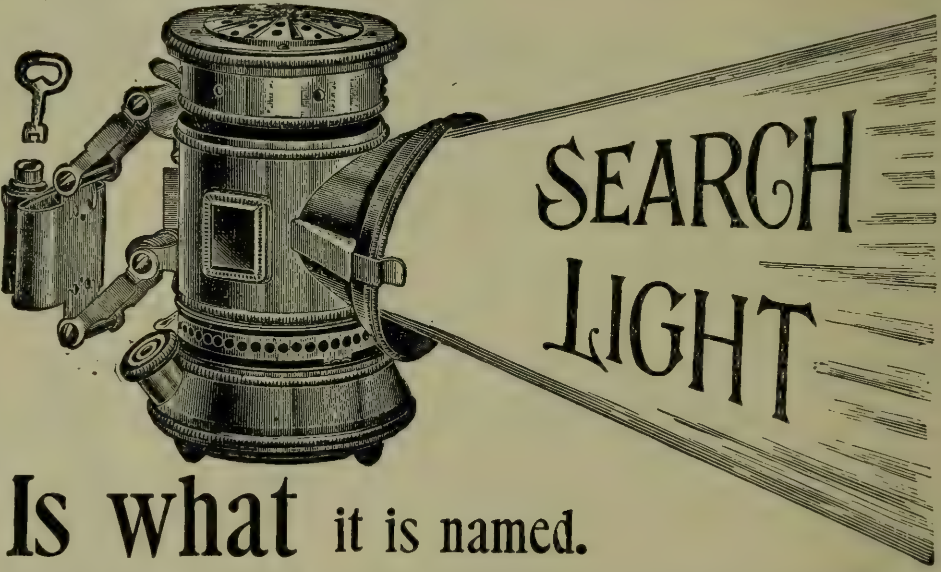

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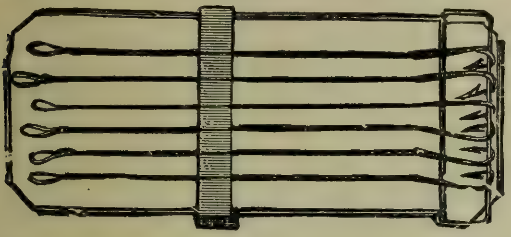

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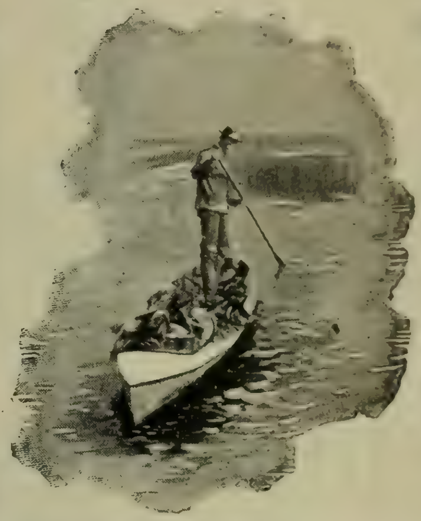

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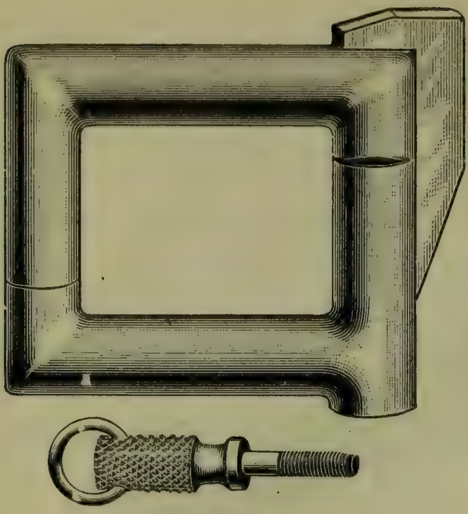

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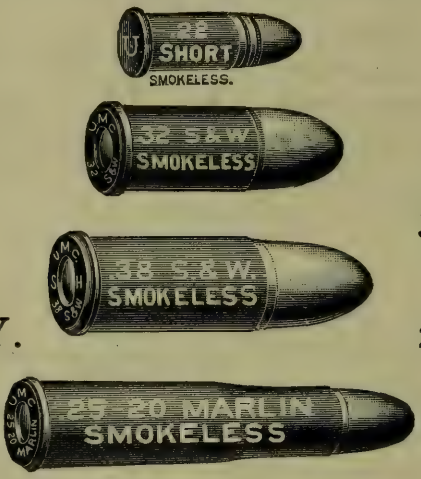

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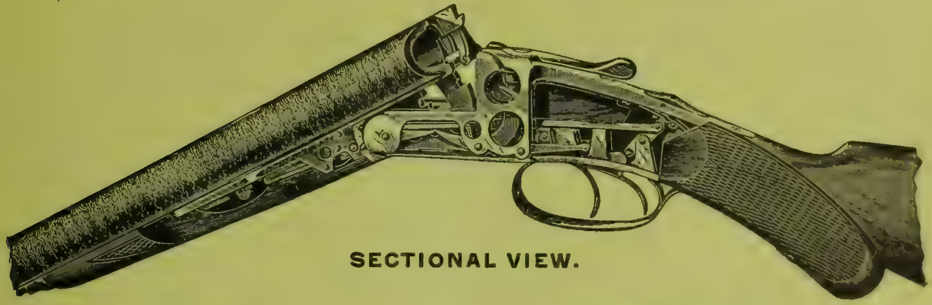

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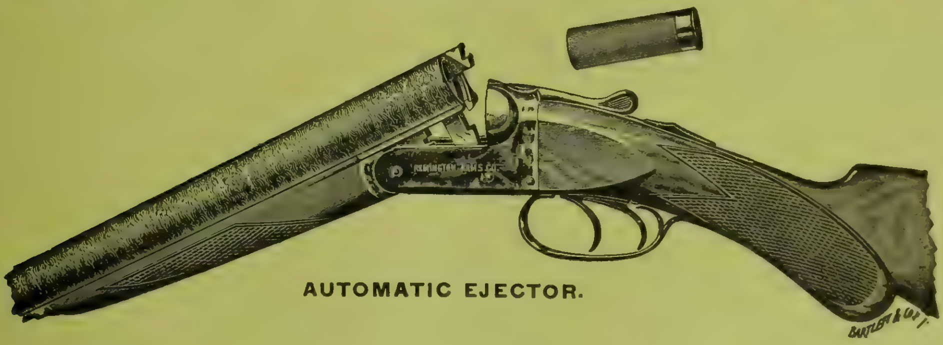
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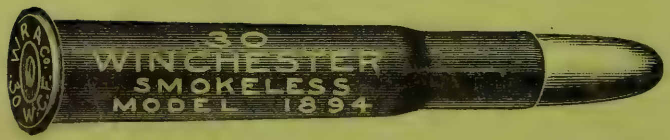

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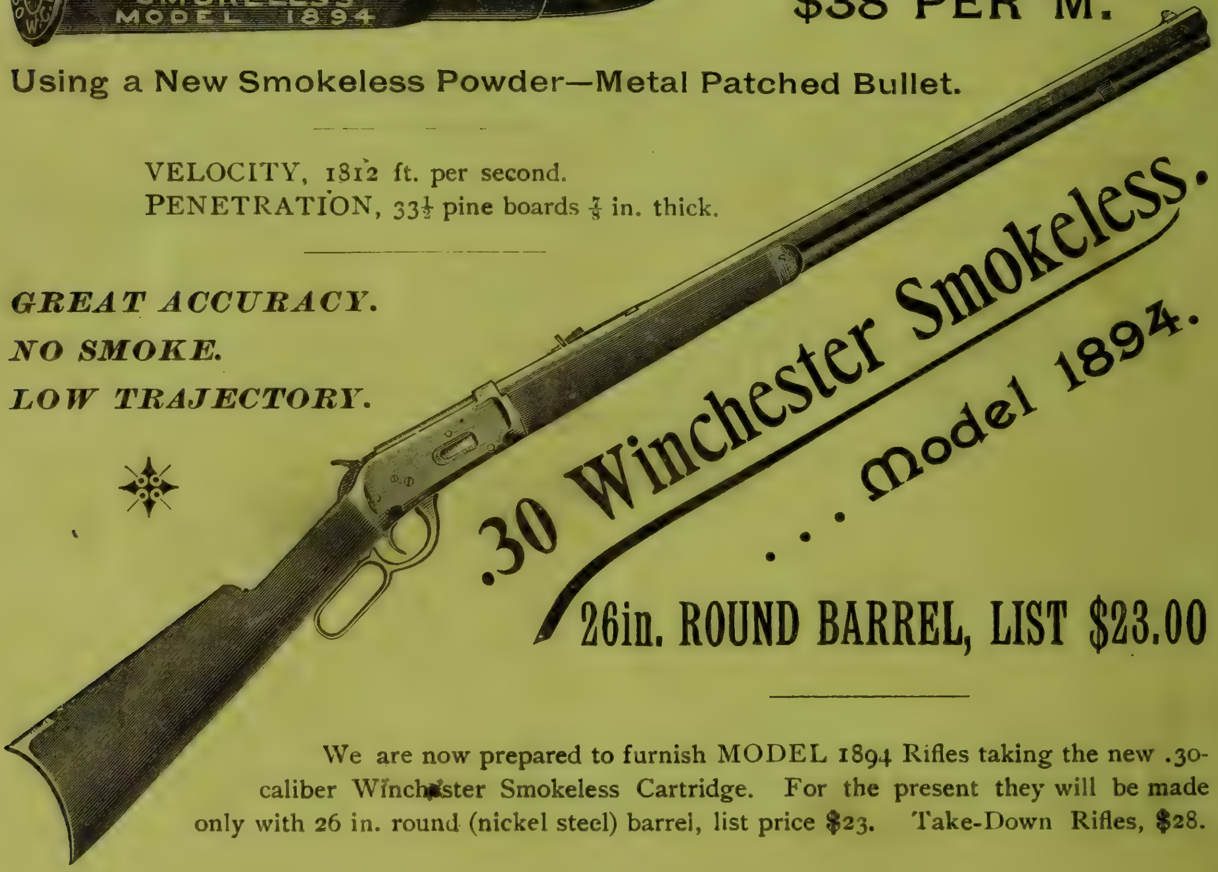

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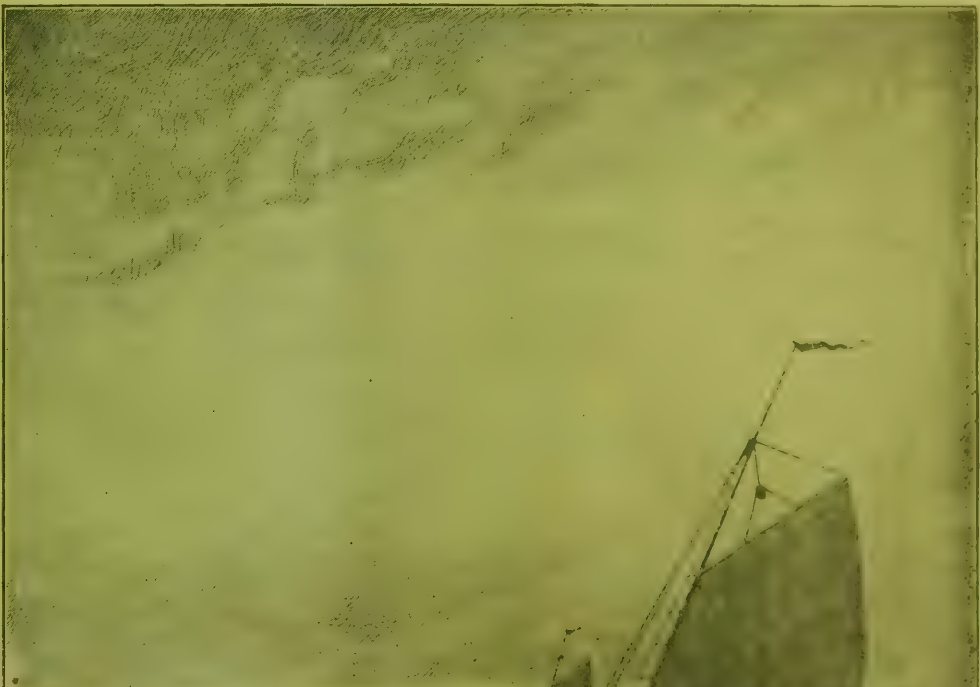

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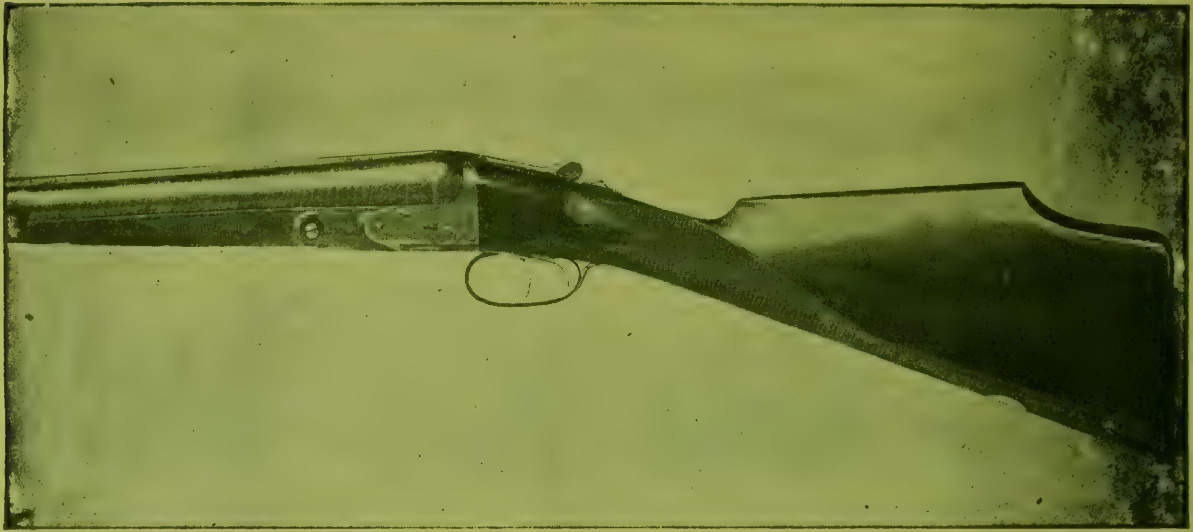

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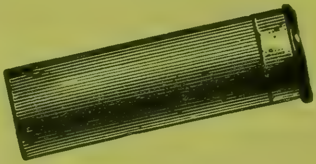

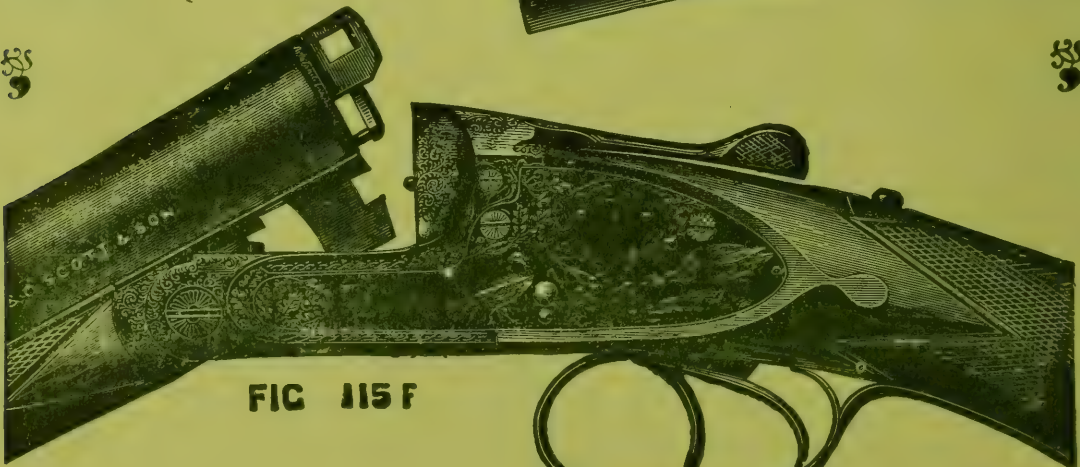

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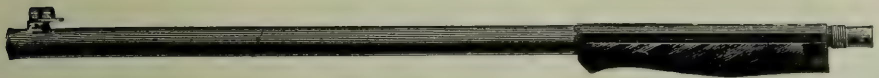

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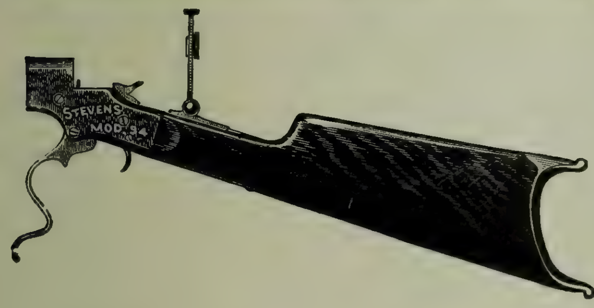

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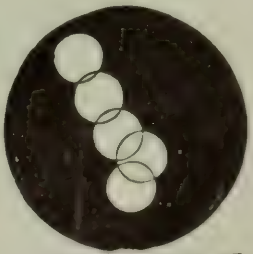

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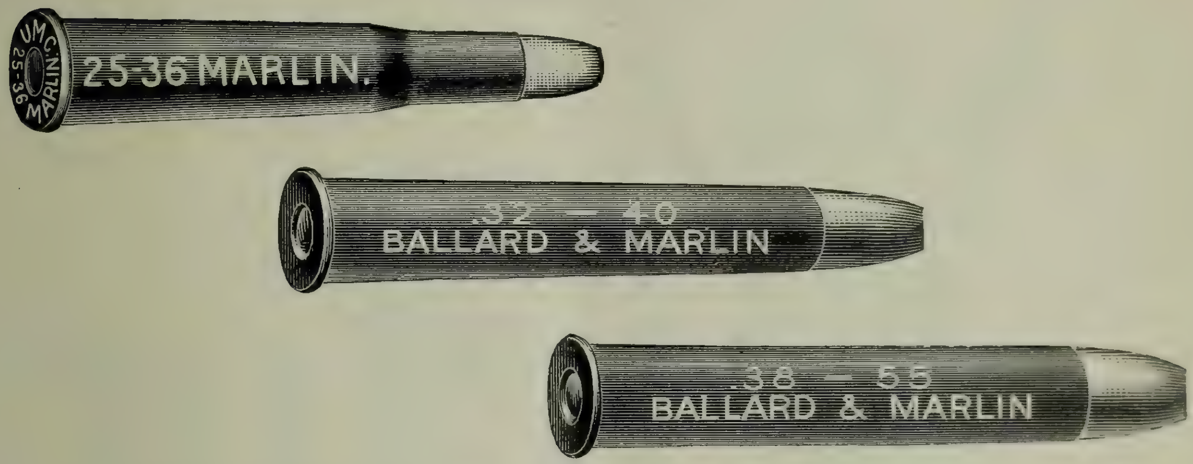
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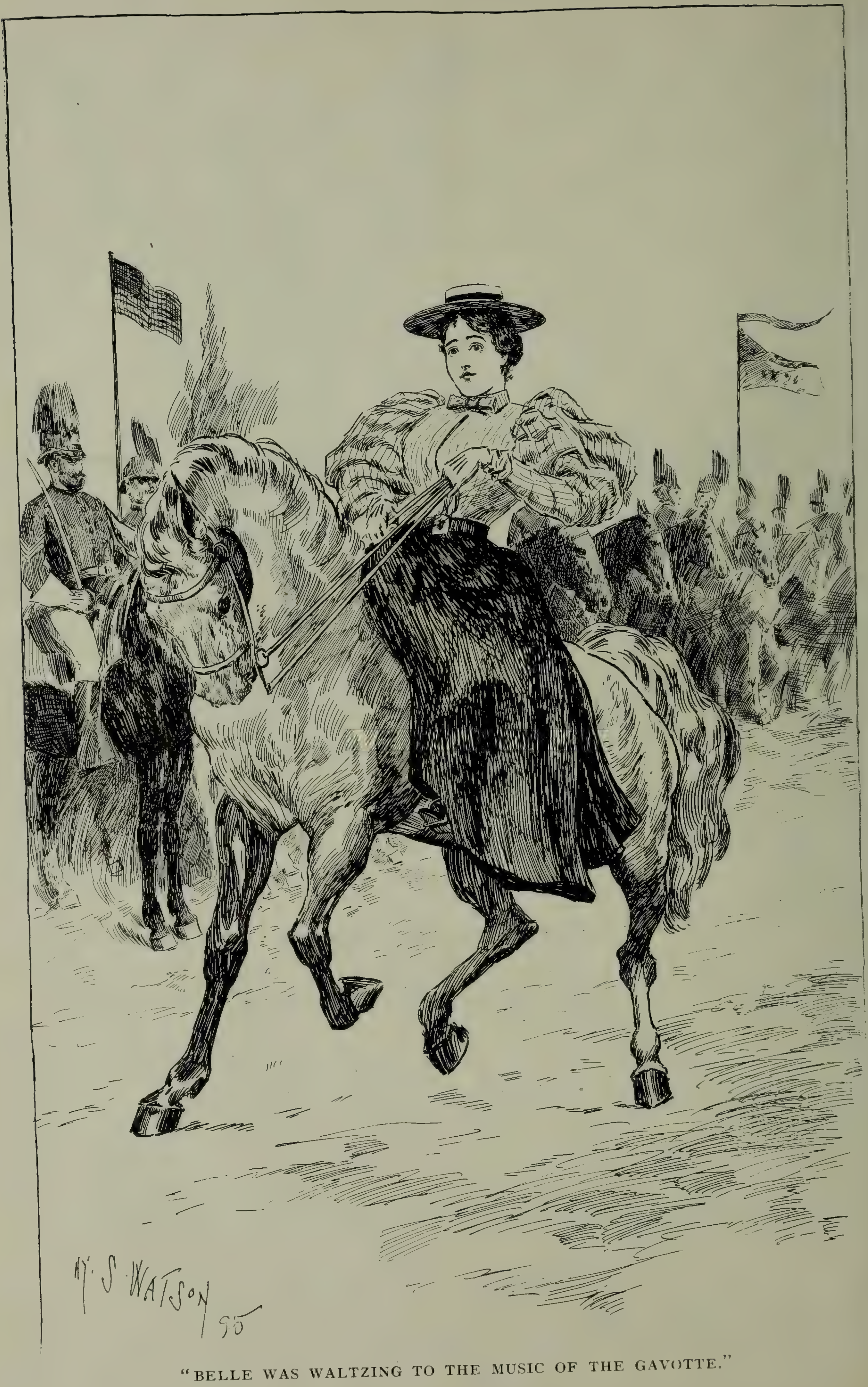
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"BELLE WAS WALTZING TO THE MUSIC OF THE GAVOTTE."

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Volume III. SEPTEMBER, 1895. Number 3.

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BILLY-BOY AND BELLE.

A DISCORD AND A HARMONY.

KATHARINE M. BAXTER.

HE has lovely brown eyes, and his auburn hair, in the sunglints, looks like burnished copper. He has a sturdy, compact frame, is calmly deliberate, and carries himself right royally with his head in the clouds. But in spite of the docility expressed in his soft eye, he is headstrong and likes to pit his will-power against mine; consequently, there is an unending contest for mastery between Billy-boy and me.

My saddle-horse is of Morgan stock, Kentucky-bred, has all the gaits, can take a low fence or ditch, and, best of all, possesses unlimited physical endurance. His gaits are so easy that a fox-trot on the pavement or a canter on a country dirt road are joys forever, after I have conquered him for the day, for he sometimes starts out with the fixed purpose of returning at the least excuse. On such occasions I let him turn back, but start him again, repeating it forth and back until he is ready to advance. This I refuse to allow, and after punishing him with a few more such rehearsals he is completely subjected and ready to do my bidding. Of course this is only when riding unattended in the country.

One morning while summering at N—— I started out for one of these country rides. The place was new to us and Billy-boy decided for both that we would not investigate its roads that day. I disliked to have the villagers make his acquaintance by putting him through his paces for the usual length of time, and for me to yield would be folly. I quite lost my patience with this firm friend. My riding whip? He has no more respect for it than for a troublesome fly. His former owner had ridden him with spurs, as does also my husband. It was therefore that C. had had a small wheel-spur inserted in the end of my crop-stick. Even this was inadequate. I could merely roll it up and down his side without force or impression. Chagrined, but not baffled, I dismounted, and hurrying indoors soon had one of my husband's spurs adjusted on my stirrup-foot.

A young friend, coming out to mount his wheel, suggested—"Mrs. B., perhaps he'll follow me."

"Yes," I nodded, "I'm sure he will, else my spur will follow him."

Philip T—, Jr., riding ahead, frequently called, "Come on, Billy-boy," and Billy-boy went; the spur was superfluous.

The pretty village gardens were soon left behind besprinkled with our dust. The day was not a perfect one; the atmosphere, hazy and stifling, suggested northern forest fires.

A film bedimming the sun produced an opalescent effect—"resembled more a poached egg," observed Phil. A slight wind blew heated dust in our eyes, and everything took on a fiery tinge.

The hawthorn's crimson crop had been scattered—thinned out by nature, to allow the rest to fully ripen. The sumach's torches were not alone aflame; the leaves, too, had apparently caught and were all ablaze, keeping company with September's late cardinal flower. Even Billy-boy's mane (he is called a strawberry-roan) reflected a glare. All this brilliancy would have been charmingly effective on a cool, clear day; but under these circumstances it produced the effect of the muleta or the banderilla in the arena—it tantalized.

We gladly rested our steeds at the first hint of shade, a group of hickory trees in a fence corner, and voting our ride a failure, resolved to return. My horse, unable to extract any moisture from the parched, dusty grass, tried the lower leaves, and Phil., Jr., vaulted the barbed-wire fence for goldenrod with which to decorate my saddle.

"Now take it at college," said he, "toward the close of the semester when exams. are over, we fellows"—

"Listen, Phil!" I interrupted, "can that be thunder?" But no, it was too continuous. Riding to the highest point of observation, I saw, turning into our lane at the hill-foot, a steam threshing machine. Billy-boy first catching sound and sight of it assumed an attitude of eager attention. Answering Phil's interrogation, I said, no, he had never seen one before, and although at home I had soothed him into passing acquaintance with steam-rollers, electric motors and other peace-disturbers, I disliked such an encounter on this downhill road, hemmed in by barbed wire.

"For the love of Heaven! Mrs. B., what's to be done? Will you dismount? Shall I hold him? He'll never pass that howling machine."

"No, nor will he let you hold him. We must go on, instead of back: you kindly go down with your wheel; ask them to check it long enough to give us a start, and we'll turn out at the first crossroad. I suppose you know some other route home?"

"Yes, yes—why certainly," and we separated. The noise ceased, Phil. overtook us, and we were again uncomfortably speeding, Billy-boy tossing his head and snorting a decided "I told you so." On and on we rode, farther from home, high noon and the "howling machine" on our track.

"How many miles yet, Phil., before we come to a crossroad?"

"To be truthful, I've not been out this way since I was a mere kid, but we'll surely come to one presently leading to a short cut home: now don't allow yourself to become at all nervous, Mrs. B., I'll see that nothing occurs," and leaning manfully forward for a spurt ahead—something occurred. The exclamation that followed, as he extricated from between the spokes some projecting vine-roots, was quite untranslatable, but coming from a college-bred youth, I felt it could be nothing unfit for ears polite. Coming soon after to a piece of second-growth timber, scrub-oak and underbrush, Phil. beamed.

"Ah! I knew I could not have mistaken the locality; here is the coveted road, Mrs. B., right through the wood." Yes, here was a road into which we dashed. The voice of our tormentor grew fainter. I slackened our speed. Billy-boy was grateful, and Phil. resumed his college yarn."

"Yes, it is extremely difficult for one of those intellectual freaks, called by courtesy a Tute, to reconcile—"

"Whoa! Pardon me, Phil., but look up." I pointed to a board sign nailed to a tree, bearing in blue paint this inscription—RoAd, bLokEd.

"Blocked!—Great Zeus deliver us! I dare say, Mrs. B.—O, never mind, we'll go as far as we may and wait for our following Nemesis to pass the wood. It's a long lane, etc., you know."

But it wasn't long before we came

to the end of this, a blind road, blocked by a farm-house, flanked on the right by a field of oat-stubble, on the left by a government swamp of tamarack. We waited in this horrible wood where the army-worm was at work. The branches, bared of leaves, were clothed instead with these loathesome caterpillars which fairly rained down upon us, sounding like great plashing drops in a summer shower. Furthermore, we were entertained by a blue-jay, whose stridulous notes seemed to come from a metallic throat with a crack in it. Again the voice of the machine became audible. We guessed it was just passing; then we commented on the fact that the wood so long retained the sound. Billy-boy was uneasy. A man coming from the house, let down the bars, and saluted us. We explained our presence, and this is what we heard:

"Sorry it is, me leddy, that Oi am to inform yees that Kent's trashinmichane intinds to coom this same day to trash thim oats; and me woman's that fightin-mad, bein's the roast pork's waitin' this while for their dinners. Sure it's after yees."

The machine was in sight. Fancy our being chased right up and brought to bay, with but one road and that occupied! We made straight for the barn, where I dismounted until the thing could locate itself and become quiet. Of course the time came when I must pass it, but, fortunately, I had plenty of room. To Phil., who wished to lead him, I suggested—"If you'll kindly assist me to mount." He quickly responded, then hesitated, looking blankly at me.

"Tell me the rules, Mrs. B., I'm ashamed to say I don't know *exactly*."

"By me loife, yoong man," interposed old Jerry, "thin it's rale pleasure Oi'll take in givin' yees insthructions. Clasp the ball of her fut, the lift wan, betwixt yer two hands, and whin she says wan, two, three—*riddy!* jist hoist her roight up-loike, but a-i-s-y an' graceful-loike."

Phil. looked doubtful. "I'm familiar with foot-ball, but—the ball of the foot?"—which I accepted as quite ungallant from a Q. B. on last year's team. Old Jerry needed but a glance, and soon had me in position on my mount, observing, as he arranged my skirt:

"Indade, ma'am, whin Oi was wid the gintry in the ould country, it's many a foine miss Oi put into the saddle; and sich illegant bastes to ride!"

I faced the machine; Billy-boy throwing back his ears snorted his disapproval and began to back. Coaxing was entirely ineffectual.

Phil. was really alarmed. "Mrs. B., I beg of you don't ride him; let the man handle him." But I preferred to handle my high horse; and taking a firm grip of snaffle and curb reins, simultaneously gave him a smarting cut from the right and dug my heel into him from the left. He sprang, cleared the low bars into the wood lane, and—we were off.

Through the wood, the low branches tearing off my veil; through ant-hills and flying sticks, out to the main road and down the hill, on we galloped without cessation. Now I must admit that, despite loss of breath, and strain of nerves, to keep a firm rein, I enjoyed the exhilaration of this wild ride; was even tempted to give him his head and see to what speed he could attain—and oh, if I only dared complete this gypsy-dream by throwing away my burdensome hat, and letting the breeze take my hair. Then again, at the last turn, where instead of following the curve, he swept sharply across the corner and cleared a ditch, I wondered if this could be anything like riding to hounds.

My good imagination always serves when the real purpose is not at hand; but alas! with my thought and the horse's leap had come another uprising—a young porker, from the leaves in the ditch, whence it had been disturbed from its siesta. This brought my horse from a full gallop to an almost complete stop, nearly unseating me. I came down into the saddle quite hard and suddenly, just as he made a plunge with his head low down and began to fairly plow along. Instantly I drew in the curb-rein, against which tearing bit he could not proceed, and tried to soothe and reassure him as he reared and tossed his head in the most maddened way. I released the curb, but still the poor animal continued pawing and shaking his head in a perfect frenzy.

I soon found the cause. Of a cloud of gnats buzzing about his head, evidently one had gotten into his ear; but his head was too active for me to remove it with the handle of my crop-stick. I could only hope to outride them.

Ahead, there was a clear stretch of about a mile, and Billy-boy divining dinner at the end of it, again went to work.

"Yes, Billy-boy, we're going home, no more to roam; our picnic's almost over—oh!" Something dropped—my foot. Glancing over the right I saw the stirrup-strap that had encircled his body dragging, the stirrup probably in a fence-corner rods behind. With this loss I had no means of bracing myself for another emergency, and could scarcely prevent my dangling foot from spurring him.

Gradually, without adding to his alarm, I gathered up and coiled the long strap, tucking it into the pocket of my saddle-flap.

In the best running speed he has ever made, he reached the hotel verandah, panting and dripping, the saddle-cloth disarranged, broken strap and lost stirrup. I, with hair disheveled and hat awry, had not realized the terrible strain on fingers, wrists and arms until giving up the reins, the four of which between the fingers of my riding-gloves had caused the beveled-edged band on my third finger to cut deep into the flesh.

And Phil.? He "fetched up," as a native said, a full hour afterward, with the rubber tire of his wheel punctured by a sharp flint. Always good natured, he had to the last proven himself invulnerable to any communication of annoyance from Billy-boy or me. A dreadful day! and how susceptible to irritation I had shown myself; but remember the causes—caterpillars, gnats and "sich."

They say there are no discords in nature. I do not agree. I think there are many jars, and purposely provided, as in music occasionally, in order that we may the more enjoy and appreciate the delightful harmonies that follow.

This day had certainly been, in nature (human and otherwise), a discord.

* * *

A visit to a State brigade encampment means to a woman many things. Beginning with a flutter of expectation, there follows a thrill of inspiration, due to uniforms and martial music, often ending in a sense of desperation at our apparent insignificance beside these lords of creation who are, after all, only playing soldier. The —— Infantry was largely represented at the annual encampment in the summer of which I write, and a few of the officers' wives were pleasantly located at a farm-house within sound of the bugle-calls at Camp W.

All the delights of the country were attainable at this charming retreat, the adjacent lake furnishing not the least of the attractions. A sail-boat with home-made rigging had a companion in a side-wheeler, also of home manufacture, a small boat propelled by turning the cranks of the wheels instead of the regulation use of oars and rudder. There were islets, a lily-pond, a beaver-dam, bathing beach and good fishing facilities; but chief among the pleasures for me was Farmer A.'s cream-colored mare, used by the family for Sunday driving, but said to possess all the qualities of a good saddle-horse.

As my riding outfit always forms a part of my luggage to the country, I was enabled to make a trial trip, and was so charmed with this added means of pleasure, that Belle became my companion for an hour or more each morning. Many are the nooks, knolls, woods and pasture-hills I became acquainted with through her chaperonage. A well-known writer has truly said :

"Almost everything in life depends on our point of view, * * * the world is instantly changed when one mounts a horse * * * and the most familiar by-ways are created anew for him."

This partly explains the elation of riding, to which can be added the fact that a vast amount of animation and vitality is communicated from animal to rider. Cycling is good; sailing with a stiff beam wind, and a yacht, heeling well over, is better; but for a mixture of health and happiness supreme, give me a good mount in the country. I fancy it must be next in order after flying, as I always feel a bit nearer heaven in my Whitman, than when walking or driving in the regular beaten paths.

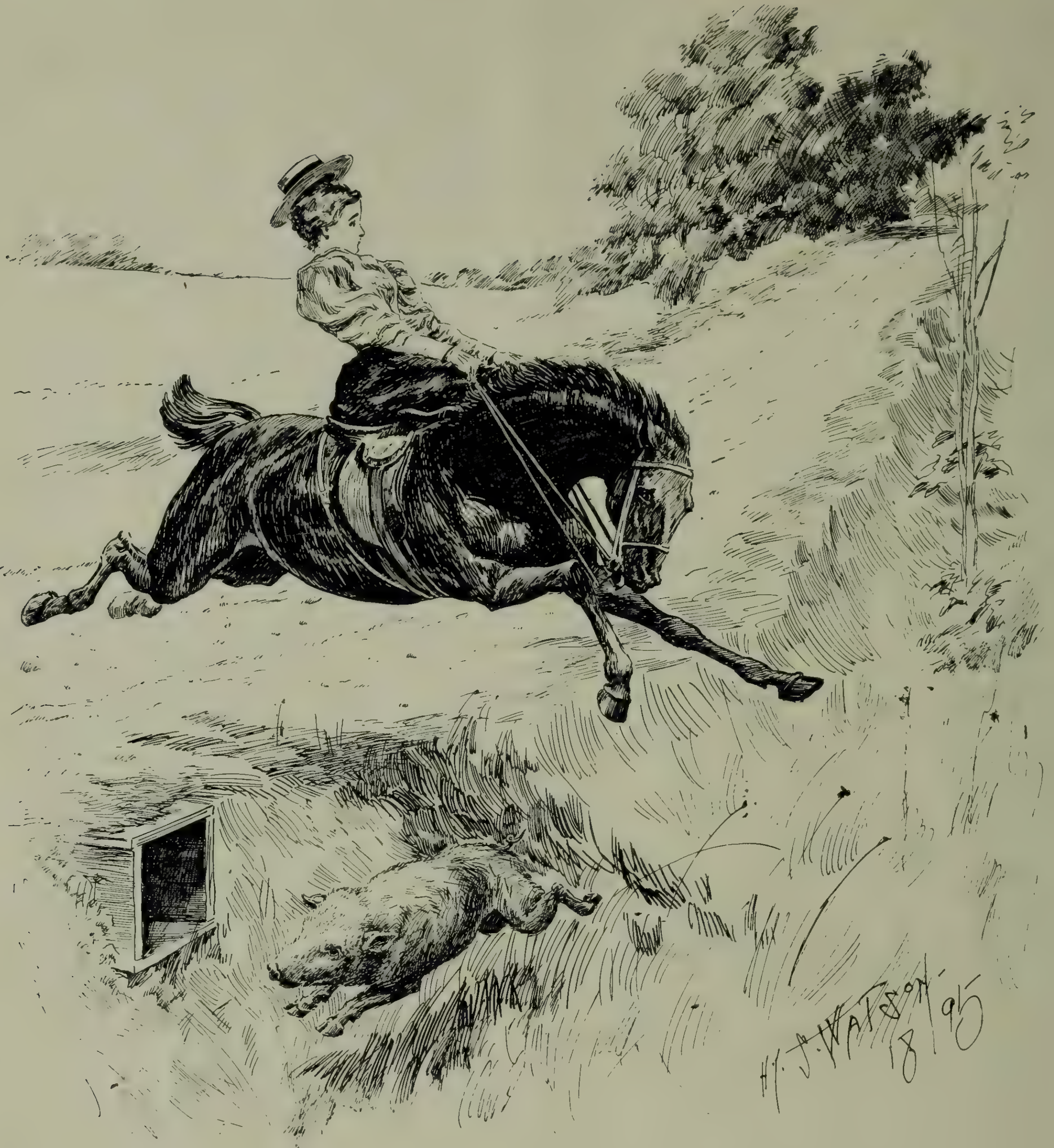
C——, who as adjutant of the —— Infantry was using Billy-boy at camp and confining himself strictly to duty during the day, had arranged for a twilight trip around the lake. On a certain day I was to ride over to camp W. in time to witness evening parade and wait for him to join me after guard-mounting, the day's last as well as first ceremony—for at this camp, Gen. R. in command of the brigade, for purposes of better instruction in sentinel duty, had reduced the "tour" from twenty-four to twelve hours, thus necessitating evening as well as morning guard-mounting.

Belle was in excellent condition for a good time; so was her rider; and now, too, as I rode forth, I realized "there are others," for apparently all of nature's summer boarders were out exchanging pleasantries. I distinguished among these a complete quartette—nature's troubadors. The meadow-lark's three plaintive soprano notes, were seconded by a fair contralto in the night-hawk's swoop. At intervals, from a thick clump of elder-bushes, came the robin's tender tenor; and what more effective for basso-profundo than the bull-frog's intermittent lower G. Presently these were accompanied by the Katydid's incessant drumming—quite castanet-like. They had begun early to-day. Sunset had not yet closed the clover's trefoils, for during this loitering gait I espied, amidst a large clump of these leaves, a monstrous four-leaved Good-luck, with the horse-shoe in distinct silver markings on each leaf. Naturally, it being out of reach, I desired it, the more so the farther behind I left it, until meeting sometime after Farmer A.'s cows returning from pasture, I retraced the entire distance that the boy might gather it for me. Its unusual size and bright green were effective against the dark green of my habit. Now I felt quite ready for camp. Music being audible long before sighting the white village, I concluded that parade was "on," and I would miss it; at brigade headquarters, too, the pity of it! So much for following an impulse and a clover-leaf.

"Boom!" sounded the sunset gun with the last notes of "retreat," and simultaneously from the flag-staff at general headquarters dropped "Old Glory." Evidently the troops were now returning to quarters. Entering the grounds, I made for the headquarters of "Ours," where the guard was lined up in front of the tents, and my adjutant was conducting guard mount. Wishing to be an unobserved observer, I changed my course to the alley, or space in rear of the tents. Our band, stationed to the right of the line and facing in my direction, was waiting for the command—"Sound Off."

The director, Prof. S—, spoke to his men and when the order was given they began playing the gavotte by Slavin, "Little Irish Queen." How lovely! I recognized the compliment. At a previous camp he had played it at my request, and, in fact, it was a general favorite for mounting guard, with its stirring melody and marked precision of time.

But, whatever was the matter with



"BUT ALAS! WITH MY THOUGHT AND THE HORSE'S LEAP CAME ANOTHER UPRISING."

Belle! She had never been unmanageable before. Up she reared, then down, and whirling wildly round and round, just escaped tripping over the tent guy-ropes. I righted her, but immediately she began repeating this strange performance. The third time she stepped gaily out, omitting to pose as an upright; took two gentle lopes, again whirled, but in perfect time to the music. Then two more lopes and a whirl and,—mercy me! I understood. Belle was waltzing to the gavotte! Yes, surely, and with never a mistake. After every two-step came a whirl. My memory recalled a similar vision at a riding-school exhibition. Seeing is believing. Alas! in my case it was feeling is believing, for I no sooner recovered from one dizzy spell than it was time for another. Now we had reached the colonel's tent, and oh! those deadly guy-ropes. Vainly I shouted to the orderly in front; my voice was no match for those brass instruments. Belle having found her terpsichorean dimensions, was blissfully regardless of my commands; waltz she would and did, the entire length of the line (in the rear) and back again, seemingly under control of but one thing

—the music. Imagining myself in her place 'twas not hard to realize how her toes (?) must tingle at the staccato passages and marked rhythm of that music. When it ceased, she stopped as suddenly, shook herself, neighed a long "ha-ha" of satisfaction, and panted her weariness, for all the world like a girl at her first party who, having danced up to the last note, shakes her draperies into proper arrangement, sinks into a seat and between gasps and twitters, invites her partner to fan her. I had hoped that the company had been too attentive to its duty to have perceived us, but Belle, again like the pretty girl, was showered with compliments on her graceful steps. The officers, not satisfied with feeding her lump-sugar, took the liberty of caressing her neck and patting her pretty pink nose.

Major R. even fell into poetry, and while the orderly was dispatched for a pail of water with which to quench her thirst, he quoted from Sir John Sauckling:—

> "Her feet * * * *
> Like little mice stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light:
> But oh, she dances such a way!
> No sun upon an Easter-day
> Is half so fine a sight."

Perhaps all this had a revivifying effect, for she was quite ready to fill her next engagement.

* * * * * *

We started out in the gray twilight, C. and I, on Billy-boy and Belle, and rode far into the creamy moonlight, taking the six miles around the lake at an easy gait, and drinking delight but once—that was the entire stretch. At one point on our return, bringing our horses to a halt on the lake's brink, we listened, just to note the stillness. For several moments no sound was audible; not a leaf whispered, not a ripple sighed. Suddenly, piercing the complete silence, came, clear and bell-like, the notes of a single trumpet—"taps," that most effective strain of two dozen notes. As the last vibration died away, there followed, in succession, others, in different keys—five in all. From the left to the extreme right of the field, close by and far in the distance, faintly, like echoes of the first, came the answering goodnight call, "taps"—"lights out;" and once more all was silent. Slowly and regretfully we moved; it was time for us, too, to say "good night." At my stopping place, Farmer A. came out to meet us, and C. related Belle's little escapade.

"Why, gosh all hemlock, Cap'n," with a grave salute, "Say, ef I'd a knowed that, the madam could a hed my best black Pedro. He's just hunky-dory, ef he aint got no gaits—an' he kin trot. "*Say!*" (confidentially) "this here mare was oncet owned by a circus feller, but by ginger! I never knowed her to go a sky-larkin round lik that."

Ah! that was it; how expressive! "a skylark at twilight." At all events, the experience had been delightfully unique. I regretted nothing: comparing this episode with that of one other day, I shall long preserve it in my memory as—a harmony.

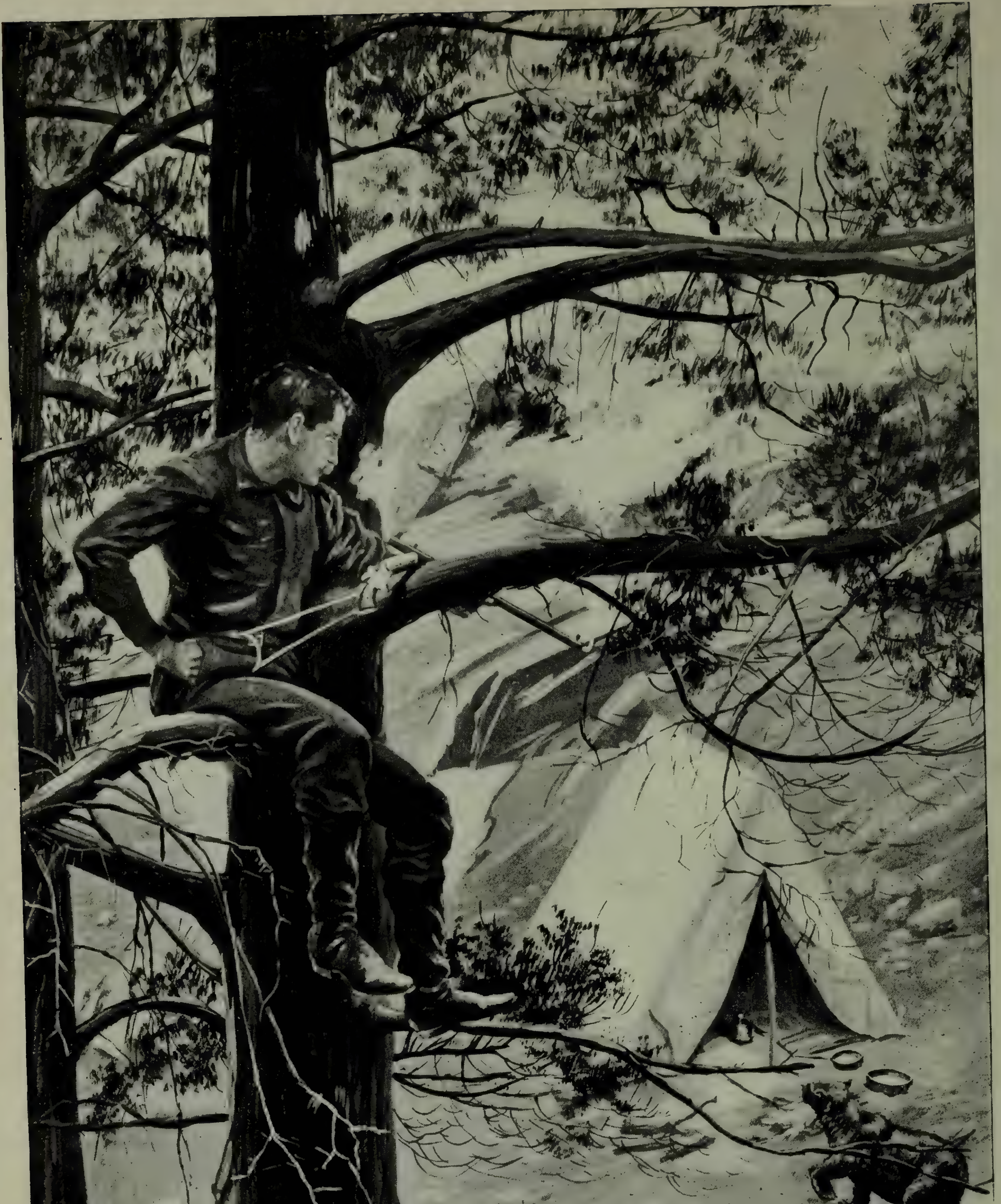
⁂

Love hath its drawbacks, we are told,
And I have found it true;
I scarce know if I'll sit or stand
When next I call on Sue.

'Twas not from her I met rebuff,
She favored well the suit,
'Twas in the way her father threw
His No. eleven boot.

I'd prosecute him even now
Or biff him in the jaw,
But just before I'm married
I don't want a *father in law.*

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.



"HE RAN AROUND THE TREE SEVERAL TIMES AND CUFFED SOME OF THE LOWER LIMBS AS IF THEY WERE IN THE FIGHT TOO."

A BALD-FACED GRIZZLY IN CAMP.

M. W. MINER.

I had a circus here in Cripple Sheep Gulch, Ore., last evening, and I know you would have appreciated it had you been here. Talk about Charity Balls! They weren't in it for real high lonesome!

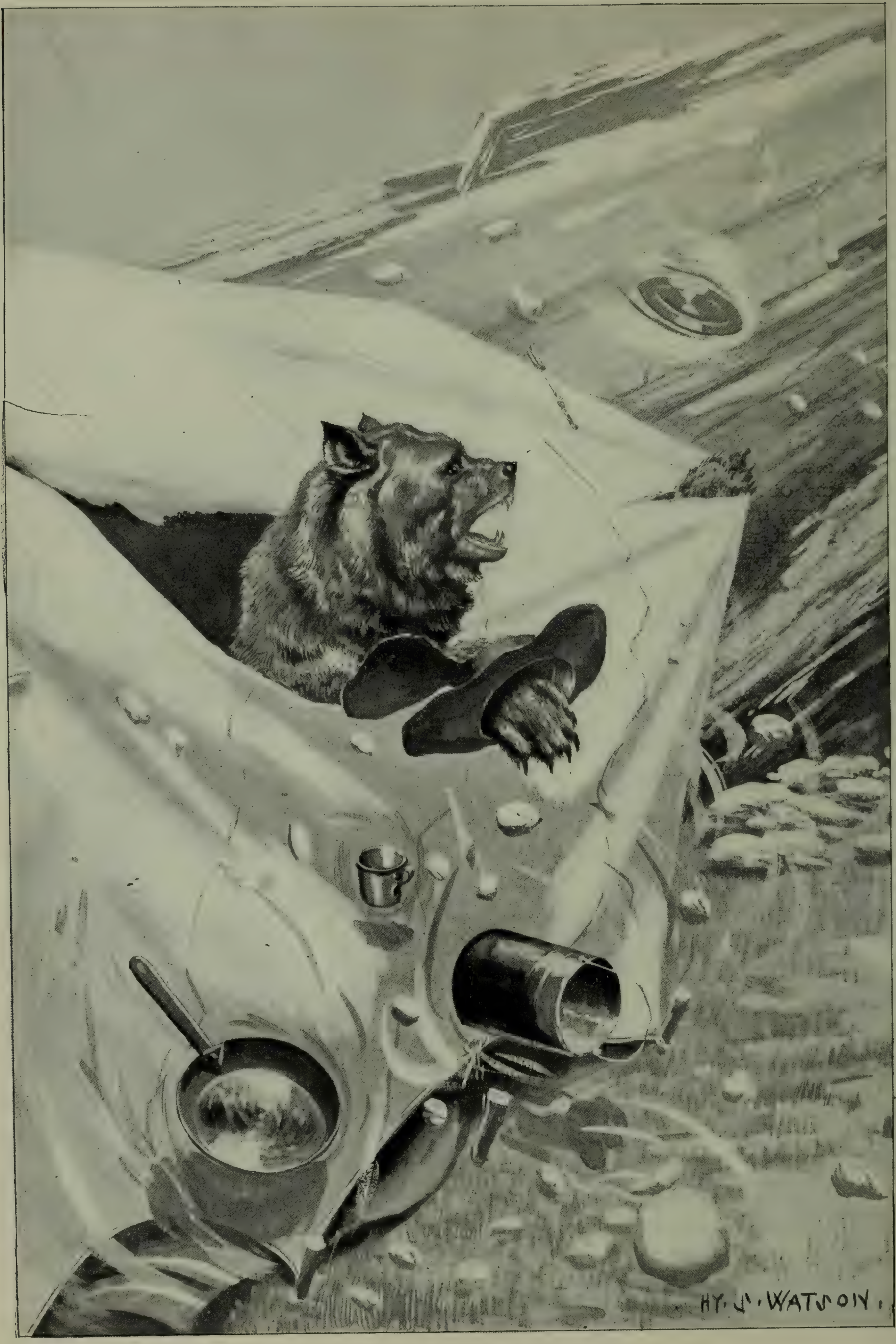
I was tired of being in town, and these nice, warm days gave me the "hill fever." As I had no particular business for a few weeks I decided to go out to see this country, near the head of Burnt river. (It was touched off some time ago.) I loaded my camp outfit and a pick and shovel on to my little burro, Trilby (I gave her that name because she has the true Trilby footsie-tootsies and sings Ben Bolt with an emphatic accent on the final syllable) and last Wednesday we hit the trail. Two days' travel brought us here, to a nice little park among the pines and willows, in a deep gulch. Giving Trilby a leather necklace with a bell on, and a handful of salt in a rotten stump, I made camp and ever since have been roaming over the hills, in search of quartz, opals, placer ground or anything else that would be useful.

I was too lazy to carry my Winchester and did not think I should need it any way, so took my little 25-calibre Stevens pocket rifle. I had not had a shot except at a hawk that had the audacity to perch in a dead tree near camp. Yesterday I had been out all day and on my return ate a five o'clock dinner, sharing the dry crusts with Trilby, who had come into camp, and then proceeded to bake a loaf of bread in the frying-pan before the fire. On account of the high wind I had plenty to do to prevent the loaf from burning up before it was baked. I was congratulating myself that it was about done, when all of a sudden Trilby started off up the gulch, singing Ben Bolt at every jump. I could not understand her unusual activity, and after glancing at her a moment I looked around for the cause of the stampede. About 60 or 70 yards down the gulch, in a boggy, grassy place next the creek, was a bald-faced grizzly leisurely picking the fresh, tender shoots of grass.

The wind was full in my favor and he had not noticed the camp. It took me about two seconds to decide to go in and nail him, as there are lots of small, bushy pines here that are convenient to climb, and I knew he couldn't hurt me. I emptied a box of cartridges in my trousers pocket, grabbed my little Stevens and sallied forth, not forgetting to retain several cartridges in my left hand. By making a circuit, to keep the bear behind a little willow bush, I reached a small pine about 25 yards distant and at once let go at him for a paunch shot, which I knew would kill him eventually.

He whirled at the shot and I gave him another at the butt of his ear. That went high and cut a gash across his scalp. At the second shot he caught sight of me and at once started on the jump, to have a hand in the scrap himself. I knew if we were to shake hands, the proper and polite way would be to give him the "high shake;" so I went up some 10 or 12 feet into the pine, without any ceremony.

In crossing the little ravine, washed out by the creek, I think he lost sight of me, and the outer branches were so thick I could not see to shoot. As the bear landed on my side he hesitated a moment and then catching sight of the tent he went for it on a gallop. I fired at him but without apparent effect. Just in front of the tent sat my camp bucket, and with one swipe of his paw he sent it rolling into the creek. Next came a sack of flour. One wipe with his paw split it wide open and sent it rolling it over the bed and the rest of the outfit. My red



"THERE WAS A WHIRLING APPARITION OF CANVAS, TINWARE, GROCERIES, BLANKETS, BOOTS AND PACK SADDLES."

blankets next attracted his attention. He gave them a whirl, a bite and a shake that left them a sorry spectacle for a cold night. He next tore the crown out of my hat. In turning around he knocked down the center pole of the tent, and for about two seconds there was the most laughable sight a man ever saw. The pegs flew out at once. There was a whirling apparition of canvas, tinware, groceries, blankets, boots and pack saddles.

When the bear emerged (if I may use that word, for he seemed to come through the tent in a dozen places at once) he was bewildered. I gave him another shot in the side of his head that recalled him to his work and drew his attention to my retreat. He came on a run and caught another bullet between his shoulders. He ran around the tree several times and cuffed some of the lower limbs,as if they were in the fight too. I fired several shots into him, all without any apparent effect. At last he sat down a second time, as if to sum up the situation, and I tried for an eye shot; but as I pressed the trigger he threw up his head and got it in the nose, which seemed to set him crazy. He rolled over backward, pawed it with both feet and squealed. In that position he gave me a good shot at his chest, and I sent a little 25 in there, ranging forward. This seemed to revive him. He got up, ran a few steps, tottered and fell. He was unable to rise. I jolted him up with two more shots at the base of his brain and he seemed quiet; but it was some time before I risked a return to earth. Before doing so I took a shot at one of his paws, and got no response. After throwing a few clubs at him I ventured near and held a post-mortem examination.

I went to camp and surveyed the ruins. It looked as if a Kansas cyclone had blown a slaughter-house through the camp. Flour nearly all gone; camp bucket down the creek; tent, blankets and hat torn to ribbons. I've spent this whole day sewing them together, so I could live under them again.

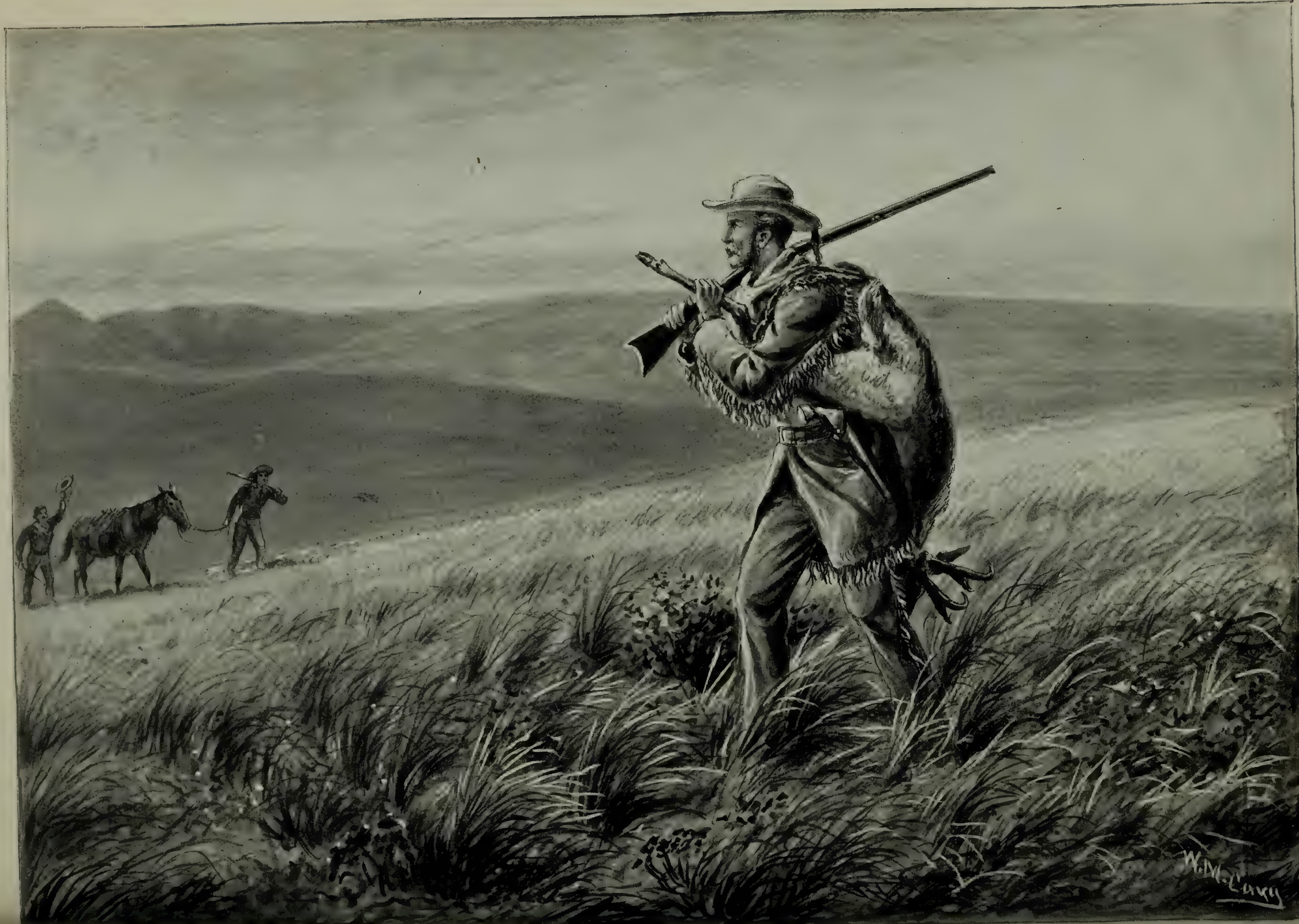
I found that 17 of the 18 shots had landed, the one in the chest having been fatal, as it ranged forward and entirely through the heart. One of the last two shots had entered the brain.

Trilby ventured back in sight this morning, but thus far I have been unable to coax her near camp. I had $70 worth of fun and have a four dollar bear hide, which is thin and patchy. I know you would willingly get another sack of flour to have been with me.

There is an old owl up in one of these big pines, hooting at me, but it's too dark for a shot at him. There are two coyotes over on the open hill side, warbling their vesper songs, or practicing for their Easter festival. There's a low wind moaning through the pines and a lone prospector with a large and aching void in his camp outfit which a cold and uncharitable world is not likely to fill—this season. But, as I remarked, I've had some fun and I'm still on deck. I'd like to borrow an old hat until I can get to town. I'd like to send you a bear ham. It's too lean for me, but editors are not supposed to live on the fat of the land.

He loaded his boat with all kinds of tackle
  And about what he'd catch he proceeded
    to cackle.
The fish in the bay were not hungry that day;
  The gnats and the flies had a feast, by the
    way,
Yet of sport he constantly preached.

H. M. Brown.


W.M.Cary

CROSSING THE ROCKIES IN '61.

Maj. W. H. Schieffelin.

Continued from page 56.

I HAD made a great mistake in the selection of a rifle at the start, for instead of buying a breech loader, then just coming into use, I had selected a fine muzzle loader, of the old Leather-stocking type. In loading it I had to start the ball with a short ramrod, and then force it down with a long one, which took so much time and exertion, that I seldom fired the gun, and so was not as good a shot as I no doubt would have been, at the end of the journey, had I taken a breech loader.

About two weeks after leaving Fort Benton, we ran out of fresh meat. We found no game for several days and so were in hard luck. I borrowed the Half-breed's gun, an old musket which was patched with tin and tied together with copper wire. Lock, stock and barrel all seemed to be loose. One lovely Sunday morning, we saw a bunch of antelope about three miles away, so we determined to remain in camp and I set off to try for one. I got up to within 500 yards of them, but could get no nearer, as there was no more shelter, so I lay down in the grass, took the ramrod out of the old rifle, put my red handkerchief on the end of it, and stuck it in the ground. I had read and heard about the influence of a red rag on these animals but did not half believe it. However, I had supplied myself with the red handkerchief at the Fort, so as to be ready for an occasion like this.

Much to my surprise and pleasure, the antelope, as soon as they saw it, began to approach slowly. It seemed to me that it took them a long time, but it probably was not more than half an hour before they were within 75 yards of me, standing still and giving me an excellent chance for a shot. I knew that hungry men were waiting for my shot with anxious hopes. Fortunately I had no buck ague. Probably I was too hungry to have it. I selected the best animal in the bunch, aimed behind his shoulder, and fired. The old shaky musket did its work well. Down went the antelope; then he jumped up and ran, but not in the same direction the others had taken. I followed him about a quarter of a mile, when I found him dead. I cut his throat, and cleaned him. The ball had gone true and smashed his shoulder. I put his hind legs over my shoulder and started for the camp.

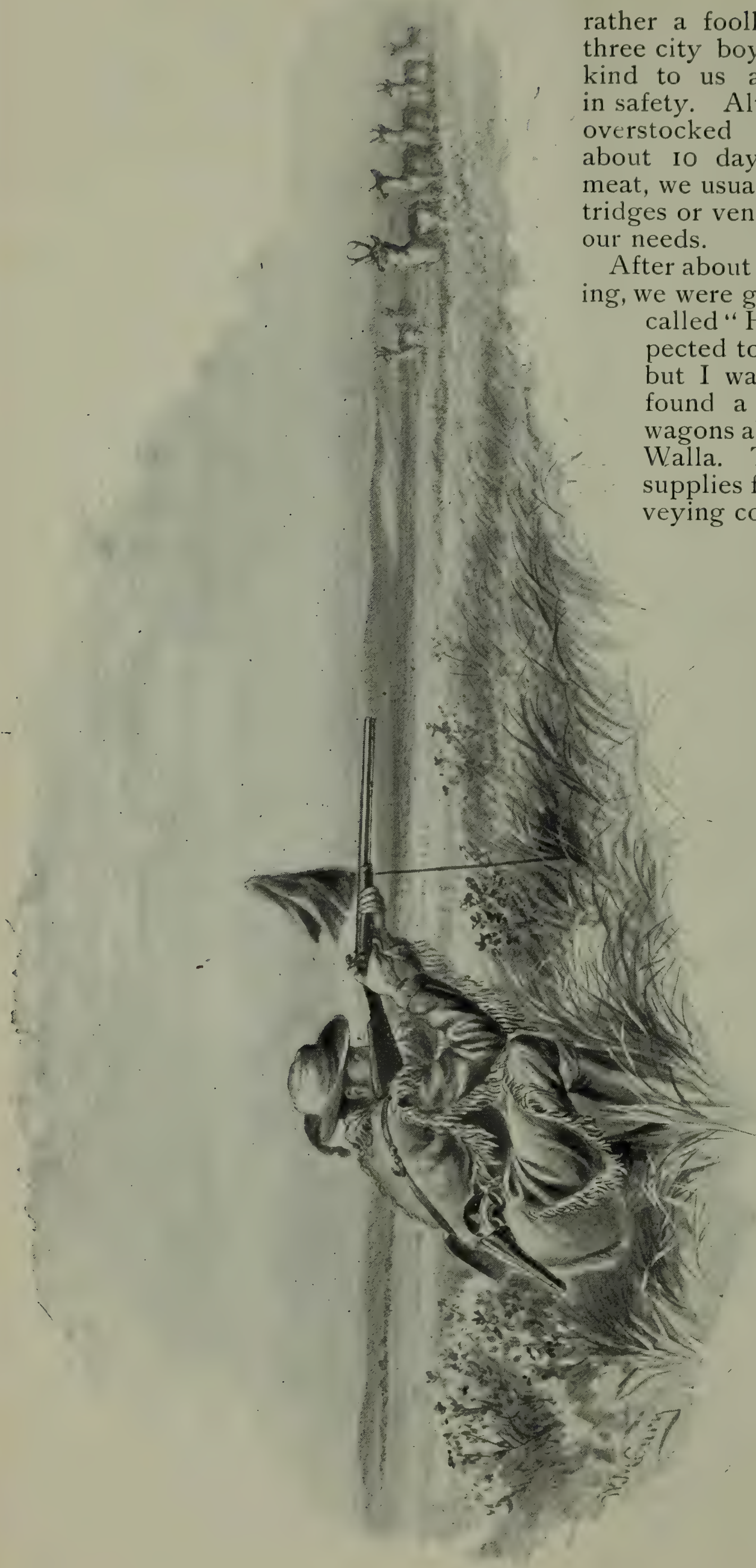
The boys had seen the hunt and its successful termination, so they soon met me with a horse, relieved me of my load, and we had a feast. It was fortunate for us that the antelope were of a curious and inquiring nature.

* * *

How we did enjoy this wild life! We had perfect health, good appetites, unbroken rest at night, wrapped in our blankets and buffalo robes, with our saddles for our pillows, and the stars for our canopy. We did not however, enjoy so much, the cry of the half-breed cook, just before daybreak: "Levé" (wake up). When this unwelcome summons came we had to turn out, whether ready or no, and sometimes to break the ice in our water-pails for our morning's wash. At such times we wished we were in a good warm bed, at home, and that we could sleep till noon.

* * *

In crossing the mountains, we met a party of Flat Head Indians who were going over to the Missouri basin to hunt buffalo. We found a few inches of snow on the divide, but had a very pleasant trip. We had to find our own way, as there was little or no trail—only one wagon having gone over the year before. It was

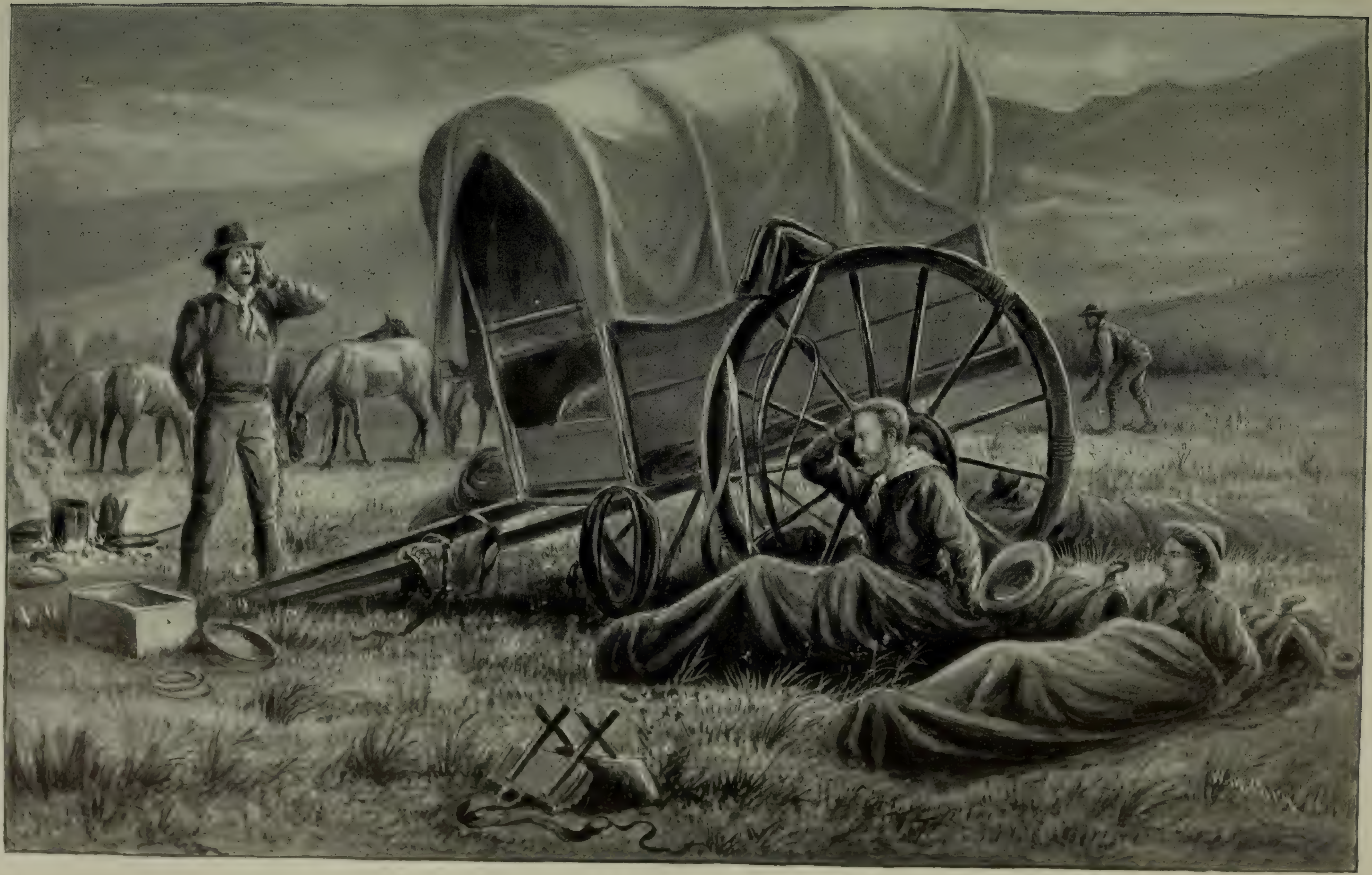


FLAGGING ANTELOPE. SEE PAGE 115.

rather a foolhardy undertaking for three city boys, but Providence was kind to us and we went through in safety. Although we were never overstocked with game, and for about 10 days were without fresh meat, we usually had either fish, partridges or venison enough to supply our needs.

After about 275 miles of this traveling, we were glad to arrive at a place called "Hell Gate." I never expected to be glad to get there, but I was this time. There we found a train of government wagons about to return to Walla Walla. They had brought up supplies for Lieut. Mullen's surveying command, which was to winter at Hell Gate. The Lieutenant in command kindly asked us to transfer our luggage to one of the wagons and go on with him to Walla Walla, so we disposed of our cart and took only our saddle horses with us. We also disposed of our colored cook, who was insubordinate and impertinent.

Soon after leaving us he stole a horse from one of the settlers, and the last we saw of him was on our first day's journey out. We met him on a horse, with a log of wood tied under his arms, behind his back, a rope tied to him and held by a frontiersman, who



"LEVÉ."

rode behind, with a loaded rifle ready for instant use.

At Cœur D'Alene we saw the priests at the mission, who were doing their best for the poor Indians, unselfishly, for they could get no reward but the satisfaction of doing good to their fellow men, the secret of the greatest happiness, after all, that this world can afford.

We arrived at Walla Walla about the 1st of November, and after a week's rest in the frontier mining town, where we sold our horses, we went by stage and steamboat to Portland. There we took the steamer for San Francisco.

When we landed in San Francisco, we were first-class cow-boys, dressed in skin coats and trousers, flannel shirts and belts, with knives and revolvers strapped on our waists. Our capital was 25 cents among us three. Notwithstanding our dress and our light purse, we went boldly to the Oriental Hotel (the fashionable house of that day) about nine o'clock on a fine Sunday morning. After living so long and seeing only Indian squaws, we were quite overcome by the great beauty of the ladies we saw taking their breakfasts in fine gowns. They looked like angels to us. They were very kind to us, even though we were dressed so roughly.

We knew that a cousin of Mr. Lawrence was in the city. On Monday we looked him up. He introduced us to a Mr. Redington, who, when he heard how poor we were, told me to draw on him for any sum less than $95,000 ; so I drew a fair sum and Lawrence and I outfitted ourselves with clothes, dress suits, etc., and remained to enjoy San Francisco society which was decidedly gay. Cary sailed at once for home on the steamer via Isthmus of Panama.

About this time, the telegraph was completed, and ours was one of the first messages to go over it. Our families not having heard from us for nearly a year, began to fear we had been killed by hostile Indians, and the news of our safe arrival at the Golden Gate was of course an agreeable surprise to them.

Mr. Lawrence and I visited the big trees, the Almeda quicksilver mines and gold mines. Then we started by steamer for New York via Panama. When near Cuba, we were chased by a black steamer—either the Alabama or the Sumpter—but our captain had all our lights put out, after dark, and, changed our course. Next morning our pursuer was not to be seen.

We arrived safe in New York in February, 1862.

* * *

I don't think I had a sick day all this time. The life in the open air and the constant exercise made me as hard as iron. I weighed 185 pounds, and had muscles that could not be cut with a pair of scissors.

* * *

In the spring of 1894, over 30 years after the conclusion of our trip, I was sitting in the comfortable club-house of the South Side Sportman's Club, at Oakdale, Long Island, by the big log fire, and, in course of conversation with Col. Floyd-Jones, mentioned the Rocky Mountains. He inquired when I was there. I told him when and where I crossed and that there had been a government wagon over, the year before; that we were glad to find its track every five or ten miles, to show us the way. He said, "I was with that train, a lieutenant in the United States Army." In our conversation we recalled many familiar faces and scenes.

[THE END.]

Missin' your breakfast to catch a train
Would make you feel quite vext ;
Missin' the train would swell this refrain,
But miss—in her bloomers comes next.

M. H. WRIGHT.

A CLOSE CALL FOR GENERAL SHERMAN.

LIEUTENANT J. H. SANDS, U. S. A.

IT was in the spring of '71, while I was stationed with my company, "F" of the Sixth Cavalry, at Fort Griffin, Texas, that I saw one of the saddest and most harrowing tragedies of my army experience. General Sherman, then in command of the army, was on a tour of inspection to the different posts in the southwest, and had been sojourning at Griffin somewhat longer than usual, to procure the necessary rest from a long trip over the plains.

He contemplated going from Griffin to Fort Sill, in the Indian Territory, and I had been detailed, with my company, to act as an escort to that point, starting one day later than he did, to overtake him at Jacksboro and relieve the escort he had procured previous to reaching our post. We did some excellent marching the first day and had hardly become settled in camp when a courier arrived from General Sherman, who had preceded us some 50 miles, with the information that a party of Government contractors. with supplies, had been massacred by the Indians directly on our route. We were ordered to make a forced march so as to reach the scene at daybreak. Boots and saddles soon drew us into line and after marching all night we reached the scene of the killing. And such a sight! Some 12 or 14 wagons had constituted the train. The mules had no doubt been stampeded, with the exception of several that were pierced by arrows and lay as they fell in the harness. Everything was in disorder, burning wagons and provisions were scattered over the plain for a radius of a hundred feet, while here and there, in groups, lay the bodies of the men, 14 in all, transfixed by arrows, with evidence that a reeking scalp had been torn from each head. I counted on one body nine arrows, probably the result of a desperate resistance.

The most sickening sight was of one large man who no doubt had endeavored to sell his life dearly. He had been chained to the spokes of a wagon-wheel, and after being scalped had been roasted alive as his blackened and charred body showed.

Our first duty was to bury the bodies, which we did that day. Toward evening General McKenzie, with a detachment of the Fourth Cavalry, arrived, taking up the trail of the murderers which led on to the Kiowa Reservation near Fort Sill, I. T.

Investigation proved that old "Satanta," then the head chief of the Kiowas, with a portion of his band, had done the killing. He was subsequently tried, with a sub-chief, and both sentenced to imprisonment for life. The sub-chief, en route to jail, stabbed a corporal who had them in charge, though not seriously, and was in turn shot dead by one of the escort.

Satanta served several years in close confinement but was released on good behaviour only to resume his old occupation, and another bloody path marked his raids among the settlers. He was again corralled, the "poor Indian" again receiving the unjust (?) sentence of imprisonment for life; but finally, in an effort to escape, fell from a window, sustaining injuries that resulted in his becoming a "good Indian," much to the satisfaction of the people of Northern Texas.

The site of this, one of the many horrible atrocities committed by Indians in that section, is now called "Bloody Prairie," from this massacre, and is some 50 miles southwest from Jacksboro. General Sherman often congratulated himself that he had found such pleasant quarters at Griffin, for had he started one day sooner no doubt he would have suffered the fate of the founders of "Bloody Prairie."

WHERE LEAPS THE OUANANICHE.

E. L. TIFFANY, M. D.

Deep in the forest, grim and old,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
The sunny cascade woos the bold
Into the shadows of its glen.

Weird is the secret Nature holds,
Of how that chasm vast was cleft
Down through the mountain's Titan folds,
Scatt'ring the hills to right and left.

In the swift rapids hurrying by,
Care-free the anglers gaily fish,
And patient cast the gaudy fly
Where lurks the wily ouananiche.

Can we forget it, you and I,
That sheltered nook, where, free from trouble,
On mossy bank content to lie,
We watched the whirlpool boil and bubble?

The falling water's silvery sheen,
Those tow'ring walls of rock, moss-grown,
Girt by a frame of living green;
A wondrous picture, all our own.

The envious sunbeams, peeping through
Our thatch of hemlock boughs, that made
Upon the fern leaves, wet with dew,
A thousand fleeting forms of shade;

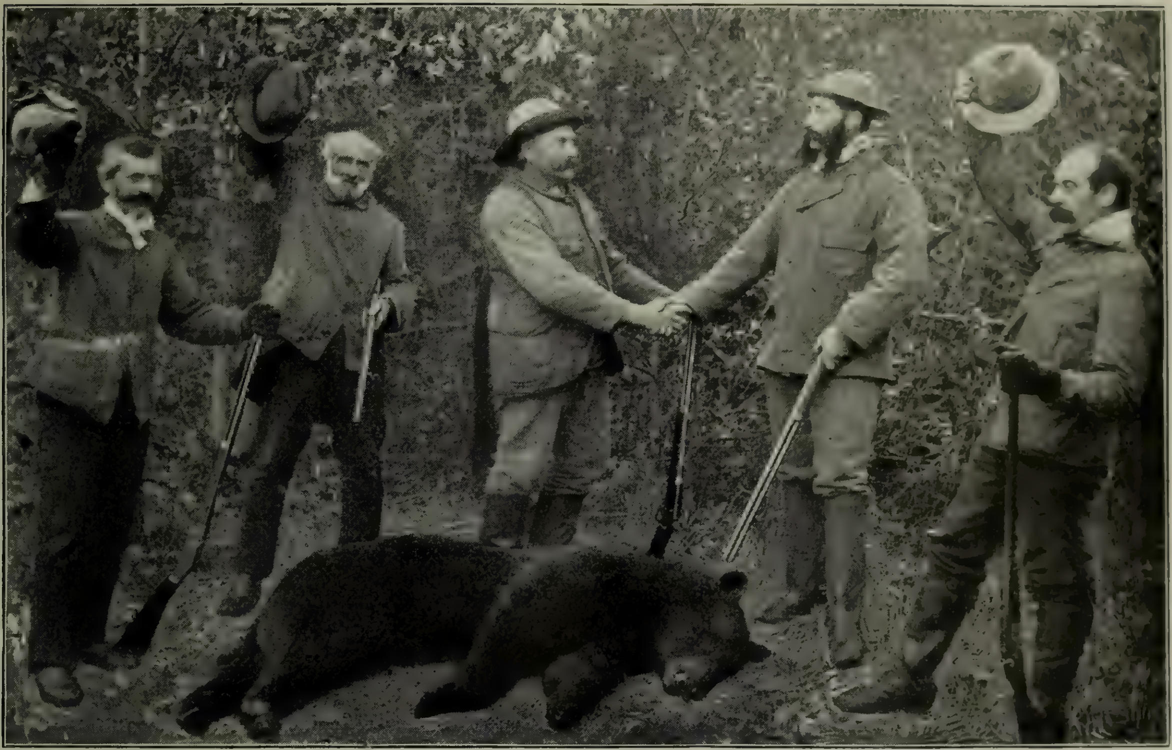
The rock that from a pine tree tall,
A muezzin from his minaret,
Sent up to Allah his clarion call;
Methinks I see them even yet.

While life shall last—and waters play
In light and shadow as of yore—
Fond mem'ries of that happy day
Will come to cheer us o'er and o'er.

As up the steeps of youth we press,
Or tread the slope of age along,
Our hearts shall never cease to bless
The sunny cascade's laughing song.

"IN BERRY TIME."

Amateur Photo by Frank E. Foster.



CHORUS OF FIVE VOICES, "I KILLED HIM, B' GOSH."

Washington, D. C.

Editor RECREATION.

I send you a photograph of some of my hunting friends in Michigan. Colonel Foote, who occupies the centre of the group, lives in Kalamazoo. Major Kelsey, who is shaking hands with him, is another good fellow, stands well in his state, was a member of the Legislature several terms, and is a lawyer by profession. Mr. Cole, who stands next to Foote, is a fine old gentleman, has had lots of experience in hunting, and tells good stories of what he has passed through in that line. Beach and Hill are good sportsmen, but I know little of them. This party goes into the woods every year, for two weeks or more, starting about the 1st of November.

CHARLES S. WHEELER.

MOUNTAIN LION, KILLED BY MR. G. B. SCHLEY, NEW YORK.

Mounted by Prof. G. Stainsky, Colorado Springs, Col.

"I TANT LIFT IT, PAPA.'

From a photograph kindly furnished by Prof. J. M. Graves, Potsdam, N. Y.

Sheridan, Wyoming.

Editor RECREATION.

I notice in the July number of RECREATION an article headed "Snobs in Business," which I know will appeal strongly to your thousands of readers, and I heartily thank my Denver friend for criticising so clearly and so justly the way in which a great many New York business men and their employees treat their customers.

A man may walk into some of these houses and see anywhere from three to six clerks standing around idle, talking and joking with one another, and the customer may have to wait several minutes before they condescend to wait on him. They will notice the style of tie he wears and will size him up generally before speaking to him. They act as if doing him a great favor in asking what he wants.

How differently the Western merchants and clerks treat their trade! How different the reception given to callers on presidents or managers of great corporations! These men always have a kind "good morning" for you however busy they may be; and when your turn comes the inquiry, "Now what can I do for you?" is so generous that it makes you feel at home. How much more agreeable it is to do business with such men, than to enter a place where you get a cold stare from everyone, from the office boy up to the head of the house! There are plenty of business houses in New York where callers receive polite and courteous attention, but unfortunately the other class is in a large and disgraceful majority. They could not be more accurately or justly characterized than in the article entitled "Snobs in Business."

I will guarantee that any man, woman or child, of whatever station in life, who calls at the office of RECREATION and inquires for the head of that Magazine, will receive a hearty welcome, and will be made to feel at home. I am an Eastern man and it makes me feel ashamed of my early associates, when I hear the reports from my Western friends and neighbors, of the treatment accorded to them by these Eastern "Snobs."

MARK R. PERKINS.

He shouldered his gun at break of day,
  Of his skill at sport he bragged,
But when he came home, the knees of his pants
  Were the only things he had bagged.

THE GREAT SPORTSMEN'S EXPOSITION.

Continued from page 87.

The Burgess Gun Company, Buffalo, N. Y., displayed a full line of its novelties. Its repeating shot gun is so well known as to need no description here. Its lightning-like action, however, attracted general attention. The magazine holds five cartridges and the chamber one. These can all be fired in less than two seconds. The folding gun is an innovation. It is intended not only for field shooting, but for use by troops, express guards and police, in close range work. When folded it may be carried in a holster, at the hip, as a revolver is carried. It weighs 5 to 6½ pounds, and carries 6 cartridges. A folding rifle is being made by this company on the same plan, and will soon be put on the market. It is destined to become a great favorite with cowboys and others who ride a great deal.

The Webster studio showed a full series of mounted specimens of game birds and animals, indicating the great skill of the secretary as a taxidermist. A register was here kept open for those who wished to become members of the Sportsmen's Association, and many names were recorded.

The Gas Engine and Power Company, Morris Heights, New York, had on exhibition two of its naphtha launches that looked so neat, so cool, so clean, so handsome, so graceful, that many a man who saw them decided to quit smoking and save up his cigar money to buy a launch with, for next summer.

Next to this stand was that of the Marlin Fire Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., who showed some rifles that might properly be classed as jewelry. Some were trimmed in oxidized silver; some were plated with gold, some with nickel and some with silver. Some were engraved with pictures of game birds, animals or dogs, and by artists who know what a game bird, a bird dog or a game animal looks like. Some were stocked in natural white woods and so beautifully finished that when you saw them you wanted to stand there and look at them an hour or two. Then there were a lot of plain, every day Marlins, built to kill things with, and that looked as if they would do it if you would only give them half a chance.

Charley Willard had charge of the elaborate display of guns, rifles and revolvers made by the Colt Patent Fire Arms Company, of Hartford, Conn., and to judge from the eager group of listeners that always "hung upon the honey of his words," has lost none of his power as a gun orator. And well he might wax eloquent, for he had a great theme—a high grade gun, an excellent repeating rifle and the only complete line of revolvers made in this country.

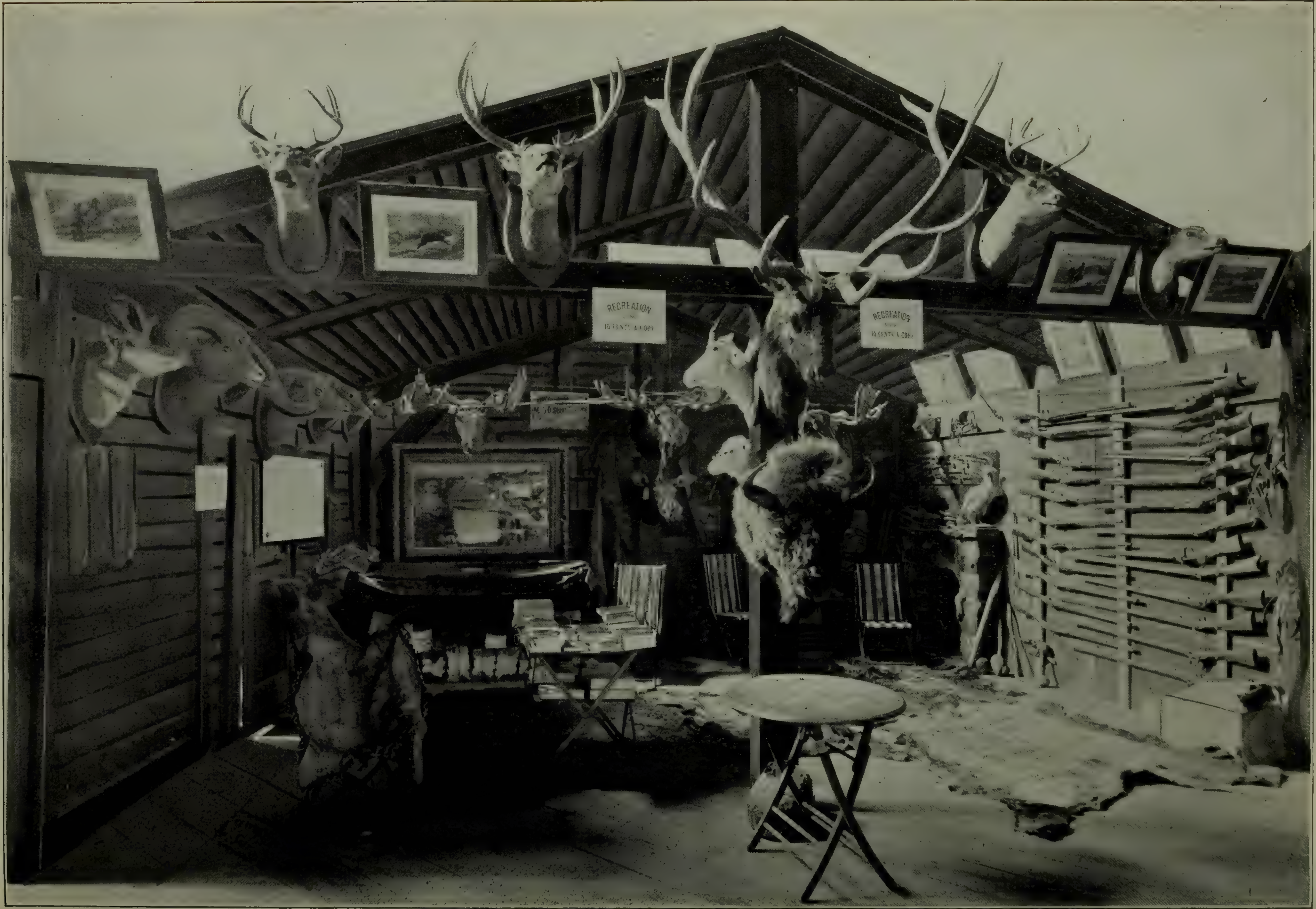
The American Smokeless Powder Company, New York and Baychester, N. Y., made an interesting display consisting of: 1. W. A. sporting powder for shot guns; 2. Rifle powder; 3. Samples of cannon powder for various guns, showing size of grain; 4. Iron and steel plates perforated with United States army bullet and W. A. rifle powder; 5. Blocks of oak perforated in a similar manner; 6. Sample patterns made with shot gun using W. A. sporting powder.

The Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, New York and Bridgeport, Conn., made an elegant display of cleaning and loading tools for shot guns, rifles and revolvers. Special prominence was properly given to the new powder and shot measure, combination loading outfits, and the improved rapid loading machine. The powder and shot measure and implements manufactured by the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company are accepted as a standard of accuracy wherever firearms are used. This house also showed the Bridgeport cyclometer, "Brooklyn" and "Simplicity" bicycle stands, "Star" lamp brackets, and other sundries.

Forest and Stream was there with an instructive and entertaining exhibit of the implements used in hunting and fishing by Mr. Adam and several of his descendants, before the Winchesters, the Marlins, the Parkers, the Lefevers, the Remingtons, Orvis, Chubb, the Hortons and others got their factories completed and ready for business F. & S. also exhibited Billy Hofer, one of the best all round guides and good fellows in the great and growing West.

And last if not least comes RECREATION'S exhibit. It consisted of a typical hunter's cabin, furnished complete, as a hunter would furnish his home. It contained heads or skins of nearly every species of big game on this continent, all of my own killing. Prominent in this collection are the heads of three bull moose and one cow moose, killed near the Lake of the Woods, in September, 1893. There is a head of a magnificent mountain sheep, killed near the head of the Similkameen river, B. C., and another killed on Mt. Chopaca, Wash., this group being completed by the heads of the female and young, both of which are rare in collections There is a head of a handsome buck antelope, killed on Flat Willow creek, Montana, at a measured distance of 362 yards. The front of the cabin was surmounted by the head of an elk, killed in the Shoshone mountains, Wyoming, and bearing one of the largest pairs of antlers ever captured in the United States. The main beams measure 56 inches, with a spread of 57 inches. The horns measure, around the burr, near the skull, 15¼ inches, and around the beam, above the burr, 12 inches.

Then there are heads of a female Rocky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MY CABIN AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

Mountain goat, and of a kid about four months old. There is a head and skin of a great buffalo bull, killed on Cabin creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone river, in 1881, from a herd which was estimated to number 200,000 This was the last large bunch of buffalo ever seen in the northwest It was practically exterminated during that year, and no other large band ever existed afterward.

On the floor of the cabin is spread the skin of a silver-tip grizzly bear, killed on the summit of a peak of the Big Horn mountains, in the autumn of 1880. With two companions I discovered this bear on an open plateau, nearly a mile away We deployed, approached him from three different directions, and I opened fire on him at a distance of about 200 yards At the shot the bear raised on its haunches, looked around and my friends fired on him at that instant. Seeing himself surrounded and between three fires, he seemed to decide not to fight and started, with race-horse speed, for the nearest canyon. Other shots were fired at him as he ran, none of which took effect. I mounted my horse and started on a race to head the bear off, but before either of us reached the brink of the canyon, the first shot, which had passed through his lungs, took effect and he died.

In my cabin were also exhibited over 60 guns and pistols, several of which have interesting and even romantic histories. Among the number is a flintlock musket which was carried in the Revolutionary war, and another was carried in the Mexican war. Still another was dug up from the bottom of the Fox river, in Wisconsin, by a government dredge boat. It is of French manufacture, and was covered with four feet of mud, which had been deposited over it by the natural flow of the river. This indicates that it had been there many years, and it is supposed to have been lost by a member of Father Marquette's expedition, which passed up the Fox river, in canoes, in the early part of the 17th century. There is in this collection an old Kentucky rifle, with a barrel nearly five feet long, which crossed the plains, over the Bridger trail in 1853, and which, if its whole history were known, could no doubt tell of many bloody tragedies. There is one of the old Sharps buffalo guns, of 50 calibre, which weighs 16 pounds, and which shoots 100 grains of powder and 600 grains of lead. This pattern of rifle, more than all others combined, exterminated the buffalo. Ninety per cent. of the old skin hunters used this arm. One of these old, long haired vandals would sit behind a bunch of sage brush, or a rock, 500 to 800 yards from a herd, and would pick off the poor creatures, one at a time, until 25, 50 or even 75 animals were killed out of the band before it would stampede. Then the hunter would follow up the band until he could get another stand, while his followers would go in and do the skinning. The stock of this old gun is sadly worn away by contact with the pommel of the saddle, indicating many years of active service.

This collection of arms includes many of the earliest breech loaders, which proved total failures in use, and which were discarded in their turn. Then there are several of the more modern breech loaders and repeaters which I have used in my hunting in the mountains and on the plains A 40 calibre hammerless Sharps has a record of 2 buffalo, 3 grizzlies, 2 black bears, 3 elk, 2 mountain sheep, 7 antelope, and 13 deer. A 50-95 Winchester has killed 3 elk, 2 grizzlies, 4 antelope, 3 mountain sheep and eight deer. A 45-90 Winchester has killed 3 elk, 6 antelope and 7 deer. A 50-110 Winchester has killed 3 moose, 1 black bear and several deer, wolves, etc A collection of pistols varies from a little vest-pocket weapon, shooting a 22 calibre cartridge and measuring less then three inches in length, up to an ancient flintlock horse-pistol of 63 calibre and measuring 17 inches in length. There are some curious "pepper boxes," a bayonet pistol, another which is handsomely and elaborately engraved and which has a folding trigger that is entirely out of sight until the hammer is raised, when it drops into position for use. Another novelty in this line has the hammer under the barrel; still another has the hammer on one side; and another is a handsomely engraved and highly finished duelling pistol, of the type formerly used by the old-time southern men.

On a bunk, in one corner of the cabin was a sleeping bag, which attracted a great deal of attention. It is made of waterproof canvas, lined with sheepskin, and so constructed that the hunter can crawl into it, button himself up and sleep outdoors in the worst blizzard that ever howled on the plains, meantime dreaming that he is sleeping on a hair mattress, in a well heated room at home. On a box in another corner of the room rested the skull of the grizzly bear that chewed up and nearly killed Ira Dodge, the famous guide and hunter of Wyoming. On the mantel, over the fire-place, was the skull of an alligator, killed in Florida. The reptile was over 12 feet long and was estimated to weigh over 300 pounds.

There are in this collection some rich and novel specimens of Indian bead work; an Indian quirt; a buckskin lariat; a horsehair rope; an old-time Mexican bit, handsomely inlaid with silver; a pair of spurs decorated with the same precious metal; a pack-strap; many curious deformities cut from trees and bushes in various portions of the great forests; a section of a birch tree, 16 inches in diameter, which was cut down by beavers, etc.

I was assisted in keeping open house by Mr M. W. Miner, one of my old-time guides and hunting companions, from Idaho. He has traveled and hunted over a great deal of the far West, and tells many thrilling stories of his experiences. He had with him a little 25-calibre Stevens pocket rifle, with a 16-inch barrel, with which, about two months ago, he killed a large bald-faced grizzly bear. Mr. Miner has written the story of the tragedy and it is printed in this issue of RECREATION, fully illustrated. I am also under obligations to my friends J. E. Thursby and Harry L Suydam, for valuable assistance in entertaining the thousands of visitors to my cabin.

You have struck the keynote in giving the lovers of outdoor life such a magazine as RECREATION. If all your readers enjoy it as much as I do your subscription list will be a remarkably large one by the end of the year.

JOHN LEASURE, Tacoma, Wash.

WHY NOT WOMEN ALSO ?

Mrs. J. W. Thew.

We realize forcibly what it is to be "only a woman," when we hear our husbands planning a hunting or fishing trip, in which we are not to participate. Our greatest consolation, in such cases, is in the promises of an abundant supply of bear meat, venison, fish, etc. Such promises we had had to soothe us in our misfortune of belonging to the weaker sex up to the first of October, when we saw our "hero" with the "protectors" of seven other disconsolate wives, start for White Fish Lake in northern Michigan.

Their first communication informed us that after a delightful trip they arrived at their destination, to find an old settler waiting at the little station to carry their baggage to the lake (a distance of six miles), while they walked through the woods; that they had pitched their tent on a beautiful little stream emptying into the lake, were spending their time looking for deer signs, and had actually seen two deer, but had nothing but fine shot in their guns, and—well here again their noble natures asserted themselves, for it seemed cruel to shoot the first they saw. But they proposed to kill the next one they saw. They were living on small game, such as grouse, squirrels, fish, etc.

Next, they have killed a fine buck weighing 150 pounds; two of them carrying it three miles through the swamps, and into camp, heroes of the day. The next letter, and that which interested us most, was a night at "shining." We can best describe it as it was written to us. "Last night about nine o'clock, Mr. S. and I, with the boy hunter for a guide to pole for us, started out along the shore of the lake to shine for deer. S. sat in the front of the boat with a dark lantern fastened to his cap; I in the middle, the boy at the end poling. The moon had just gone down behind the timber. The dark timber cast a dismal shadow far out into the lake, while the light from the lantern lit up the shore a short distance, into the radiance of which we were all straining our eyes to catch the first glimpse of the shining eyes of a deer. Our boy noiselessly poled the boat along about 20 yards from the shore for a half hour, when suddenly it stopped. I listened breathlessly and heard a splashing in the water. The boat was gently turned shoreward, and by closely looking I saw two pairs of eyes looking at our light. Another push or two, and we were ready to shoot. I worked myself around, took aim, and waited for S. to shoot. He took the one on his side and I the other. We waited about 10 seconds and bang went both guns. We could hear no sound but the echo of the guns. We quickly pulled ashore, and were about to jump out, when our guide told us to be careful, for if we had wounded a buck he would probably attack us. We landed and were soon bending over a fine deer."

Our fondest hopes were realized when they returned, having gained much in experience and avoirdupois; we having meanwhile posted ourselves on how to cook venison—and we had some to cook, no matter where it came from. Next year we purpose going along, as experience is the only thing that will convince us there is not as much recreation and enjoyment in an outing of this kind for women as for men.

LOST IN THE CHEAT MOUNTAINS.

W. L. Washington (Kildare).

FEW who have never visited that region of West Virginia which lies in the vicinity of the mysterious Cheat River, have any conception of the wildness and primitiveness of the country. For miles in every direction there are no signs of civilization. The dense forests abound in game, such as deer, bear, panthers, turkeys and grouse.

In the fall of 1891, with my friend, Jack Mannion, a jovial Irishman, I took a trip down in West Virginia to look over the country, with the combined object of hunting and of buying a piece of timber land. We closed the business side of the trip at a little town in the centre of the state, and in the wildest portion of the Cheat Mountain range. We secured the services of an old man as guide, who, although nearly eighty years old, was the equal of any young man I ever saw for tramping and climbing hills. We started early one morning, with our guns and Jack's dog, Jerry, an intelligent and comical Irish water spaniel of the Patsy O'Connor order. We were informed that we should find not only the finest of timber, but an abundance of game, large and small.

The place we had in view was about fifteen miles back in the mountains. Two ranges had to be crossed and then the top of the third mountain followed for about five miles. The old man was familiar with the country and amused us with the recital of his many adventures in the hills before the railroad had come in. His accounts of bear fights, deer butcheries and rattlesnake nests were almost blood curdling, and were so interesting that under their influence and that of the bracing atmosphere, we moved merrily along at a brisk gait until the land of promise was reached before we realized we had traveled 15 miles. It was then nearly noon, and after a short inspection of the timber, we sat down and ate our lunch.

We were resting near the top of a high monntain, where a fine view of the surrounding country could be had for miles in every direction ; and what a grand sight it was ! Not the slightest sign of the presence of man was to be seen, and as we realized what a wilderness we were in, we could not restrain a feeling of anxiety; but our guide assured us that he knew every inch of the ground and could take us out with his eyes shut.

After an hour's rest we started on to further investigate the timber. We walked until about three o'clock, during which time we crossed innumerable deer-paths and saw a quantity of small game, which we did not shoot for fear of frightening away the deer that we hoped to come upon almost any minute. I suggested that we had better retrace our steps. "Old Daddy" told us he was going to take us out by another and shorter way, so we followed obediently. About four o'clock we noticed that the old man was getting less talkative and seemed to be looking anxiously for a path that he had evidently missed ; and finally, after many denials, he admitted that he had "clean lost his bearings." To say we were mad is putting it mildly. When we gauged our appetites and found they had made an abnormal growth during the afternoon, the thought of sleeping in the mountains without food, was anything but comforting. A council of war was held and we began to rake the old man over the coals ; but he looked so old and pitiable that we spared him. As we were all in the same box, we felt sorry for him and accepted his excuses with as good grace as possible. After a ten minutes' discussion we all had different opinions as to how to get out. Jack was for following along the deer path on the top of the range until it should become too dark to travel farther, then putting up for the night, as best we could, and trying to get out the next morning.

I knew enough about the mountains to understand that such a course might lead us on for days. My plan was to go to the foot of the mountain and follow the first stream we came to, until it carried us to a larger one ; then we would soon be able to get out. The old man was so mortified that he would venture no suggestion. Finally I said :

"Well I am going down the hill. If you men want to follow, all right. I shall go alone if you don't."

I had not gone far when they called to me to wait and they would go with me. We got down in about half an hour, and struck a good sized stream which was full of the finest trout imaginable. We had shot a couple of squirrels and caught a few trout. With these we expected to make some sort of a supper when compelled to stop.

We managed to travel along the stream, which was enclosed on both sides by laurel thickets, and which was dangerous on account of the slippery rocks and the many waterfalls, the beauty of which we could not help admiring, tired and hungry as we were.

After we had traveled four or five miles along the stream, it became too dark to go farther, so climbing the hill a short distance, we camped under a large maple tree, whose extending boughs, although nearly devoid of leaves, we thought would protect us from the dew.

We worked until dark, gathering boughs and brush for a bed, and fuel to keep up a fire.

Jack had one match, and it was carefully guarded. Fortune favored us and we soon had a good fire roaring. We had commenced to feel as comfortable as our situation would admit and were regaining our good humor and spirits, when we were delighted by hearing a long-drawn "hallo-o-o-o."

Jack and I both jumped to our feet and answered, but the old man only drew closer to the fire. The call was repeated, and, straining our lungs to the utmost, we shouted, "Come down here, we're lost." Wondering at the old man's silence, we looked at him and noticed that he was crouching near the fire in terror. Not understanding the situation, and fearing he had been leading us into some trap, we demanded an explanation. The old man said :

"Boys, you're answering a painter. I saw one killed in here last fall, and its pelt measured 10 feet from tip to tip."

We did not fully realize the danger, and as we had a pretty good fire going by this time, were not much alarmed, although we were soon able to note the calls of two panthers answering each other. They gradually drew nearer to us, and soon we could hear the low growl that follows the loud call. We had only enough wood gathered to last about two hours, and the old man, in his fright, threw the entire lot on the fire, to make a big blaze to keep the "varmints" off. When we saw that something had to be done to replenish the pile, and that, too, quickly, we felt not a little nervous. Daddy declared flatly he would not move five feet from the fire to save his life ; so there was nothing to be done but for Jack and me to go after more wood.

We made the guide agree that if we gathered sufficient wood to keep up a fire till morning, he would sit up and keep the fire going. He said he wouldn't dare close his eyes with "them painters a howlin' round."

Tremblingly we walked out into the darkness, one of us carrying a burning brand in one hand, which was waved around wildly, while in the other a gun was held ready to use at a moment's notice. Working in this way for an hour and a half, we accumulated enough fallen limbs, logs, etc., as we thought, to last till morning. Then, cutting a lot of branches from the tree we were under, we fixed up a brush bed, and with our feet toward the fire, prepared to sleep.

The old man sat silently in front of the burning logs, peering out into the darkness. The sounds that greeted our ears were anything but reassuring, though we had become accustomed to them in a measure by this time. The panthers continued to call at intervals. The wild cats added their cries, and the coons, down by the water's edge, whistled gleefully.

I lay there listening and thinking for fully an hour, but could not sleep. The strange thoughts that came to me were anything but consoling. While ruminating, with eyes half closed, I was at first astonished and afterward amused, to see the old man leave his post at the fire and, after scrutinizing us for a minute, deliberately but carefully pull some of our bedding from under us and, curling himself up with his feet to the fire, settle down for a snooze. In five minutes he was snoring so loudly that the other sounds of the woods seemed as naught.

Letting him sleep for half an hour, and noticing that the fire was getting low, I nudged Jack and told him to keep quiet, and we would have some fun. Raising Jerry in my arms, I leaned over, and holding him about two feet above our sleeping guide and "guard," let him fall. Jerry weighs about 60 pounds. He fell all in a heap on the old man's stomach. With a yell, Daddy sprang to his feet, pulled a knife, and was about to start in to annihilate the "painter," when he recognized Jerry. Realizing that he had been asleep and that Jerry's actions were very unusual, he glanced toward us. We feigned sleep poorly on account of shaking with suppressed laughter. The old chap saw what was up, and, Jerry having escaped, was bound to vent his rage on something. With an oath, and uplifted knife, he sprang toward me. I jumped up and lit out in the darkness, leaving my gun. Jack had presence of mind enough to pick up both guns (the guide had no gun), and soon joined me, threatening to blow the old man full of holes if he did not throw his knife out to us. He surrendered, and we came back to the fire.

There was no more sleep for any of us that night, and this little episode had put us in a good humor all around. To our dismay it soon began to rain heavily. We moved the fire closer to the trunk of the tree where we sat, getting first one side wet and then drying it, while the other became soaked. One becomes accustomed to almost anything in time, and after a few hours we commenced to look around for some diversion. The rain had driven the most of the animals away by this time, and we had ceased to be alarmed by their cries. It was about three o'clock when Jack dropped a cartridge in the fire behind old Daddy. In a moment it went off, and the old man jumped about six feet. We asked what it was, and he said it was "the heat a bustin' them —rocks."

We treated him to a number of these explosions, which he always explained in the same way, and heaped further imprecations on "them durned rocks." Finally, a whole handful of shells was dropped in the fire behind the old chap. A series of explosions followed that unnerved him and blew out the fire, but he never suspected the cause of it. When we told him afterward, he said he "wished he'd a knowed it at the time; he'd a made it hot for us young uns."

So the night wore on. The first ray of light, about five o'clock, was hailed with delight, and we resumed our march.

After a tramp that was much shorter than we expected, our stream led us to the Cheat river, and we reached our stopping-place that day.

We ate an enormous supper, breakfast and dinner combined, and then turned in and slept the sleep of the just until the next morning.

FLY FISHING.

M. G. ELLZEY, M. D.

HE who knows not, let him understand that fly-fishing is an exquisite art, based on a concrete science. Its successful practice develops a true eye, a steady hand, a delicate touch, quick perception, close observation, ready memory, accurate knowledge of the habits of species, as they vary with local environment, and, besides all this, an extensive assortment of miscellaneous scientific knowledge. Divers romantic writers have needlessly obscured the subject with extravagant perplexities and endless fooleries. The best anglers, nevertheless, are simplest in their methods. From the hygienic point of view fly-fishing is a recreation worthy of all acceptation; healer and comforter of such as be broken in body and spirit in the rude encounters of modern life; developer of muscular volume and tone, and the strength of disused and emaciated limbs; distancer of all pathies and movement cures, itself the chief of all movement cures. To wade five or six miles down a headlong mountain stream paved with loose and slippery stones, stemming an endless succession of leaping cascades, foaming pools and strong, swift rapids; casting, now with the right hand, now with the left, under overhanging boulders and banks, and again straight away 60 feet down stream, letting fall the flies at the desired spot with unfailing precision, ever and anon bringing to landing net and creel a lusty trout—this is sport, indeed. It involves a flexibility of limb, an elasticity of muscle, an undulating ease of motion and graceful pose which, to a ballet dancer, would be worth a fortune. Consider, moreover, the surroundings. Magnificent scenery, vivified by the ever-varying play of light and shade, sunshine and shadow; the fragrance and beauty of early blossoms; the music of flowing waters; the wild, sweet melody of birds; an atmosphere pure and undefiled. Submerged in the midst of such enjoyments, ought not a sick man to be made well again? For the competent enjoyment of this queen of sports and pastimes no unusual gifts and endowments are necessary, as is the case, truly, with the great masters of the beautiful art. To become a good fly-fisher only patience, perseverance and good-sense are necessary. The same are the requisites for the good still-hunter. For the great masters of that craft, also, gifts are necessary, like those of "the grand old masters" in music, in poetry, in sculpture, in painting.

Neither in fly-fishing are expensive outfits necessary. Let everything be useful, simple and durable. In the presence of great Nature's rugged grandeur every thing for ostentation is badly out of place. Nature abhors a vacuum, and the physical embodiment of vacuity is a dude. The *sine qua non* of a fly-fisher's outfit is a good rod, and of the bait-caster's outfit a good reel. I have handled fly-rods, so styled, with which casting the fly was more laborious than splitting rails. In casting with a good fly-rod there is no consciousness of muscular effort; nor at the close of day, when all the mountain paths grow dim, any sense of weariness, nor painful soreness of wrist and forearm and shoulder. As to the material of rods, I am no enthusiast about split bamboo. A cheap rod of that description is a delusion and a snare; for just when the sport is at its best, and there is no other rod within three days journey, then that cheap bamboo will come all to pieces; and if ever, under any circumstances, that man will curse, he will curse then. Even a high-priced, well-made split bamboo is a holiday affair. The steel rods I have handled have not been satisfactory. The action of the rod in casting is almost confined to the tip, the very worst of all possible things in a fly rod. I am told, however, they have lately been very greatly improved. There seems no good reason why they may not be so perfected that, in balance and action, they may surpass all other rods, as they doubtless do now in strength and durability. Up to this hour, nevertheless, I prefer a good fly-rod of wood to any other I have handled. A combination of ash and lancewood makes a rod very effective and pleasant in action, but ash and lancewood both have the fault of sagging or bowing, in the slender parts of the rod after prolonged use. The only wood absolutely free from this grievous fault is the bois d'arc. I have a rod which I made of this wood in 1875, which I prefer to any I have ever handled, and I have, consequently, done the greater part of my fishing with it for 19 years past. Not even the tip has ever been fractured and the rod is to-day absolutely true and straight, as it was the first time it was ever put together. I have a most excellent rod of red cedar for butt and middle, and bois d'arc for tip. There is very little difference in the weight and springiness of the two woods, but the bois d'arc is much less snappy than the cedar. This is an old rod, and age has rendered the two woods so nearly the same color that few persons perceive any difference. Probably a better combination is yellow mulberry and bois d'arc. I have a rod of this sort very delightful in action.

I may, later, tell what I know about other parts of the fly-fisher's outfit.

A HALF-HOUR WITH THE QUAIL.

Dr. E. P. Kremer (Juvenis).

THE unprecedented snow storm of March, 1893, made quail very scarce in Pennsylvania the following fall, so, when I was told of a bevy of "at least thirty," it seemed the proper thing to invite friend John to go with me and investigate them.

Well, we did not find them though we worked over a large territory, and finally found ourselves in the mountain where we hoped for a grouse or two. Neither did we find them, and, returning toward our team, while going up a little ravine through which babbled a ribbon of a rill, we caught sight of my little Irish setter Lorna on the side of a bowl-shaped hollow, high up, and stiff as a poker.

"Doc., look at Lorna, I believe she is pointing." "Of course she is, but what the deuce can it be, for there is no cover?" We walked carelessly on, when suddenly up went a small bevy of quail 20 feet below the little red dog.

Quick as a flash our guns flew to our shoulders and each dropped a bird, but mine fell in such a tangle of brush that it was never recovered.

The birds had taken to a perfect wilderness of scrub oaks, where we raised a few, and also a grouse, but none were brought to bag, so we gained our team, stored Lorna and Ned in the warm straw and started for home, bewailing our hard luck and the scarcity of birds. There was considerable talk, too, of our good red dogs, for Ned was a veteran hard to beat on quail, while thirteen-months-old Lorna was a phenomenon.

About 4 o'clock the mare was jogging along some five miles from town when John suddenly pulled up and exclaimed excitedly,

"Doc! Doc! look there, right in the road."

I looked and there, not more than a dozen yards ahead of us in the road, were ten plump quail.

"Quick, get the guns out while I tie the horse." John was out in a jiffy, while the birds ran up the bank into a field as I nervously put the 16 bores together.

The moment the dogs were out of the wagon the birds rose and I marked them drop into a pasture where a slight rocky mound was overgrown with briars and a few trees.

We swung behind and around it to give the dogs the wind. Lorna was off like a cyclone with old Ned closely following.

As we rounded the mound we came upon Ned, head up and stiff as iron.

"John, Lorna has them."

"Undoubtedly; for Ned is backing;" and a few steps revealed Lorna on a beautiful point. Passing Ned, who never broke his back, we advanced upon Lorna, when the whole bevy rose and scattered.

John missed his first, which I doubled up as it went like a bullet over my head, and then turning grassed another with my left, just as a third came whirling down to John's second barrel.

"Where did they go, John?"

"Just across the road; come on."

"Go ahead, I'll be with you as soon as I get my birds;" for I never allow my dogs to retrieve during the first year.

As I climbed the fence a minute later I looked across the road in time to see Ned on a fine point, with John anxiously awaiting my arrival.

"Go on, John, don't wait for me;" and in a moment the bird was flushed and neatly dropped. By this time I was in the field, but where was Lorna? Nowhere to be seen. I was certain she crossed the road with me. As I walked up to the fence to see what had become of her, a bird rose under the bank and flying low along the fence, escaped without a shot; and there stood Lorna just as when she found the bird.

A run through the field was unproductive, and again, as we turned to the road, Lorna was missed. It was growing dark when we spied her wheeling like lightning to a point in the pasture, and, going over, we raised two birds. I dropped mine but John's kept on down along the fence as far as we could see. Starting after it both dogs trailed and trailed until the missing bird was carefully rounded up by the experienced Ned and downed by John as it quartered to his left.

"Hear them call, Doc, right up along the fence under those cherry trees. Come on or we won't be able to see before long."

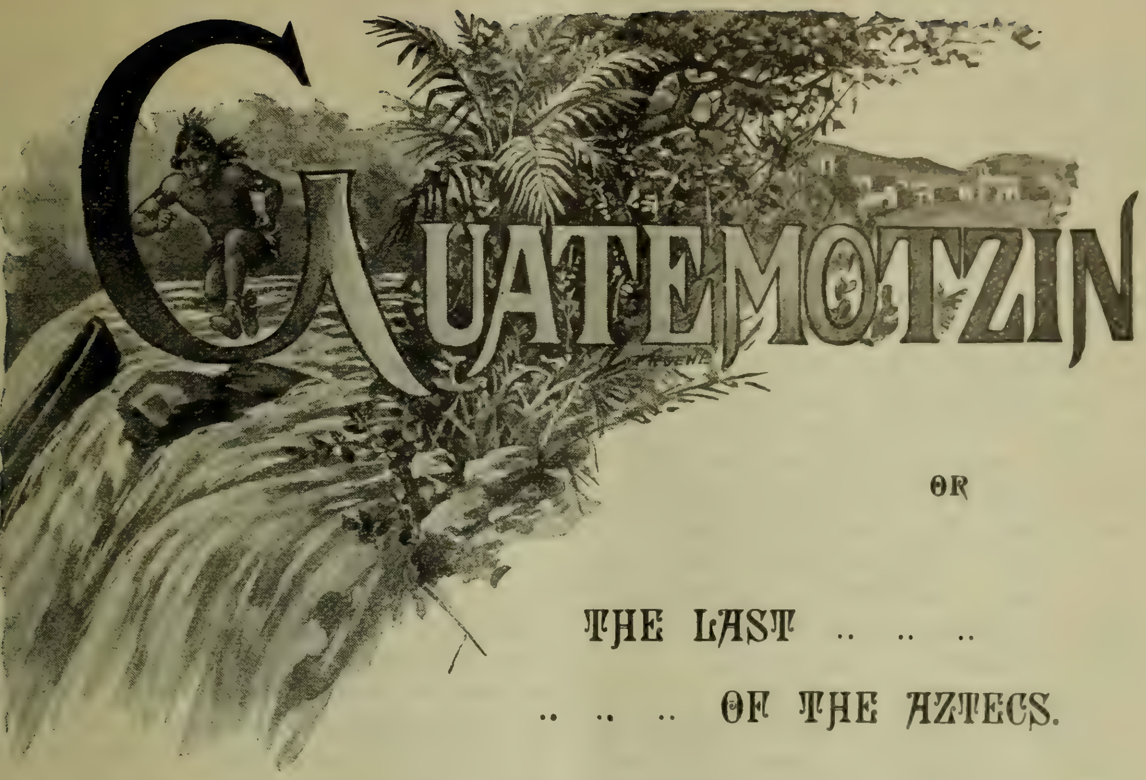
We went. Lorna pointed and I missed them. Ned pointed and John missed. Then both pointed and we both missed.

By this time the little mare had almost escaped from her hide at her efforts to get away from our cannonading (though it was wood powder), and reluctantly we turned toward the wagon and were soon homeward bound. Lighting our cigars we sped along at a smart pace and recounted as we went the magnificent work of Lorna. For it was magnificent: it was phenomenal. Though but a puppy, she behaved like a veteran, and though Ned is a "corker," John cheerfully acknowledged that he had never seen such quick, snappy, positive work by any dog in all his life as that done by Lorna.

Although my pa a jiner was,
An' kep' the nails a jinglin',
He didn't do it all, becuz
My mother did the shinglin'.

Pa said he was the whole blamed ship,
The mainstay an' the anchor;
But then I think he made a slip,
'Cuz mother was the spanker.

Boston Courier.



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J. Tucker.

Chapter VII.

ALLEN MEETS A COUNTERFEITER.

Some months passed, during which I devoted myself to the farm in a manner Steve had never done. I worked in a feverish desire to forget Steve and Jessie, and not for any love of the farm. At night, when my tasks were over, I would wander down to the old bridge and recall the incidents of the year that had wrought great changes in my life and nature. I was no longer the careless, heedless boy I had been. I cared no more for field sports and had lost all desire for a medical education. The products of the farm sold well, and I could have continued to make money if I had had the ambition to amass wealth, but my heart was dead and I had no object in life.

As the months rolled on, I became more reconciled to my lot. The bitterness that made life a burden wore away, and I could think of Jessie without the pangs that had formerly made me the most miserable of men. My love was as deep and intense as ever, but the consciousness that there was no hope kept it from burning at a fever heat. I even persuaded myself I could look upon her and Steve together without a quiver.

As the spring softened the frozen earth and I was getting ready to start the plow, I received a visit from my nearest neighbor, who made me a flattering offer to buy or lease my farm; an offer I still had under consideration.

One beautiful spring Sunday morning I dressed myself in a new suit of clothes I had ordered in town. Why I did this I would not own, even to myself; and, as I stood looking in the mirror at my rugged healthfulness, a little voice whispered, "Would you not like Jessie to see you now? Remember, she has always seen you at a disadvantage, and the present time is not unfavorable to you."

I rather liked the idea of her seeing me when my features were not convulsed with rage, my hair unkempt, when not clad in ragged shirt and trousers,—the latter supported by one brace and fastened at the waist by a hickory pin in lieu of a button.

In half an hour I was driving slowly to town, still undecided as to whether I was acting wisely in again placing myself under the influence of a love whose hopelessness had made me so unhappy. As I crossed the bridge I saw a man, about two years my senior, sitting on the coping, with his legs hanging over the stream. He was of medium size, had an open countenance, lighted by blue eyes, and a wealth of curly hair clustered about his forehead. "Just the man," I thought, "for a girl to fall in love with."

"Hallo, stranger!" he exclaimed, as I came abreast of him. "Are you going to town?"

I answered in the affirmative. "Well," he continued, "I'll go with you."

I pulled up, and as he got in the carriage, I remarked, sarcastically,

"You seem confident you have only to invite yourself to a lift, and get it."

He burst into a peal of laughter. "I go on the principle that every one desires my company. You see, my nerve is sufficient enough for a commercial traveler."

"Are you one?" I inquired.

"No," he answered meditatively, "I have not struck that line yet; I have been most everything, but just now I am a ship's purser on a furlough."

"Indeed! it must be pleasant, sailing to different parts of the world."

"Well enough, if you are in a vessel with a roving commission; but in that case there would be no money in it. I make five times the amount of my salary in smuggling, and in shoving the queer, on a regular liner."

"Shoving the queer?"

"Yes," he answered with a reckless laugh. "When I am in Havana, Cuba, Campeachy, Tuspan, Tampico, and other ports of Mexico, I buy large amounts of goods and pay for them in counterfeit money, which is so deceptive in appearance that it passes through several hands before being discovered. The goods I purchase are smuggled into Philadelphia, if possible, otherwise I pay duty."

"It must be a risky business," I remarked.

"My nature craves a certain amount of excitement, which is furnished by my mode of living. Now our last trip will give an illustration of the excitement I derive from smuggling.

"The ship's steward, a fellow by the name of Breen, and myself, decided there was a chance of running through some cigars. We purchased 40,000 Havanas, which we sewed in rubber bags. These were to be dropped over the side as we passed Indian river, or cape Henlopen, on a signal from a small yacht. If we passed in the night the signal would be three flashes of a white light, followed by a red and then a green; if during the day the yacht was to cross our bows trolling for blue fish; and if all was clear, there would be a general waving of handkerchiefs; otherwise the yachtsmen would attend solely to fishing.

"We arrived off the Delaware before falling in with the yacht, and laid our course to approach within a few hundred yards of the yacht which we saw at anchor, as the captain and crew were generally interested in these transactions. Latterly, however, so much had been confiscated, no one would enter in this venture but the steward, though all were willing in a passive way to do their utmost to make the venture a success. As we approached the yacht we waved our handkerchiefs, but no notice was taken of us.

"I wonder what they mean?" asked the steward; "can an officer be on board?"

"No," I replied. "I know every one on board and I can see into the cabin; they are all friends."

"Suppose we drop the bags overboard?"

"Suppose you do nothing of the kind," remarked the first mate. "There is a revenue cutter coming from behind the lightship."

"We turned anxiously in the direction indicated and saw a cutter coming at a gait that would land her alongside of us in a few minutes.

"It's all up, boys," said the mate, "get those cigars under cover and on the manifest as quickly as possible."

"We hurried below. I to consign the cigars to Senor Verastique, Vera Cruz, and Breen to store them in a closet in his room. We completed our arrangement and reached the spar deck as the customs officials came on board. The leader, a stout man by the name of MaGee, said, sneeringly:

"Well, gentlemen, you have not been able to purchase any fish, have you?"

"No," I replied. "When we want fish, we drop a troll overboard."

"Not baited with cigars, I hope," he answered, with a leer.

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, pretending to be indignant.

"Oh, nothing. I see a sloop out yonder fishing, and I think that perhaps they are fishing for cigars."

"A queer kind of fish to be found in these waters," remarked the mate.

"Not at all," smilingly responded MaGee; "they are sometimes found in immense quantities."

"I see," I broke in angrily. It was bad enough to be foiled in our purpose without being made a laughing-stock. "You are bent on picking a quarrel with us; well, sir, you can have it just as soon as you wish."

"I believe," he answered, "I have spoiled a little game here, but I am performing my duty, just as you would do if you were in my position. It is the fortune of war and we will not bandy further words about it. Where is your manifest?"

"Below," I responded, sullenly.

"Very well." He turned to his assistant who had stood quietly by, "Tom! I will go below and look over the manifest, while you search the ship."

I led the way to my office followed by MaGee, Breen, and the mate. After handing the manifest to the official I threw myself on my berth and waited the inevitable. MaGee slowly read down the paper until he came to the entry, when a prolonged whistle indicated his satisfaction. He fairly beamed at me as he peered over the top of his spectacles.

"Well," he said. "It's too bad; 40,000 cigars. Do you know?" he went on in a confidential sort of way, "that if I were an expert in chirography, I should say this entry was made within the hour. The ink is not yet dry."

"What are you going to do about it?" I inquired, gloomily. "The entry is there, and there is no attempt at smuggling."

"Where are these cigars?"

"In the steward's room."

I led the way to the steward's room and indicated the closet containing the cigars. MaGee opened the closet, counted the boxes, and remarked that as they were consigned to Vera Cruz he would be obliged to put the seal of the Custom House on the closed boxes.

I sullenly assented and moodily watched the proceedings. As MaGee finished, Breen said. "Of course, we bear you no resentment for doing your duty, Mr. MaGee; in proof of which I wish you to join me in a glass of fine old Madeira I obtained from a Spanish mail steamer in the gulf."

"With all my heart," responded MaGee, heartily, setting down the wax taper and seal on the table.

"I'll be hanged if I drink with him," I replied, observing Breen frantically shaking his head in the negative behind the officer's back, and pointing to the table.

"Well, if you want to sulk, we can do without you," said the steward. "Come to the saloon, MaGee, and I will give you a drink of a choice brand of the captain's Madeira."

"All right," responded MaGee, who was an old toper and whose failing Breen was aware of. As MaGee and the mate followed the steward into the saloon that adjoined Breen's stateroom, I hurriedly seized the wax, plunged it into the flame of the taper I had lighted, and dropped huge globules upon some writing paper. I had taken a dozen impressions of the seal before I heard Breen talking in a loud voice. I hurriedly hid the impressions under a pillow and threw myself into the bunk. MaGee entered, followed by the steward, who was talking loudly.

"You miserable old carcass!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to deny me a thousand cigars after swilling my Madeira? By the great horn spoon, I wish it had burned your leathery old throat."

"Now, look here," replied MaGee, taking his seal and turning on the steward, "if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head I'll have you arrested for bribery."

"I suppose you have witnesses to prove you are not trying to force us to give you a thousand cigars," I sarcastically replied; but you must remember those cigars are regularly entered on the manifest and consigned to Vera Cruz."

"Yes, and I will take good care that they go there, if I am obliged to have the whole coast under surveillance from here to Florida."

"You have done your worst." I retorted. "Now get out of here and leave us in peace."

"After looking at the seal he left the stateroom. Breen and I burst into a peal of laughter that caused MaGee to peer in and say:

"You have cause for laughter, gentlemen, if 40,000 cigars are a subject of mirth."

We arrived at Philadelphia the next morning and proceeded to unload. I made arrangements with a truck driver to deliver our cigars to their destination. Each day we would break the seal, abstract 5,000 cigars and replace the broken seal by softening the back of one of the impressions, applying it over the string and lock. It was impossible to tell that the seal had been tampered with. Twice each day MaGee examined the seal, when we made it so hot for him that he left the stateroom as soon as duty permitted.

In this manner we contrived to get the 40,000 to our consignee and eventually proceeded down the river with MaGee on board. He now importuned us for a few cigars, which all hands were puffing, for on this occasion discipline was lax. Finally, opposite Cape Henlopen, the cutter ranged alongside and MaGee came to the stateroom door and said:

"Boys, that seal is of no further use and you may break it. If you will not give me some cigars, will you sell me a box?"

"I am sorry to say I have only sufficient for home consumption," I said, biting the end of a fine Henry Clay.

"Nonsense!" replied the officer. "You have 40,000 cigars in that closet."

"Is that so?" I responded. "Well, if I have 40,000 cigars you may open the closet and take a box."

"Thank you," replied MaGee with alacrity, pausing a moment to inspect the seal; then taking hold of the end of the string he tore it off. I threw him the key, which he inserted into the lock and opened the door. Of course there were no cigars there.

"With peals of laughter, Breen and I threw ourselves into each other's arms and danced hilariously, shouting in chorus, "Outwitted!"

With face suffused with rage he shook his fist at us and cried——

"I'll have you prosecuted as sure as my name is McGee." As he ascended the side of the ship I handed him a handful of cigars. "To show I have no ill feeling, McGee," I said. He took them with the remark, "You outwitted me this trip, but expect no mercy when I catch you again."

As my companion finished his story I laughed heartily. We were now near the city and I was about to whip up, when just ahead I spied Jessie and her father. They were hurrying along as fast as the feebleness of the old gentleman permitted. The tolling of the church bells told me they had wandered farther than they intended and were now late for service; there was a nervous intensity in their stride that indicated their anxiety.

Pulling up sharply, I directed my companion's attention to the couple and said:

"Those people are dear friends of mine, with whom I am not on speaking terms. The gentleman is a minister and is late for church. I am going to get out and I desire you to do me the favor to surrender this carriage to them and request them to leave it under the shed, in the rear of the church. Promise me you will not allow them to know that they are indebted to any but yourself, as I would rather die than have them know I sent you."

"Very well," he replied, as I alighted, "wait a moment and I will walk into town with you."

"No! I am going a route you would not care to take; in fact I am going over the field to their church, and wish to get there first."

"All right; good-bye. By the way, to whom have I been indebted this morning?"

"Allen Olney."

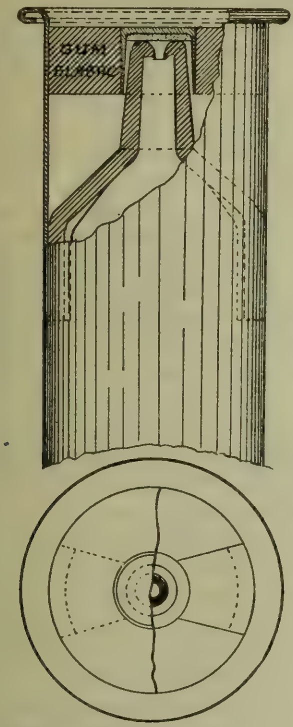
With a nod he drove off and I sprang over a fence to make a short cut to the church.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GENESIS OF THE METALLIC CARTRIDGES.

CAPT. PHILIP READE, U. S. A.

In 1886 George W. Morse patented a movable base cartridge. The rear end is closed by a flanged-headed reinforce cup which enters into the case for a distance not exceeding a quarter of an inch. This is driven into the rear end of the unexpanded case water tight, or just as the percussion primer fits in its cap pocket. Its front edge is covered and packed with a rubber ring about one-twentieth of an inch thick. At first, this rubber ring was cut from machine-drawn rubber tubing; afterwards, it was moulded. "Nothing does so perfectly as rubber," says Mr. Morse. "My model cartridges were prepared by hand tools, constructed by myself. All of my models are roughly made; I have not the means to perfect these devices."



THE METALLIC CARTRIDGE INVENTED IN 1856 BY GEORGE W. MORSE OF MASS. PAT. 1858

On June 17, 1885, General S. V. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., directed the commanding officers of Frankford Arsenal, Penn., to convene a board to consist of Lieutenants MacNutt and Baker and Mr. Gill, master armorer, to examine and try the Morse sliding base, rubber, gas-check brass, also copper, movable base cartridges. The inventor called them, "The Morse movable-base cartridges." Some were brass cases with copper bases; some were brass cases with brass bases. They were tested in competition with Frankford Arsenal copper shells by J. E. Carr.

As a result, Mr. Morse asked to have his cartridges "submitted to any test that human skill could devise." The tests lasted for twelve months. The Arsenal trials included the dry metal tests—trying to break the case in the gun; trials to ascertain the best length and forms of movable base; strength of cap pocket; trying different methods of crimping the shell to hold the ball; trying annealing the mouth of the case to prevent splitting; covering many thousands of fires, sometimes 200 rounds from a single shell—all done without care or regard to the extraction of the shell.

No instance occurred where the gun failed to extract the whole case when opened, whether it had been resized before firing or not. The firing of a single Morse shell in the same gun without resizing was carried to over 100 rounds without injury.

On May 27, 1886, the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., General Benet, notified Mr. V. D. Stockbridge, attorney for Mr. Morse, that the merits of the Morse cartridge had impressed him so favorably, after Departmental trial, that he had ordered 1,000,000 of them made for issue to the Army for thorough trial in the hands of troops during the ensuing summer. He stated that "vulcanized rubber has been found to stand the test of time in connection with tinned brass cases charged with powder and ball;" and added that "some had been brought to his attention that had been stored at the National Armory for about 25 years and the cartridges were in apparently as good condition as when first stored away." These Morse cartridges are thus officially certified to as having been made in 1861-'2 in the United States. Gen. Benet knew that Geo. W. Morse was the original inventor of the primed, expansive, metallic-cartridge system of breech-loading fire-arms, patented Oct. 28, 1856; of long practical experience, and that his inventions were valuable to the military service. He, therefore, encouraged and aided him for many years; but just as in 1879, when company commanders diversely reported on the Winchester cartridge, also as when, in 1867-'8, differing opinions were held by the troops regarding the relative merits of the Spencer and Remington rifle systems; company commanders could not agree, and the Morse movable base cartridge was abandoned. Mr. Morse died a few years ago, and his last patented cartridge is now forgotten.

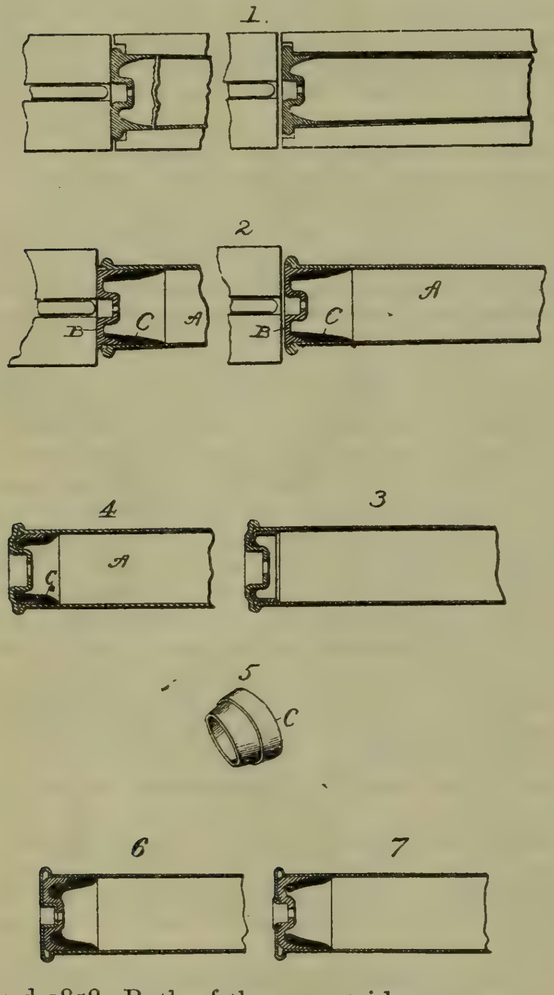
Morse published a pamphlet in 1886 regarding his movable base cartridge with resizing and reloading tools. In it he says: "The Morse system embraces all firearms which use the modern metallic cartridge case as an obturator or gas check, by whatever name such guns are known—infantry arms, repeating or magazine guns, and machine guns. All are based upon the same principles which were first set forth in Morse's patents, Nos. 15,995 and 15,996, dated October 28, 1856.

The first cartridge cases were made of lead and its alloys. (See Morse's models, patent above mentioned.) Some of these cases were riveted to solid iron heads, like the Hotchkiss cartridge; others had heads fastened to the case with an eyelet, like the Boxer cartridge;

while others were made of continuous metal, like the U. S. Frankford Arsenal cartridge. This metal was admirably adapted to this use, being ductile. * * * * It was soon found that very thin brass or copper, drawn up like thimbles, would answer the same purpose as the lead, and better protect the charge from rough handling, and also that the objection to the use of a special primer required for Morse's first cartridge must, if possible, be removed.

This caused the invention of Morse's cartridges, tried at West Point, N. Y., in 1857 and 1858. Both of these cartridges were provided with movable bases. Morse's cartridges, patented in 1858, answered all the purposes of the large-bored guns *then* in use, but when he tried them lately (before making his present invention), for the long range small-bored guns, they failed.

The Morse Cartridge, Patented 1886.



That was the primary cause of his invention patented in 1886

When the Government again took up this system in 1866, a rim-fire, folded head cartridge was adopted for trial. Under the pressure of a service charge, the thin cartridge heads ruptured and failed.

This caused the adoption of the solid head Frankford Arsenal service cartridge which is substantially Morse's cartridge (patent No. 15,996, Oct. 28, 1856, figure 4), reduced one-third in diameter and double in length, using mostly twice as much powder.

Considerable ingenuity is displayed in Appendix 13, report of Commandant of Frankford Arsenal, published on page 112, report of the Chief of Ordnance, 1882, in endeavoring to account for the cause of the rupture of the service cartridge in the chambers of the rifle.

Why does not the same cause rupture Morse's shell? Out of many thousands of trials, not a single rupture of the case has occurred. At one single trial to test the relative value of copper and brass, ten of Morse's cartridges were fired some 200 rounds each and the cases did not fail in a single instance

The new Morse cartridge is a thin-cased one, has a movable base and a rubber thimble; it is practically indestructible. The 1886 cartridge like those patented by Geo. W. Morse in 1858—the first metallic cartridges ever made at the Frankford Arsenal—see Ordnance memoranda, No. 14, 1873, plate 1—is open at both ends and may be drawn in tubes of any length which economy of manufacture may dictate, and made only thick enough to protect the charge from rough handling, moisture, etc. Its rear end is closed by a flanged-headed reinforce cup carrying a priming packet. This cup enters only a short distance into the case, say from 10 to 25 hundredths of an inch, having its front edge as near to a knife-edge as may be consistent to manufacture.

On June 8, 1858, the Washington, D. C., *Union*, published a letter from George W. Morse, replying to the attacks made by the press on breech-loading fire-arms, in which he said:

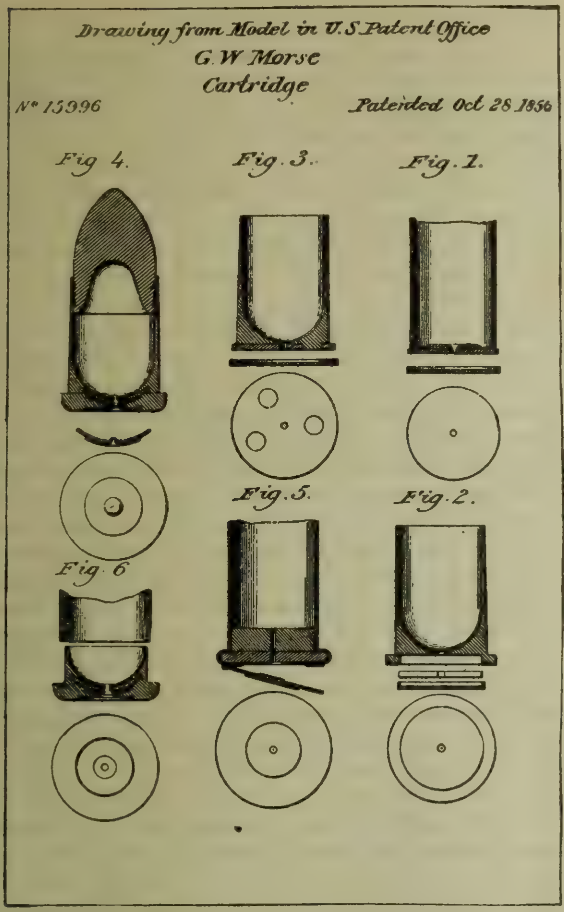
"The opposition to breech-loading is short-lived; the day is near at hand when ramrods will be as obsolete as matchlocks."

The prediction was verified. Breech-loading fire-arms had been known for centuries. The first fire-arms ever made were breech-loading. That is to say, the charge was inserted into the rear end of an open-ended tube, which was closed by such means as could then be applied. As an improvement upon this original system, the muzzle-loader was produced. That is to say, a tube was permanently plugged or closed at one end, and the charge was inserted from the muzzle end thereof.

This was done because of the supposed impracticability of making a gas-tight joint between the rear open end of the tube and the breech-closing device.

The United States Ordnance memoranda, No. 8, 1870, page 7, says:

"The successful invention of the self-primed metallic-case cartridge has greatly simplified the construction of breech-loading fire-arms. Prior to its introduction and use, the prevention of the escape of flame through the breech-joint was of difficult, if not impossible, achievement, and complicated arrangements of breech mechanism had to be resorted to, with, at best,



unsatisfactory results. The metallic cartridge overcomes this difficulty. * * * * So important an element is it that it may be said that with a perfect cartridge the most indifferent breech arrangements can be used with safety and efficiency."

Under Act of Congress, June 12, 1858, and Ordnance Board, August 3, 1858, Geo. W. Morse licensed the Government to alter 2,000 muskets or rifles and 1,000 carbines according to a pattern furnished by him to the Government. This license included all of his patent privileges.

Mr. Morse subsequently accepted an appointment from Bishop Polk in the Tennessee State Armory; his step-son, formerly a cadet in the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., entered the military service of the so-called Southern Confederacy and was appointed Aide-de-Camp to General Polk during the period of our civil war.

In 1870, Morse was refused an extension of his patent of 1856, by Mr. Duncan, Acting Patent Commissioner. Between September 13, 1858, and February 11, 1860, the U. S. Ordnance Department paid him $18,000 for his royalties and patents. On November 9, 1873, the Examiner-in-Chief, U. S. Patent Office, recommended a refusal of his application for an extension. Report No. 1, House of Representatives, 45th Congress, 3d Sessiou, December 5, 1878, is a report from Mr. Pollard from the Committee on Patents recommending the passage of House Bill No. 5,332 based on the memorial of George W. Morse, original inventor of the modern metallic-cartridge breech-loading system of fire-arms and ammunition adapted to their use. It was partly based on the testimony of V. D Stockbridge. On March 1, 1879, in the U. S. Senate, Mr. Wadleigh, from the Committee on Patents, reported adversely on bill 1,434 to pay Morse $25,000. with a contingent infringement suit for $891,000.

In George W. Morse's patent No. 15,996, dated October 28, 1856, Washington, D. C., I find the following :—"When the gun is fired, the back part 'f' (back end of the cartridge case) swells out and seals the breech joint; the part 'b,' the head, resists the hammer blow; the disk 'c' or 'k' (percussion primer), together with the after part of the cartridge case, is driven back against the breech-piece, and being broader than the percussion pin, or the aperture for the passage of the pin through the sliding breech-piece, seals around it, so that the more forcibly the cartridge recoils, the more securely is the vent sealed.

"Finally, the part 'b' (cartridge head), remains unchanged and allows the cartridge case to be automatically withdrawn from the gun. If a primer fails to fire, another can readily replace the one failing."

The Frankford Arsenal service cartridge case and all others made since October 28, 1856, no matter how primed, have operated in the gun substantially as above mentioned by Mr. Morse, whether it be in a machine gun, magazine, or repeating fire-arm, or a military rifle.

This invention of Morse's is the basis of his claim to the paternity of the primed metallic cartridge system of breech-loading fire-arms. It was used by Major W. H. Bell, Ord. Dept., U. S. A., at the Washington Arsenal in March, 1857. The Morse metallic cartridge was then a short cartridge case suitable for the large calibre military guns then in use.

In 1855, Morse filed in the United States Patent Office papers descriptive of a tube to resize the cartridge cases after firing. On June 9, 1885, Morse addressed a communication to the Chief of Ordnance, U. S. A., describing his inventions and his claims.

Some of Morse's metallic cartridges, loaded in 1860 at the National Armory at Springfield, Mass., having their rear ends closed by perforated rubber wads—Morse's patent No. 20,727, dated June 23, 1858—were fired in 1885-'6 and proved to be in as good condition as when first stored away. In the language of the inventor: "No limit of the life of a main shell of the cartridge has yet been found."

George W. Morse was a native of Massachusetts. He married and settled in Louisiana long before the war of 1861. In 1856 and 1858 he procured patents in the United States for improvements in breech-loading fire-arms and cartridges. John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, interested himself in his behalf, and in 1858 a bill was passed by Congress appropriating $25,000 to provide for the manufacture of arms under said patents. Of that sum $13,000 was paid to Morse for the right to manufacture a certain number of arms, and machinery for their manufacture was set up at Harper's Ferry, Va. When the civil war began Morse employed that machinery in the interests of the Confederates. Adhering to the Confederacy, he registered and patented his inventions at Richmond.

MONGOLIAN PHEASANTS.

London, Ont.

Editor RECREATION.

I can sympathize with your Tacoma friends in their attempts to raise Mongolian pheasants. I was there some years ago, and found them the hardest birds to raise I had ever seen or heard of. My first year I only raised four; the next, 10; third year, 40 out of 45 eggs, except one or two that met with accidents, and now I can safely count on raising 90 per cent. of all that hatch out.

Mr. Eberts must have had daisies to lay, if three hens laid 300 eggs. He ought to keep that strain, as I think from 50 to 60 eggs is the most I ever heard of being laid by one hen. But then the air of Washington may be good for large strings of eggs, and such. Mr. T. Alling has a herd of pheasants I should like much to see, or to have some of them, *i. e.*, the copper kind. I have heard of many, and know there are many, but copper ones beat the books. Could he send us a few copper feathers?

I would suggest to any breeder of pheasants to send to Upcatt Gile, Strand, London, England, for a book entitled, "Pheasants for Amateurs," by Horn, and he will find the best of instruction. Meantime, I will tell your readers of my method.

Always choose light-weight, quiet hens for mothers. The eggs should be hatched in a box at least six inches high all around, so that the young birds cannot get away from the mother, as they will get up and run as soon as they are out of the shell, and if there is any place as big as a mousehole that they can get into they will hide. If they get cold they die. I leave them in this nest for 24 hours, then I place them with the hen in a coop, about three feet by two feet, with one side wire netting, one-half inch mesh. Then they have no chance to stray away from the nest or their mother. I feed the hen with plenty of corn, and give the young birds some custard, which I make in the following way: Say for 12 chicks, take 2 eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls of milk; bring the milk to a boiling point; then add the eggs, well beaten up, and boil till the whole is quite dry. Be careful not to allow it to burn. When this is cool, I give about a teaspoonful at a time till the young birds begin to know the call of the mother; for if you give more, the old hen, when no attention is paid to her call, will eat the food herself. By giving a small quantity every hour or so, for the first two days, the little fellows will begin to feed. I also place in the coop a short clover sod, which they will pick over. I feed in this way for two or three days; then add a little of Spratt's game meal, with fine chopped lettuce, and so on—more meal and less custard.

I give seeds, as crushed hemp, millet, canary seed, wheat about the second week, and gradually leave off the soft feed, except that two or three times a week I give the Spratt's meal and cristle. Till they are four or five weeks old, after the first week, I give some of Spratt's cristle, or, if not that, I cultivate maggots from beef-heads, etc., which I keep in bran for 24 hours before feeding. Be careful and not give too many, as they may scare the young birds. As soon as the chicks know the mother's call, I take them out of the coop and place them in a small open pen, on a freshly cut grass plot. This pen is made about two feet by three feet, with ten-inch band for three sides, the top of half-inch mesh wire netting. The open end fits on a small covered box, where they can be closed up at night or in wet weather. It is necessary that till the birds are four weeks old they shall not be exposed to rain or damp. After being in this enclosure a day or two, I draw the box back about 1½ inches, so that the young birds may get out; but the hen is kept shut up. They can then get on the grass and pick up flies and insects, of which they are very fond.

When about two months old it will be necessary to either put the birds in large pens or cut their wings, for they will want, as soon as evening comes, to fly up to roost in trees, where they are in danger from cats. Always close up pheasants about 5 P. M., or they will take to trees or roofs of houses for roosting-places.

I would advise placing the young birds with the mother in the coverts when about six weeks old, as they will stay with the hen and it will be possible to feed them all the season till they are strong enough to take care of themselves.

The English authorities are divided on the subject of watering the young birds. Some say, "give;" and some, "don't give." I have tried both plans and have been successful, so I think it is much more humane to give them the water, which I do in shallow dishes with small screens over them to keep the birds from getting wet. If there was nothing in the dish but water, the little things would sit down in it and get chilled.

DR. J. S. NIVEN.

MR. S. L. CROSBY, taxidermist, Bangor, Me., gives the following instructions for skinning and cleaning big game heads:

> Start at the back of the neck and, keeping the point of the knife under the skin, edge up, divide it in a circle all around the neck, being careful to keep well down to where the neck joins the shoulders.
>
> Never split the skin on the under side. Open it on a straight line along the back of the neck to a point between the ears. Then make a V-shaped cut to the base of each antler. Cut off the ears close to the head and pry the skin away from the base of each antler. Skin down on each side and over the forehead until you reach the eye. Be careful in skinning the eye not to cut the lid, and be sure to get to the bottom of the eye-pit and sever the skin from the bone. Continue on down over the nose and detach the skin from it. Now pare off all the flesh you can from the base of the ears and end of the nose, and your skin is ready for a liberal dose of fine salt;

when it absorbs it put on more and let it dry in the shade, or, better still, smoke it a little. Never stretch the skin out and tack it, nor hang it up by the nose.

Now your skin is taken care of, clean all the meat off the skull, dig out the brains, and be sure to clean and save the under jaw, as it is necessary in mounting the head. When it is possible to get your heads out without skinning, I prefer to have them that way; but by following these instructions I can guarantee you a fine job.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

Fort Resolution, Great Slave Lake,
April 29th, 1895.

Editor RECREATION.

Yours of the 25th Sept. last, reached me on the 12th of March; so you see I am far away from the post-office—850 miles. I cannot go every morning before breakfast and get my mail, as you do. This letter of yours came all this distance by dog-sledge, with the Hudson Bay Company's packet, which weighs sometimes 400 pounds to start with, dogs and men being changed at every fort. It is carried in this manner away up to the Arctic ocean down the great Mackenzie river, over 1,900, miles. I should like to write you often but it is rather difficult at present for this reason. As soon as this lake opens out so that I can navigate, I must cross and go down the Mackenzie river to look after some mines, cross over the Rocky Mountains in the arctic circle, some time in July, and go down in the great Yukon valley mining-district where I have been once before.

I have had wide experience on the frontier and in the West. I started out from New York State, my home, when but a small boy, 20 years ago last summer. Hunted the buffalo on the plains in early days, had plenty of trouble with the Indians, and am still on the frontier. Have been over here three years collecting specimens. That is how I came to get the wood buffalo I sent home last summer. Have also hunted and trapped lots of fine furs. I sold them at Edmonton, Alberta. I traveled nine months, on snow-shoes, to kill my wood buffalo. They are very wild and scarce. I started from Chipewyan the 27th of July, 1893, went up Peace river about 70 miles with my boat, loaded with a two years' supply of provisions. I built my cabin on the banks of the Peace river, which flows down toward the Arctic. This is the southern limit of the wood buffalo. Their range is from here north to Great Slave lake, about 200 by 300 miles in area, and the country is very swampy. You cannot travel over it in summer. The buffalo are hunted only in winter, on snow shoes. They live in brushy and marshy places. In winter they feed on the tall grass that lies under three to four feet of snow. They root or nose about in the deep snow and keep fat all winter. The one I got was an old bull and a very large one, 10 feet long and 8 feet around the brisket. There were seven in the herd and all ran in different directions when the first shot was fired, throwing the snow so thick around them that it was hard to see them.

If I don't lose your address I may write again when I am settled in the Yukon country. I have 1,700 miles to go next summer all alone in a small boat, and a good many rapids to run. Am not living at Fort Chippewyan this winter. Have moved to a point 312 miles north from there.

JOHN C. HATCH.

Ten Sleep, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION.

Your attack on the skin-hunters of Wyoming meets approval in all quarters, but conversant as you are with the mountains in this State, you must understand how utterly impracticable it is to protect game with anything less than a small army. I believe that the only way to preserve the game, here or elsewhere, is to make every settler or resident land-owner personally interested in the work.

As the laws stand at present, the majority of ranchmen feel that they are aimed at them, for the benefit of the rich city sportsmen.

When you say to a ranchman, "You can't eat game, except in season," you make him a poacher, because he is neither going hungry himself nor have his family do so. No one appreciates better than he the benefits that accrue from well-stocked streams and forests; but the bulk of all game is in new countries being settled by men who have been pioneering all their lives. Most of them are poor—none rich, and the importance of wild meat, to help out their meager larder, cuts no small figure in inducing them to the frontier.

I am personally acquainted with more than one family who would almost starve but for the game. I heard one remark a few days ago:

"I hate to kill a doe, now, but a fellow can't see his children hungry and I can't find a buck."

If laws are made prohibiting such people from killing for the table they at once become enemies to that law; whereas, if they were allowed to kill for their necessities they would value the game enough to preserve and spare all the females possible. Laws are useless unless enforced, and no one but actual settlers can enforce them. They will not do so, as long as the laws injure them.

I know a family that has consumed eight deer in eight weeks. Seven of those eight were does, and each would have had two kids. Put that family down for 22 deer in eight weeks and then ask where the game is going?

It was a case of sheer necessity that compelled the man to kill the game; but, do you suppose that after having to break a law he is going to prevent someone else from doing the same, even if the other fellow takes only the hide? No, sir; and until the law allows settlers to supply their own tables you never can enforce it in a country so vast, rugged and wild as the mountains of Wyoming.

A. NIMROD.

New Whatcom, Wash.

Editor RECREATION.

I have, since June 9th last, made two trips to the Slate Creek Mining District, 125 miles from here, 118 of which I made on foot. I am interested in some mining property up there, which accounts for these long tramps. Our camp was within one-half mile of the summit of Crater Mountain, just over the divide from the Methow District. The day after my departure for home, two of the boys started out on a prospecting trip and took a rifle along, thinking they might see a bear. The first night they camped in a pretty basin at the foot of Crater Mountain and three miles from our camp. They had just finished dinner and were smoking, when, on looking across the creek, they saw two cinnamon bears about 75 yards distant and entirely unconscious of the presence of the camp. Mr. McKay, who had the rifle (a 38-55 Winchester), killed them both with three shots. While they were skinning these a black bear came sauntering along and McKay added him to his bag, making three in five minutes.

The two cinnamons weighed about 400 pounds each, while the black weighed about 350 pounds. I saw the hides 10 days later, and they were all in good condition. One of the other boys was out a few days before this and ran up to within 50 feet of a monster silver tip, but unfortunately had left his rifle in camp. The bear's tracks, as well as those of several others, were seen later, in that locality, but their hides being poor, it would have been useless to kill them, except for meat, and they had plenty in camp. Goats are plentiful on that range, as well as mule deer.
J. S. STANGROOM.

Seattle, Washington, July 20, 1895.

Editor RECREATION.

The season in this State opens on the first day of August, and sportsmen are anticipating large bags of game in consequence of the exceptionally early and dry spring on Puget Sound this year. Late spring rains have been a destructive feature in feathered game preservation here for several successive seasons.

Two members of that fraternity known as "market-hunters" were dealt summary justice last week in this city for marketing young mallard ducks and grouse out of season.

Two restaurant-proprietors to whom they sold their bags were also arraigned. Each plead guilty and was fined $10 and costs.

This is the first conviction obtained in the courts here within the recollection of sportsmen. May others follow.

Local sportsmen are agitating the advisability of organizing a "State Game Association," having for its primary object the detection and prosecution of such offenders as the above. A meeting has been called to take initiatory steps.

Local dog-fanciers are exceedingly desirous of revivifying the Seattle Kennel Club, and if persistence and organized effort will accomplish it, they purpose to hold a show next year. An effectual barrier for the past two years has been inability to raise the necessary $500 in cash premiums exacted by the American Kennel Club, of which this club is a member.

RECREATION is filling "a long felt want" in this locality.
C. B. YANDELL.

Since I last wrote you a rich gold field has been opened to the world at the head of the Methow and "times" are very lively. I suppose 500 men are in there by this time. It is good for business, but the game will be driven farther back. Still, I think it might repay you to try your luck in the land north of the "strike." GUY WARING.

Several bunches of elk have been seen lately; sage chickens are almost full grown and are plentiful. People on the mountains report deer everywhere.
JAMES FULLERTON, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

A swan with four claws on each foot was killed at Clark's Fork, Idaho, on the Pend d'Oreille river, and was mounted by J. W. Withers of Spokane. It was a male bird, weighed 26 lbs. and had a spread of 7 ft. 4 in.

You can not make any mistake as to snipe now. They are here. One thousand weakfish were caught by my guests last Sunday.
M. S. HUNGERFORD, Lanoka,
Ocean Co., N. J.

Valentine, Neb., is in the midst of one of the finest hunting and fishing regions in the West. Small game abound in the sand hills and trout fishing is good.
JAMES MCKENNA, Ruthven, Iowa.

Sportsmen who have visited the Massachusetts coast in quest of shore birds do not make flattering reports. A few good bags have been made, but all agree that thus far the flight is small.

From Glendon and Iowa Falls, Ia., come reports that hundreds of young prairie chickens are being killed in open violation of law. It is rather late in the day for such work to be permitted in any thickly-settled country.

E. L. Dolittle, of Menominee, Wis., has been appointed a game warden for his district. He is said to be an ardent sportsman, which of course means that he is in favor of a strict enforcement of the game laws.

An interesting collection of photographs was exhibited, the latter part of the month, by the members of the Montreal Camera Club, in the rooms of the Natural History Society, by the aid of a large and powerful stereopticon operated by Mr. H. G. Beaman. Eighty-five views, all purely the work of amateur members of the Society, were thrown on the sheet. The work shown was of a superior order, and excellent taste was displayed in the choice of subjects.

The object of the Camera Club is to encourage amateurs and foster a healthy love for the beautiful in nature. The Montreal branch co-operates with others at St. John, N. B., Hamilton and Toronto, with whom slides and photographs are exchanged. During the winter instruction is given to the younger members by their more experienced brethren.

I have just received the report of the Montreal Swimming Club, which shows it to be in splendid condition both financially and numerically. There are 1,015 members, numbering 573 seniors and 442 juniors. There is no pleasanter place to spend a day than on the club grounds. The precautions taken render the place perfectly safe—the swimming master being constantly in attendance, and there is a large stretch of beach and shallow water for those unable to swim.

Cricket in Canada is making rapid strides in public favor, and some interesting games have been played, both in Toronto and Montreal. A London correspondent sends me the following, which I am sure my friends will read with pleasure :—The Prince of Wales has sent a letter of congratulation to Dr. W. Grace, the famous veteran cricket player, upon his scoring a record of a thousand runs in the first month of the cricket season. On May 17th Dr. Grace scored 288 runs against the Somersetshire eleven, that being the one hundredth occasion upon which he had run a century or over. The attention given to this fact in leading articles in the *Times* and other London newspapers is a striking evidence of the powerful hold upon the public mind in England which the national game maintains. Although 47 years old, and with a record of a leading place among amateur cricketers in England for many years past, Dr. Grace seems in the very heyday of his powers and his wicket is considered rather more invulnerable than it was 20 years ago.

The most important event in Canadian sporting circles, during the present season, was the holding of the first bench show of the Montreal Kennel Association, in Montreal. The show proved most successful, financially and otherwise. Considering that the Association had only been at work three weeks preparing, the arrangements were most perfect. The entries numbered 377. The prizes given amounted to $300 and $300 in kind. In September next it is proposed to hold another show, on a much more extended scale, at which $6,000 worth of prizes will be given.

Nearly 3,000 people paid for admission. Dr. Wesley Mills headed the list of prize-winners, with 12 dogs and 15 entries. He captured 12 prizes. Mr. Geo. Lanigan's fox terrier, Belvoir Jim, deserves special mention. He is only nine months old and succeeded in winning 3 prizes, and would have taken a fourth had he not been bitten by another dog. His grand sire, "Dusky Trap," is probably the most valuable fox terrier in America. He is the champion of his class and is valued at $20,000.

The Toronto Board of Police Commissioners has decided to put into force the regulations of the City Council relating to "bicycle scorching." Special constables, attired in civilian clothes and mounted on wheels, will be placed at stated points, with instructions to overhaul all wheelmen whose speed exceeds the limit laid down in the by-laws. It is also determined, as soon as suitable arrangements can be made, to purchase a boat to patrol the bay, with the object of enforcing the laws relating to shooting, bathing and fishing.

Mr. T. Jackson has sold his twenty-one foot sloop yacht, Soubrette, and has ordered a new eighteen footer from A. G. Cuthbert, of Toronto. She will be a pure type of the skimming dish with mainsail and jib. Mr. Cuthbert has one of his boats on our lake now, the Folly, owned by Mr. Abbott. She is a very fast boat, having won every race she entered last season; and as Cuthbert is considered the best and most modern designer in Canada, we may expect to see something very fast in his latest productions. The commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, Geo. W. Hamilton, Esq., has presented that club with a handsome challenge cup to be raced for by the yachts in the A 30 and 25-foot classes.

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, Capt. Loze and a number of friends have returned from a fishing trip in the St. Agathe region. They caught lots of fish, but some of the party were most cruelly treated by the black flies and mosquitoes. Some were entirely unrecognizable and had to call in the surgeon's aid to regain the use of their eyes. Fishing is now in full sway in the St. Lawrence, and some fine catches have already been made.

Messrs. Coll and Dumas (of the Grand Trunk Boating Club) intend again taking a boating trip on the St. Lawrence. It will be remembered they went as far as New York last summer, and an account was published of their adventures in several papers. I have secured the sole right to publish an account of their next trip in RECREATION.

Water Polo has been taking quite a prominent position during the past two months in Canada, especially in the city of Montreal. The M. A. A. A has one of the best teams this year that ever played for the winged wheel. Barry and Laverty claim that the Laurentians will make a big bid for the first place. The Montreal Swimming Club team will be stronger this year than last,and any team that beats them will know they have been playing polo. The Grand Trunks (champions 1894–1895) will have almost a new team this year. Davis,who played centre, and Bob Wall will not play. However, the Club has a great lot of colts, and with good coaching, the team ought to be near the front when the bell rings.

The executive committee of the Canadian Kennel Club met during the past month, when it was decided to leave over until next year the consideration of the clipping system. The Toronto show dates were accepted, namely the week commencing Sept. 19th; the second of the Industrial exhibition. It was also decided not to accept the proposition of the American Kennel Club for mutual recognition of suspensions and disqualifications. All wins at shows held under the rules of the Canadian Kennel Club, or American Kennel Club, up to December 31st, 1895, will be recognized.

Bicyclists are kicking in Toronto at a per-capita tax, and declare for resistance until they get something to be taxed for more than the ordinary person who uses the pavements. A certain modest proportion of them say they will consent to enrich the civic chest only when the boulevards are turned into bicycle paths. A Montrealer in town this week was amazed at the extent of the fad for wheels, and declares there were 20 in Toronto for one in Hochelaga's big suburb.

The many friends of Mr. Henry P. McDonald, and especially the members of the Montreal Pastime Athletic Club, which club he has so successfully represented at the various athletic meetings at which he was a competitor, will regret to learn that he will, for a time at least, be unable to continue his athletic career, which at one time promised so well ; his physician having prohibited his doing so as his lungs have been affected.

Mr. Andrew Donaldson, the popular ex-president of the Argyle Snowshoe Club, Montreal, who only lately removed to the city of Buffalo, returned to Montreal a few days ago for the purpose of joining the Benedicts. RECREATION wishes you a long life and a happy one, Mr. Donaldson.

I am sorry to see that in the final heat for the Senior sculls at the Moleseye Regatta, England, E. A. Thompson, of the Toronto Argonauts, was defeated by Blackstaff, by three lengths. He won the third and fourth heats.

There is a change in the Canadian partridge season this year, which now opens on the 15th of September. No other changes have been made in the shooting laws, all previous statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

McCracken, the Cobourg player, who played with Lawrence till the disbandment of the New England Association, and who subsequently played with the Augusta team, has been relieved for poor batting.

F. Barnes, of London, Ont., was suspended until August 24th for taking his hands off the handles while finishing a race at Galt on July 24th.

In the new Berlin (Ont.) park there is a tree with two trunks branching out four feet from the ground, one being an elm, the other an oak.

The Bell-Air Jockey Club has selected Thursday and Saturday, Sept. 12 and 14, as the dates for its fall meeting.

The Brantford Athletic Club, organized three years ago, has disbanded, but it is said will shortly reorganize.

A big beaver dam has been discovered on the line of the projected Hudson Bay road, north of Gladstone.

Jack Player, of London, and H. E. Davis, of Dundas, have signed with the Hamilton Baseball Club.

C. S. WHITING.

I have just returned from a trip for snipe and bluefish, to Chatham Beach, Cape Cod.

We had fair luck with the bluefish, which ran big, and for fighting they were not behind the average, as still sore hands will testify. By the way, one needs to take there some strips of thin sheet rubber packing about 2 inches wide, for tips. These beat the ordinary store finger-stall all to pieces. We also had good sport with the bay-birds, mostly yellow-legs, willett, dowitch and creaker, and by the first or middle of September the flight of black-breasted plover, or bull-heads, as they call them there, is on. N. E. Gould, there, will take good care of any one, or correspond. OX EYE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Have received the Forehand hammerless shotgun which you sent me as a premium for 35 subscribers, and consider it a valuable and handsome gift from you, as $5 would cover all my expenses in getting the subscriptions. BARCLAY SMITH, Van Buren, Ark.

ALL readers who have ever studied the character of the North American Indian, and who know his cunning, his craftiness, his passion for gambling, and his fondness for cheating, will enjoy Capt. F. M. Bernard's story of "An Indian Horse Race," to be printed in the October number of RECREATION. Those who love the October brown of the Minnesota prairies, the whistle of the canvasback's wing, or the roar of a rising covey of grouse, will revel in James K. Boyd's narrative of "Shooting in the Northwest." Those who lean to the pursuit of the larger game and to the adventures incident thereto will read, with deep interest, Lieut. Abercrombie's thrilling account of "A Deer Drive with Spokane Indians." Mrs. Frances Webster tells of "A Trapped Sensation" in a way that will delight all who love the strange, the unnatural, the sensational. Ed. H. Trafton, an old Rocky Mountain hunter and guide, tells a weird story of elk-hunting which he designates as "A Mystery of the Tetons." Anglers will be delighted with F. K. Root's "Outing on the Peshtigo," and the poetry of the chase is beautifully represented in Capt. Jack Crawford's "Old Kentucky Rifle," and in Dr. L. E. Holmes' "Sportsman's Song."

Five of these stories will be richly illustrated, and the reader will learn from the different departments where to go for all kinds of fish and game, how to make photographs, how to get the greatest satisfaction from his wheel, and many other interesting things. Altogether, the October number of RECREATION will be a notable one.

THE annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at Isle La Motte, in Lake Champlain, August 1, and the large attendance showed the deep interest felt by Vermont sportsmen in the subject of fish and game protection. Over 250 sportsmen were present, among whom were: Governor Woodbury, Senator Proctor, Gen. J. G. McCullough, Hon. G. G. Benedict, Col. H. W. Allen, Col. H. W. Hall, Gen. T. S. Peck, Ex-Governor J. W. Stewart, Gen. J. J. Estey, Col. R. J. Coffey, Col. E. R. Morse, Capt. H. R. Tutherly, E. C. Smith, Ex-Lieut.-Governor F. S. Stranahan, Col. L. F. Abbott, Gen. W. W. Henry, Hon. M. F. Allen, Hon. H. W. Vail, Col. E. D. Bennett, Dr. H. C. Petty, Hon. N. W. Fisk, Ex-Senator Edmunds, Congressman Powers, Governor Mansur, Ex-Governor Barstow, Congressman Grout, C. H. Vanderbilt, Hon. H. G. Root, Rev. W. F. Weeks, Dr. E. A. Smith, J. W. Titcomb, Dr. F. C. Kinney, Dr. C. W. Staples, Hon. H. W. Bailey, and Capt. S. E. Burnham. A dinner was served in a large tent, and some witty speeches were made. Vermont knows the value of her fish and game, and has more of them today than many a larger and younger state.

Mr. A. H. Overman, president of the Overman Wheel Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., is the proud owner of a beautiful new gun. It was made for him by F. Beesley, No. 2 St. James St., London, who was formerly master mechanic for Purdys. This gun is a 12 guage, with 30 inch barrels, and weighs 6½ pounds. It is one of the most exquisite samples of the gun-maker's art I have ever seen. The fitting and finishing are such as might be seen on a piece of fine jewelry. The stock is a handsome piece of French walnut, and the engraving on the lock plates and frame is a dream. I did not inquire as to the price, and I think Mr. Overman would have been afraid to tell me if I had, lest his wife might read this paragraph.

Mr. Beesley has lately made guns similar to this one for W. W. Astor, A. H. McCormick, the millionaire reaper man, and for several other Americans.

WITH this issue RECREATION completes its first year, the initial number having been issued in October, '94. It started with orders for less than 1,000 copies, and now has an actual paid circulation of 12,000. The output has doubled in the last five months, and will double again in less than four months. The following letter from the American News Company is of interest in this connection:

> New York, July 30, 1895.
>
> Mr. G. O. SHIELDS,
> Editor and Manager RECREATION, New York.
>
> Dear Sir: When may we expect to receive the August number of RECREATION, now past due?
>
> Permit us to remind you of the importance of arranging for the prompt delivery here of our supply of this magazine each month. It seems to be steadily growing in public favor, as indicated by the fact that our standing orders call for nearly 5,000 copies a month, which is more than double the number distributed by us last fall.
>
> Yours truly,
> THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

This letter is reproduced in *fac simile* on page XXI of this issue. The manager of the American News Company is authorized to give full information, to anyone desiring it, as to the number of copies of RECREATION bought and returned each month, and my subscription books are open to examination at all times.

THE American Canoe Association held its annual meet at Hotel Champlain, New York, during the early part of August. The exercises consisted of racing, ball-playing, feasting, speechmaking and resting. The attendance was about the same, numerically, as in former years.

If you have received a sample copy of RECREATION that you have not ordered, look it over carefully. It is sent by request of some friend of yours who likes it, and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

Eli Whitney died at Sharon, Conn., Aug. 17th, aged 74. He was a son of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, and was the inventor and maker of the famous Whitney rifle.

Many amateur photographers make the mistake of buying and using inferior lenses, as a matter of economy. Almost every day photos are sent to me for publication which cannot be reproduced by the half tone process, because of being flat and weak. Many of these are well composed and are excellent subjects, and it is a matter of serious regret that they cannot be given to the public through RECREATION. No matter how cheap a camera you may buy, or how much you must economize in other ways, let your lens be the best you can possibly afford. This is the basis of all success or failure in photography. You can not afford to buy a cheap lens, carry it perhaps hundreds, or even thousands of miles, make exposures on subjects which may never come within your reach again, and then have your pictures turn out flat.

A photograph, in order to be fit for reproduction by the half tone process, must be clear, sharp, of deep focus, and must have strong contrasts between the lights and shadows. These results cannot be obtained with a cheap lens.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has mounted some of its messenger boys on bicycles. Each of the main offices in New York, from 14th to 125th street, has been supplied with two messenger boys on wheels. These boys are said to be of a more intelligent class than the ones heretofore employed in the service.

"This method of delivery has been extremely successful in the uptown districts, where long runs are usual," said the manager of one of the offices. "On short runs our bicyclists are impeded by getting on and off their wheels, and by being obliged to put them in a safe place while delivering messages. But on longer runs the saving of time is considerable."

This will surely improve the service, for a boy on a wheel must move faster than most of them do on foot, or he would fall off.

ABOUT 500 subscriptions to RECREATION expire with this issue. I hope all these will be renewed, and not only this, but that each man so renewing will send in at least one subscription besides his own. There are many sportsmen who do not take RECREATION and who would gladly subscribe for it if it were shown to them. I intend to enlarge the magazine rapidly, and to make it much better than it has ever been. Will you not help to make this possible?

I received the Forehand hammerless gun Saturday and it is a beauty. I am more than pleased with it, and feel well repaid for the trouble I took in getting the 35 subscriptions. S. HENRY STEELE, Haverhill, Mass.

Bound volumes of RECREATION, $2.50.

POSSIBLE SMILES.

THE MANUSCRIPT RETURNED.

Poor little wanderer!
Fate was unkind to thee!
Patient hope's squanderer!
Fame has been blind to thee!
Back from rude editors,
Lynx-eyed their scrutiny,
All thy discreditors;
Thine not to mutiny.
Rest in obscurity,
Till, in futurity,
Laws may be passed
Decreeing it jailable
To write "not available,"
"Genius" to blast.
Then, with no stint o' space,
Thou'lt, at a sprinter's pace,
Come from the printer's case
Published—at last!

E. C. WALSH.

That was a bright girl in the street-car the other day who said to her companion, who was making the usual female search for her purse:—"Let us divide this, Ethel. You fumble and I'll pay."—*New York Herald.*

"Young man," the solemn stranger said,
"What's going on inside?"
"A baseball game—eight innings played,"
The budding sport replied.
"Baseball upon the Sabbath day?
O wicked, sinful land!
Er—in the ninth now, did you say?
Young man, how do they stand?"

—*Claremont National Eagle.*

Mr. Newlywed—What makes you smile so cynically this evening?

Mrs. Newlywed—I was just thinking how you used to hold my hand, by the hour, before we were married. How stupid you were!

Stupid! Not much. I held your dear little lily white paw to keep you from pounding the piano.

Des Moines Leader.

They sat in the twilight and talked of the past.

"Hiram," she was saying, "just 20 years ago tonight I first became aware that you had kindled a flame in my heart."

"Yes, Anastasia."

"That, Hiram," she mused reflectively, "was about the last kindling I know of your having done."

If you are not a millionaire,
But wish to own a racing stud,
Just let your collar button fall,
And neath the bureau see it scud.

"You are my deer," the young man wrote,
"Whom soon I hope to see."
Her answer was a curt, cool note:
"You can't make game of me."

Mr. Homeman—Did you read that article about a football player getting shot the other day?

Mrs. Homeman—No, John; goodness me, you don't mean to say the game has come to that!

—*Boston News.*

Mrs. Blues—Do you have to treat your cook as if she were a member of your family?

Mrs. Greys—Goodness, no! We have to be very kind and polite to her.—*Oakland (Cal.) Times.*

Here is a bit of composition by an eight-year-old girl: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas. Boys are a trouble. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was made then, and she has never rested since."

The burning question of the day.—What is coal going to sell at next monh?

BICYCLING.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Cycling is a furore here. Thousands of riders are on the streets, at all hours of the day. A colored woman who would weigh over 200 pounds has just wheeled gaily past. Lawyers, doctors, professors, clergymen and teachers ride bicycles—in fact, everyone rides, except ragmen and banana peddlers. We scarcely see a carriage on this street. It is a fine thoroughfare and every evening it is lined with cyclers of all descriptions—old and young, black and white. Women in bloomers are numerous. It is difficult to distinguish women from men as they go spinning past. One of our neighbors was using his hose on his lawn and the cyclers kept riding over his grass, arousing his wrath. Finally he vowed he would turn the hose on the next man who rode over the lawn. This he did. To his horror a feminine shriek resounded from the deluged being and a woman rolled off the wheel, in hysterics. Five years ago four ladies rode the first bicycles here, to the deep disgust of the men of the town and the deeper disgust of the women. Now the women who ride are legion and their number is increasing every day.

MRS. JASON DAME.

Editor RECREATION:

Last Friday evening, three or four of the kids came tearing down to the house shouting, "Harve! Harve! your bike's come! your bike's come!" You bet I lost no time in getting out the wheelbarrow and starting for the depot, with a crowd at my heels.

I found the bike too large to wheel over, so the kids all took hold and helped me carry it to the house, and then we held a jubilee.

On Saturday I learned to balance. Sunday of course father would not let me practice, but on Monday I mastered her, and to-day am able to spin along a narrow path. My back was awful sore Saturday night, though. Father is very much pleased with my wheel, while I am simply tickled to death; and the best of it all is I earned it myself and know how to value it.

Now, Mr. Shields, I want to thank you, ever so much, for sending me such a nice wheel for the 75 subscriptions. I will keep on working for RECREATION just the same.

HARVEY B. CRANE JR.

MRS. MARGARET ELLIOTT has begun suit in the Court of Common Pleas against A. G. Spalding & Bro. for $10,000 damages for personal injuries. She alleges that she visited the Madison Square Garden bicycle school for the purpose of learning to ride the bicycle. An instructor was detailed to give her a lesson, and she warned him to be careful, as she was timid. She requested him to hold the bicycle while she was learning, but on June 11 he let go of her wheel and a fall resulted, in which her right leg was broken.

Elaborate arrangements are being made by the Mercury Wheel Club for their annual meet at Flushing, L. I., September 7. The programme includes a one-mile race for the championship of Long Island; two-mile race for class A riders, handicap; one mile race for class A riders, handicap; one mile race for the championship of the club, scratch; half-mile race for class A riders, scratch.

The turnpike companies of Washington county, Md., have been advised that their charters give them power to collect toll from wheelmen, and the next legislature will be asked to establish uniform rates which the companies may charge them.

The Century Wheelmen of this city announce the following schedule of road runs: September 1 and 2, to Copake Lake; September 8, to City Island; September 15, to Hempstead, L. I.; September 22, to Ridgewood, N. J.; September 29, open.

Chief Consul Potter, of the New York State Division of the L. A. W., declines a nomination for the presidency of the League. Vice-President Perkins is a candidate and proposes to make a vigorous canvass.

The Maplewood (N. J.) Wheelmen have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Dr. H. M. Carpenter, president; J. M. Whitfield, secretary and treasurer; M. Sammis, captain.

In the race among the members of the Manhattan Bicycle Club for the medal for the greatest number of miles covered during the season, Captain Stanbach leads, with 4,491 miles.

AT the second day's meeting of the National Circuit Tournament at Chicago, Eddie Bald broke another world's competitive record, riding one-third mile in 41 2-5 seconds.

Cabanne is again in the ring. His victory at Marinette, Wis., was one of the most brilliant of the year. Among the men he defeated were Bald, Murphy and Cooper.

Harry Wheeler, the New Jersey flyer, says he expects to even accounts with the riders who have been beating him, at the Springfield tournament.

The Quill Club Wheelmen are considering a proposition to hold a big race meet in September.

FISH AND FISHING.

Among the large trout caught at Lake Edward, this spring, was one of five pounds by Frederic Remington, and J. W. Burdick, of the D. & H. C. Co.; one of four pounds by Lewis E. Carr of Albany ; two of six pounds each by H. G. Gale and W. Jewell of Quebec, and an ever increasing number of smaller ones, the total catch, up to the middle of June, being about 4,000. Altogether, there were six trout caught weighing six pounds or more each, the largest of them all being taken by Landlord J. W. Baker of the Laurentide House. He had picked up an old, one-piece, bamboo pole, with a line tied to its tip and a hook on gimp, near one of the camps several miles down the lake; had baited up and had fished only a few minutes, off one of the best reefs, when he got a strike. After tiring his fish and bringing it up to the side of the boat, he tried to lift it in by means of the line—having neither landing net nor gaff—but lost it, and with it, the hook, gimp and a foot of line. When he told the story that evening to his guests and estimated the weight at fully seven pounds, there was an oppressive silence ; but, three weeks later, at another reef four miles from the former one, E. E. Darling and W. M. Peckham of Troy, caught a trout weighing six pounds two ounces, with Baker's hook fastened in its jaw, the gimp and line being still attached, and with a comparatively empty stomach.

The most of the trout caught in Lake Edward are taken with bait, but Dr. and Mrs. R. R. Trotter, of Yonkers, took 36 with the fly, inside of an hour.

New York.

Editor RECREATION.

The twin villages of Roscoe and Rockland, in Sullivan County, this State, have long been noted for the excellent trout fishing in their immediate vicinity. Every year a few large trout are caught in the Willowemoc, the Beaverkill or their tributary brooks and ponds; but the following clipping, from the local newspaper, indicates that this year's big trout, taken near the end of June, was a surprisingly large one.

> "The large trout which was discovered in Palen's pond about two weeks ago was captured on Thursday last. About 125 persons were present to see him landed. Mr. Geo. Cochran was the first to get hold of the big fellow and he, with a steady hand and cool head, needed no second trial, but held the gamy old fellow for keeps. The trout was taken to the Fish Hatchery and placed in one of the large tanks on exhibition. Several hundred people, from all parts of the state, have been going to the hatchery daily to see him. He measures 31½ inches in length and weighs 9¼ pounds.
>
> LATER.—The trout died yesterday morning, from the effects of injuries received when being caught. Supt. Annin states that the trout will be sent away to be mounted and then placed in the Hatchery at Rockland."

Trout fry have been planted in all of the fishing waters in that vicinity, for several years.

I have made a trip up there every spring for five years, staying at the house of Mr. W. B. Cochrane, at Roscoe, from which the rivers and brooks are readily accessible, and have always caught more or less trout, although it has never yet been my luck to get a big one. F. G. N.

[The following correspondence is self-explanatory.]

Syracuse, N. Y.

FRIEND SHIELDS :

Our Anglers' Association, of this County, will hold an outing and prize fishing contest on June 7th. I am delegated to ask you for subscriptions to your excellent magazine, as prizes, which we think would be appreciated. Send me orders for what you wish to give so they can be handed to winners.

Yours truly,
C. H. MOWRY,
Editor *Sporting Goods Gazette.*

New York, June 5th, 1895.

MY DEAR MR. MOWRY :

Replying to your favor of 3d: I am opposed to all fishing and shooting contests ; that is, to large parties of men going out and killing as much game or catching as many fish as possible, on a wager. This class of alleged sport is condemned, now-a-days, by all conscientious sportsmen, and I trust your Club will never again indulge in it.

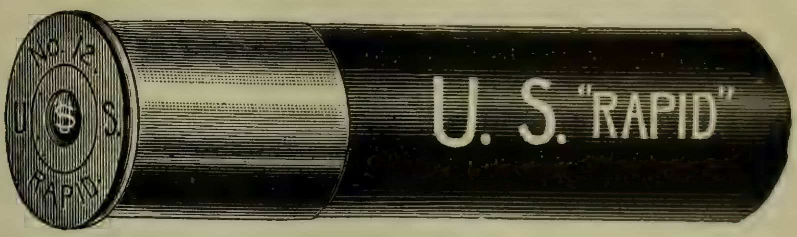
Should your Club at any time hold a fly-casting contest or any other kind of match or tournament which should be deemed legitimate, I would gladly donate several subscriptions to be awarded as prizes ; but would not give them to promote a kind of contest of which I do not approve.

Yours truly,
G. O. SHIELDS,
Editor and Manager.

Mr. W. W. Hall, of New York, has been fishing at Cape Vincent. He caught 142 black bass that weighed 146 pounds, an average of about one pound each. It is generally conceded, among anglers, that a black bass weighing less than a pound is a baby, and that when such are caught they should be returned to the water. Of course Mr. Hall caught a great many weighing less than a pound. The report, gleaned from the local newspaper, states that he brought them all into the hotel at night. It is hoped he will never do so again.

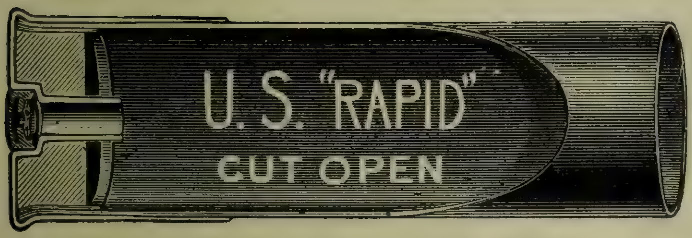
Dr. J. E. Hart, of Hegewisch, Ill., was fined $10 and costs for shooting swallows. Served him right.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

POINTS FOR AMATEURS.

As stated in a previous article, too many would-be amateurs are not careful enough in details. Photography is an art—a fine art—and to produce a fine picture, one full of life, feeling and effect, requires a good degree of artistic taste and skill, as well as care in all the details.

To point the camera at an object and fire away without focussing, timing, or using any judgment is simply absurd. If you obtain an occasional good picture in this way, it is simply an accident. In getting ready to take a landscape or an out-door picture of any kind, we should have in view the general effect to be obtained and not let one part of the exposure stand out too sharp on the ground glass, and by its prominence destroy the general effect desired. In other words we should strive to make all parts of the picture harmonize. Of course a foreground is just as necessary in a picture as a mid-ground or distance. Many amateurs think too much of the foreground; overload it and make it too prominent, thereby destroying the desired effect. In focussing if it be impossible to get both distance and foreground sharp, divide the focus; but give the foreground the preference, as this should be the sharpest. If there are figures in the picture have them in natural attitudes, representing work. Give each of them something to do, pleasure or sport. Don't allow them to stare at the camera.

Dr. Wm. H. Steele.

Sarony speaking of the status of women in professional photography, says:

"We require the finest talent that can be had in the country. The operators, who do nearly all the mechanical work, are, of course, at the top. Next in order are the negative retouchers. This is fine, delicate work, well adapted to a woman, and they earn from $15 to $30 a week. The printers receive from $12 to $25 a week; mounters, about $7 to $12 a week, and the spotters—those who remove blemishes—also from $7 to $12 a week."

If any woman could find a way to really remove blemishes from the faces of the customers she could no doubt earn a salary of $100 a week.

Fixing Bath. Thirty-two ounces of Sulphite of Soda (Hydrometer test 60), add to this 1 ounce of Sulphuric Acid, very slowly, and 8 ounces solution of Chrome Alum (Hydrometer test 60), then add the whole to 2 gallons saturated solution of Hypo, and it is ready for use.

J. H. J. Do not combine any two developing agents in one developer. It savors too much of street fakirs' "cure alls." Use, say two kinds of developers, as, for instance, Metol for rapid work, and use it just as the manufacturer directs. It will bring up any thing that the light has ever had access to. Hydrochinonine for very slow plates, such as those of a sensitometer of 12 to 16 or 20, that have had a liberal exposure.

W. R. L. Dwyer, M. D.

Powdered aluminum, for flash-light work, has been recommended. The following is a formula: Powdered aluminum, 30 parts; potassium chlorate, 70 parts. After mixing, the compound should be handled carefully, as there is always a danger of explosion. The aluminum powder should be heated in an iron pan sufficiently to drive away all greasy matter. A combination of magnesium and aluminum has been recommended by Wladiminsky, in the *Photographische Rundschau:* 70 parts of potassium chlorate; 40 parts of potassium perchlorate; 45 parts of magnesium, and 20 parts of aluminum, are powdered separately, and, after a careful mixture, made up into small cartridges. A small tuft of gun cotton is placed at the bottom, and acts as a fuse.—*Photographic Times.*

Prof. Boys, in his recent experiments in photographing flying projectiles, makes an exposure of less than the millionth of a second, the first tenth part of this period being sufficient to produce the image of the projectile. This is accomplished by means of an electric spark as brilliant and as short as possible, the bullet itself completing the circuit. The action of the air in the path of a flying projectile is similar to that of the water in the wake of a swiftly moving boat. These air waves, however, are only formed when the speed of the projectile is greater than that of sound. Prof. Boys' experiments were made with one of the new magazine rifles recently issued to the English troops.

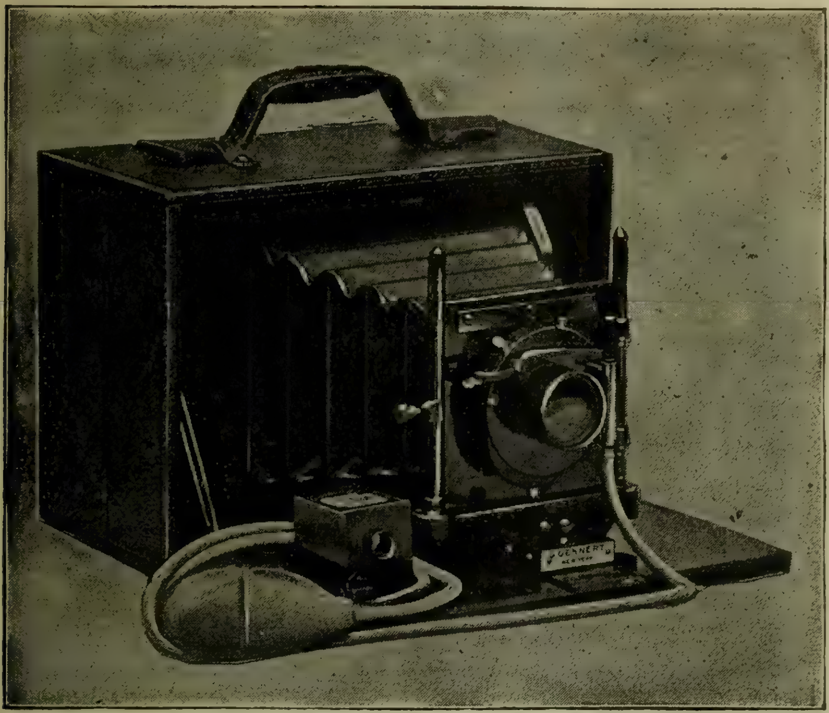
The Seattle Camera Club has now attained a membership of nearly 60, among whom are a good many who would like to exchange with brother amateurs of the Eastern States. Any one desirous of arranging for such exchanges should address the Secretary of the society, Mr. Emil de Neuf.

When you have occasion to make guide marks on your ground glass, do it with slate pencil. Then you can see the mark from the outside.

Subscribe for Recreation.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5,	$25.00
" "	5 x 7,	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½,	50.00
" "	8 x 10,	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

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409 Broadway, NEW YORK.

A NEW YOSEMITE.

Dr. L. B. Sperry, of Bellevue, O., a well known lecturer, has returned from a trip to Puget sound, going and returning over the Great Northern Railway. He stopped at Lake Chelan, in the Cascades, and at Lake McDonald, in the Rockies, looking up various points of interest to tourists and scientists. He says that the scenic and scientific attractions in the regions about the two lakes above named are most remarkable. Dr. Sperry and party penetrated the trackless forests to a point about 15 miles northeast of Lake McDonald, and there came upon one of the most charming nooks on this continent—a place that he thinks is destined to become as famous as Niagara falls.

He was accompanied by Prof. J. Paul Goode, of the Moorhead normal school ; E. R. Shepard, of Minneapolis, photographer, and W. O. Jones and W. A. Wittick, also of Minneapolis.

At the head of Lake McDonald they secured guides and packers, and from the end of the trail leading northward from the lake they chopped their way through several miles of tangled forests, where only the trails of bears and deer could be seen. About noon of the second day they came upon a horseshoe-shaped basin about two miles long and one mile wide, shut in by walls that rose almost perpendicular to heights ranging from 3,000 to 4,000 feet The floor of this basin is a lake about half a mile wide by a mile and a half long. It is deep, clear blue, and is filled with mountain trout. It is surrounded by several peaks, which rise from 1,000 to 2,000 feet above the timber line, and are covered with snow wherever there is a surface for snow to hang on. Along a portion of the southern wall there is a slope descending from a height of about 2,000 feet down to the border of the lake. This slope is covered with a dense growth of forest trees, mostly fir and hemlock. Just as the party was emerging from the forest into the basin they heard a rushing avalanche ; and while in the basin saw and heard another shoot down the steep slopes into a great rocky chasm. Evidently these are of frequent occurrence here, and so the place was named Avalanche basin and Avalanche lake. Rising from the high enclosing walls are a number of peaks, which the party named, respectively, "The Sphinx," "Cathedral Spires," "The Dome," "The Castle," and "The Matterhorn." The latter is a surprising duplicate of the famous Alpine peak of that name. At the head of the basin two streams of ice water pour down the cliffs. For the most part they cling to the walls and look like ribbons of silver ; but occasionally they leap over a ledge and pour themselves in spray on the walls hundreds of feet below. The total height of these streams must be at least 2,500 feet. Above the falls lie vast fields of snow which furnish supplies to the cascades.

Dr. Sperry pronounces Avalanche basin "a scenic gem of the first water." He believes that it will become exceedingly popular in the near future. He says that after a good saddle trail shall have been cut to it, all summer tourists, via the Great Northern, should stop at Lake McDonald and take a horseback trip to Avalanche valley and lake.

* * *

The St. Lawrence Anglers' Association, of which W. C. Brown of New York is president, is making an effort to have the Thousand Islands set apart as an international park. Many of the islands are being acquired by private owners, and if the present rate of sale is continued it will be but a short time till the fishing and camping privileges will be a thing of the past. Even now fishing parties are met with such signs as "No trespassing," "Keep off," and the like.

The Canadian government is willing to set aside some of its best river islands to be improved and beautified for the use of fishing parties and such others as may come, provided the State of New York will take similar steps.

A Senate committee, together with some members of the Fish and Game Commission, will soon go to the river to inspect the islands, and will then go to Ottawa to consult with the Canadian officials and endeavor to arrive at some definite plan of action.

* * *

Here are the names of some anglers who have recently visited the Island House, Lake St. John, Canada, and of their catches of Ouananich :

	No of Fish Caught.	Largest. lbs.
J. B. Goodhue, Rock Island, Ill....	16........	3½
Jos. Gamble, Plattsburg, N. Y.....	8........	2½
William Borden, Chicago..........	16........	3½
D. H. Ainsworth, San Antonio, Tex.	28........	3¼
J. L. Hayden, San Antonio, Tex...	14........	3
H. Beausobil, Montreal............	26........	3½
J. C. Hecksher, New York..... ...	11........	4
Wm. Borden & Son, Chicago......	20........	3½
Guy Peterson, Montreal...........	10........	3
Walter Drake, New York..........	12........	3

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For Guns and Bicycles.

It Cleans Thoroughly,

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It Lubricates and Cannot Gum

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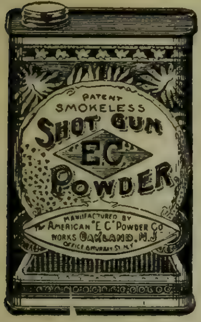
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E.C.
POWDER
MANUFACTURED BY
The AMERICAN "E.C." POWDER Co
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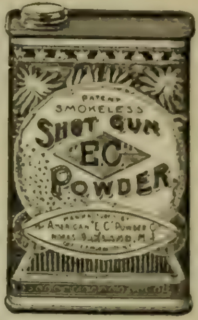
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Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

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WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

Herewith I enclose check for $7.00 and list of seven subscribers. Please send me "The Big Game of North America." I prefer your books to guns and rifles. The end is not yet. Shall send you some more names soon. I carry a sample copy of Recreation in my pocket all the time and show it whenever I have a chance. Shall have my copies bound for my library where I can get it if I have the blues. It will soon drive them away.

C. L. Macomber, Worcester, Mass.

Please find enclosed check for $7.00, for which send Recreation one year to the following personal friends of mine.

I have read your magazine for six months and think it the best one in America. I showed some copies to the boys one evening and these seven asked me to send in their names at once. I think it just the journal for lovers of sport.

C. A. Corey, Westfield, Wis.

The nearest approach to an outing in the hills or by the brook is to read Recreation. The greatest fault I find with it is that it doesn't come often enough. It should be a weekly. I should prefer to have it a daily. I begin at the front cover, read it through, and then read it backwards—covers and all.

Chas. J. Halpen, Haverhill, Mass.

Saw first copy Recreation last night. Can't resist adding it to my list of sportsmen's papers. I think it is grand. Every man, boy, girl and woman in the United States ought to read it. I showed it to two friends this evening. They think as I do, and want it, for which I enclose $3.00.

Dr. E. J. Miller, Scotland, S. Dak.

I have read Recreation regularly, beginning with the first number. It is the neatest and pleasantest little magazine I have ever read. Its name is very appropriate. Even the advertisements are by no means dry reading. Enclosed please find $1.00 for year's subscription for one of my friends.

W. C. Kendall, Schooner "Grampus,"
Gloucester, Mass.

After reading the first numbers of Recreation I can't resist the temptation to subscribe for it, though already pretty well supplied with this kind of literature. To me such a magazine as Recreation is simply irresistible. Coquina, I wish you such success as your labors deserve.

John O'Kane, Van Buren, Ark.

Have received a copy of Recreation and as I glanced over its pages my interest was awakened to know more of its contents. After reading several articles I am surprised that you can furnish such an interesting and tastefully arranged magazine for so little money. It is rightly named, and I wish you success in its publication.

M. G. Hull, Newark, Ill.

Enclosed find one dollar, for which please send Recreation to the address of my friend, given below, beginning with the first number. Long live Recreation! I am a friend to it always. I do not know of a more suitable present to make a brother sportsman than Recreation.

W. S. Cleveland.

I have read a copy of Recreation with great interest and desire to express my high opinion of it. It deserves the support of all lovers of true sport. I own part of your publications, have read more of them, and have never failed to be pleased with your writings. Best wishes for your abundant success.

W. H. Hollis, Tacoma, Wash.

Herewith $1.00 for subscription to Recreation. It is the best sportsman's journal published, at any price, and all the fraternity have been glad to note its phenomenal and deserved growth.

E. A. Jackson, New York.

A friend gave me a copy of Recreation last week, and I was so taken up with its delightful stories that I at once had a newsdealer get me copies of the back numbers. I take two sportsmen's magazines, but like Recreation the best. Please find enclosed $1.00 for a year's subscription.

J. Harry Thomas, Canton, Mich.

Allow me to congratulate you on the great success, which is apparent to everybody, of your magazine. I want to say, personally, that this success has come because it has been fairly earned.

Stanley Waterloo, Chicago.

The copy of Recreation reached me safe, and to say that I am pleased with it is a very mild way of putting it. It is immense, and I enclose my check for a year's subscription.

F. C. Kinney, M.D., Greensboro, Vt.

Please send me Recreation. I have never seen it, but I am familiar with "Coquina," having often read articles by him in the sportsmen's papers. I recognize him as a kindred spirit. Long may he live and prosper, is the earnest wish of

Geo. W. Moriarty, Opelousas, La.

A friend of mine brought me a sample copy of Recreation, and I must say that the quality of the articles, as well as the handsome manner in which the magazine is gotten up, surpasses anything of its class I have ever seen.

Paul L. Mottelay, New York.

I have to-day received the June number of Recreation and congratulate you on the beauty and merit of the magazine. If the excellent quality is maintained it must be a success in every way.

M. K. Barnum, North Platte, Neb.

I appreciate Recreation more than I can say. It fills a long felt want, especially in this season of the year, when I am unable to get away from my duties long enough to burn any powder.

Fred. W. Kreidler, Miles City, Mont.

The Davenport rifle which you sent me, for a club of 10 subscribers to Recreation, is at hand, and is a beauty. I am more than pleased with it.

Chas. B. Long, Lancaster, Pa.

Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me Recreation for one year. Your magazine is fine. One needs only to see a sample copy of it in order to become a subscriber.

L. W. Earle, Tomah, Wis.

Recreation is the finest magazine I ever read. Everyone seems delighted with it as soon as he has looked at it.

M. Phillips, Glover, Vt.

Your magazine is beautiful. How can you afford to give so much for so little?

Samuel C. Clarke, Marietta, Ga.

I received the copies of Recreation to-day and am greatly pleased with them. I think this is the best magazine of its class I have ever seen.

Wm. Percival, Clinton, N. Y.

I consider Recreation far ahead of any other publication of its class.

M. A. Bates, Star, Idaho.

Am much pleased with Recreation. I think it more entertaining than any of its class.

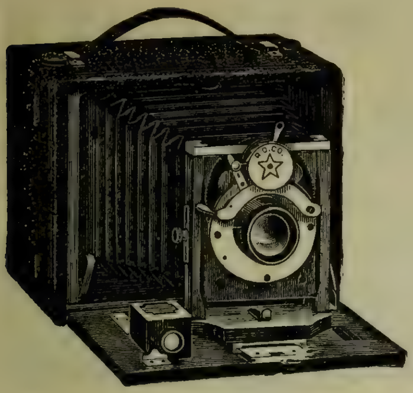
E. T. Johnson.

Recreation is a sparkling gem of the first water.

J. H. Wheeler, Newburyport, Mass.

Recreation is grand and improves with every number.

A. Howard.



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JOHN H. STEELE, Haverhill, Mass.

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IN THE

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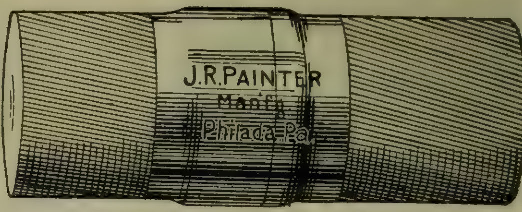

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Size, 2¾ inches long, ⅞ inches diameter, beautifully nickel-plated. Price $1, postage prepaid. Order at once.

You can fill this box with matches, lay it in water over night, and the next morning they will light as if they had been kept in a powder magazine.

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GENTLEMEN:—Please send me some more "Three in One" Compound. I think it is the best rust preventive I have ever used. It does not soil my hands and clothing, and covers all parts effectively. I shall continue to use it and recommend it to my friends.
GEO. W. KELLAM.

Kaufman, Texas, Oct. 10, 1894.
M. A. SMITH, Phila., Pa.,

Dear Sir: I am here on a hunting trip, wearing your boots every day, and the longer I wear them, the more I like them. Yours is the lightest, most nearly noiseless, most comfortable and easy boot a sportsman ever wore.
C. L. REIERSON.

During the last few years the rail shooting on the old Hackensack meadows seems to be improving. The birds are not yet strong on flight and not as fat as they will be when the oats ripen, but we expect some good bags on openday, Monday, August 26th, and for three or four weeks. On good water, a man ought to get at least 40 or 50 shots a day. Any one desiring information about tides, pushers, etc, can get it by writing Capt. John H. Wygants, Hackensack, N. J., or Francis Ford, Little Ferry, N. J.
RALLUS.

I did not receive the copies of RECREATION until yesterday. Have five subscribers for you now, and expect to have as many more by this time to-morrow. I believe I can take at least 100 subscriptions here, and perhaps more. Every one to whom I have shown RECREATION thinks it is fine, and no one whom I have asked has yet declined to take it.
MARK R. PERKINS, Sheridan, Wyo.

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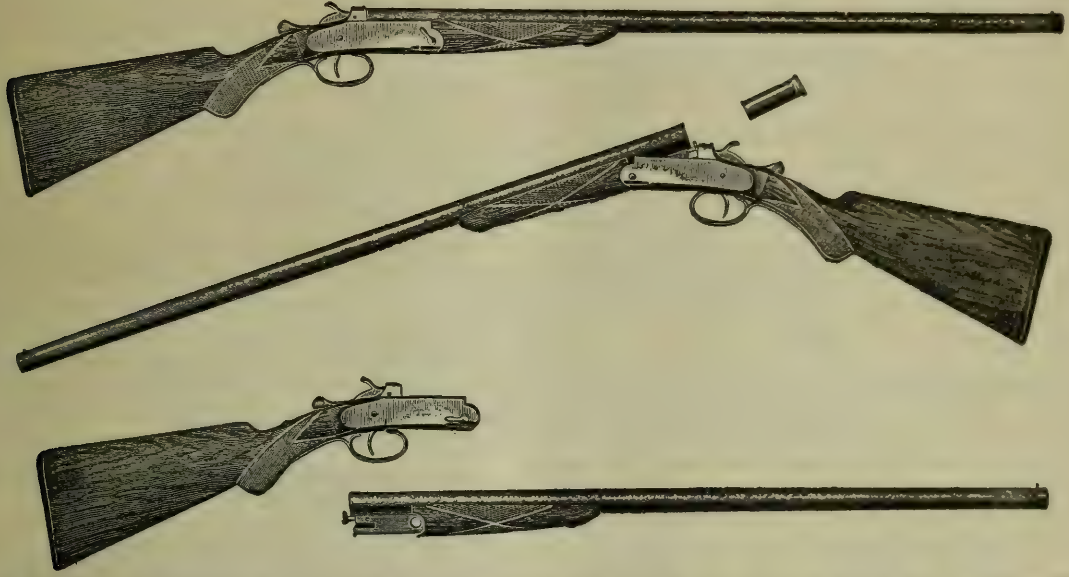
MODEL '94. EJECTOR.



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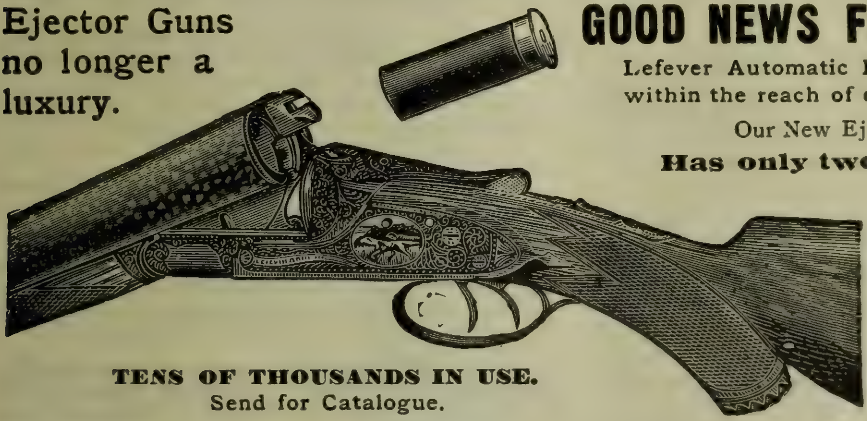

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Wanted.—Congenial sportsman to join party of three on a month's hunt for Big Game (Elk, Bear, Deer, Sheep and small game) in Montana. Will also spend a week in Yellowstone Park. Trout fishing galore.
Address J. R. PAINTER,
1229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
N. B.—We leave here Sept. 5th to 10th.

W. L. Winegar, hunter and guide, Elgin, Fremont county, Idaho. Tourists and hunting parties outfitted and conducted through the Rocky mountains and the Yellowstone National Park. Big game of all kinds abundant. References: W. B. Bogert, 96 Board of Trade, Chicago; J. B. Nelligar, 72 State street, Chicago.

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Nelson Yarnall, hunter and guide, Dubois, Wyoming. Am perfectly familiar with the mountain country to the south and east of Yellowstone National Park. Am prepared to furnish complete outfits, and conduct hunting parties in first-class style. Best of references, from both military men and civilians.

Ira Dodge, mountaineer and guide, collector of wild animals, Cora, Wyoming. Complete transportation outfits furnished. Hunting parties and National Park excursionists. Correspondence solicited.

We can accommodate a few hunting parties during the chicken shooting season at our farm 15 miles east of Stephen, Minn., on the G. N. R. R. Comfortable quarters, good table, plenty of garden truck, good teams. Charges reasonable. Prairie chickens and ruffed grouse are plentiful this season and promise good sport.
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J. H. SHUCKHART, Carbondale, Col.

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Wanted.—A second-hand, double-barreled, breech-loading gun (hammer or hammerless), weighing 6 to 7 pounds. State price and full particulars. Address, J. H. T., care RECREATION.

The undersigned has been in the woods of Maine, in the fall, for the last four years. He would like to correspond with a sober, congenial young man who desires to go into the woods about Sept. 15th, for a month or six weeks, or would like to join a small party having such plans. Snake medicine to be excluded. ELFIR, P. O. Box 2746, Boston.

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"I can heartily recommend the whole work as one admirably meeting the design of a popular ornithology of North America at once instructive and entertaining, at a reasonable price. The text is perfectly reliable. The technical nomenclature is correct, being that used by the best ornithologists of the country."

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"I am much pleased with 'Studer's Birds of North America.' In the grouping of the birds, arrangement of light and shade in the perspective, and delineations of the forms and feathers, Dr. Jasper has certainly surpassed all other artists, producing the best pictures of the species which I have ever seen."

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In this preparation are combined the remedies which above all others have been established as invaluable in the treatment of the various forms of digestive disorders—Pepsin, Bismuth and Nux Vomica. The Pepsin used is concentrated and of the highest digestive power. The Bismuth is the purest the market affords. The Nux Vomica is the best English extract. The efficacy of this combination lies in its triple effect—that of the actual solvent action of the Pepsin on all articles of food, the prevention of fermentation and formation of gases by the Bismuth, and the stimulant effect of the Nux Vomica (which is undoubtedly the best known tonic for nervous dyspepsia) on the secretion of the digestive fluids.

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Tourists and sportsmen visiting the Yellowstone Park or the Great Hunting Grounds of Wyoming, can find here everything needed in the way of an outfit, at eastern prices with freight added.

All Kinds of Large and Small Game.
Excellent Mountain Trout Fishing.

GUIDES, TEAMS, SADDLE & PACK ANIMALS FURNISHED.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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I think the man who would not subscribe for RECREATION is away behind the times. I consider it worth double its present price, and shall always do all I can for its advancement.

Have seen the Forehand gun you sent Mr. E. A. Corey, as a premium for 35 subscriptions, and think it a beauty. Mr Corey says it is a splendid shooter, and has little or no recoil.

C. H. WESTLAKE.

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45 Broadway, N. Y.

Railway Equipment and Supplies.

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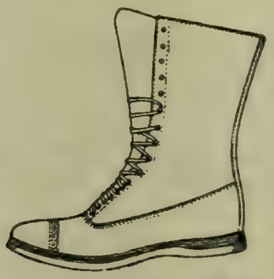

The **IDEAL BOOT** and **SHOE** for STILL HUNTING are ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS.

Uppers made of the best quality heavy Horse Hide, Colors, dark gray and black, tanned and finished same as Buck or Moose Leather, soft as a glove, tough enough to stand the wear and tear of briars and brush, no exposure to repeated wettings will EVER harden. By a peculiar and new process, the upper is rendered entirely waterproof.

The experience and suggestions of very many critical and experienced Hunters combined, has resulted in the production of this, **The Ideal Hunting Shoe,** and pronounced by all who get them the Climax of Boot Making. The bottom is wide, made up of two electric soles, rubber cemented together, half an inch thick, impervious to wet, will not glaze and slip. **Electric Sole** is a new process tanned **COW HIDE**, flexible and easy as a Moccasin, as substantial as a Stoga Boot and exceedingly light in weight. And all the parts are put together in workmanlike manner, handstitched, perfect in every detail, very neat in appearance, suitable for any occupation requiring absolute comfort in tramping, or exposure of any kind The Lace Shoe is 10 inches high, eyelets and studs, bellows tongue, lined throughout with rubber cloth, porous, will not sweat. The Boot is 18 inches high, laced instep and laced at top outside to tighten to the leg. Mention if you want heels or spring heels, and if you want them Hob Nailed. Also give size leg ten inches from base of heel with other measurements and size of shoe wanted. Will send this **Ideal Lace Shoe** to any address on receipt of $7.50. The **Ideal Boot** on receipt of $10.00. If made to measure, will deliver in ten days. First class sporting goods houses are invited to send for samples and terms.

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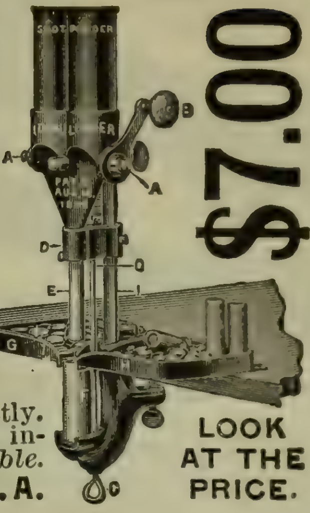

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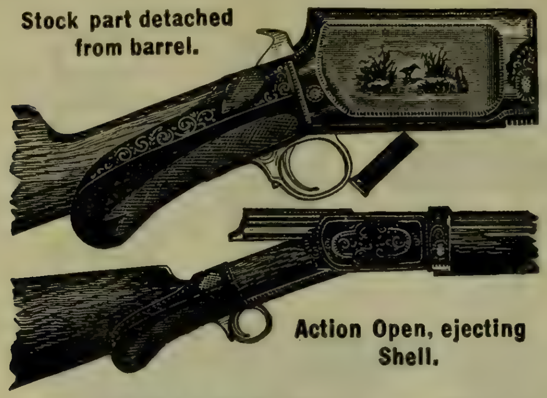
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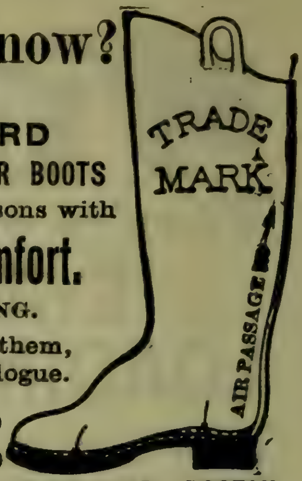

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My first is found in Pickerel,
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J. C. NATTRASS.

I was standing on the wharf of Bellingham bay one afternoon recently, watching the various forms of fishing and noting the varieties of fish being taken, when these questions occurred to me:

Here at my feet lies a body of water teeming with life that should furnish food to thousands of human beings. Why is it that the fishes of Puget sound and its tributaries do not furnish a livelihood for thousands of people? True, the present fish industries do support a great number of families, but not a tenth part of what they should.

The fisheries of Norway, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and other similar places, feed and clothe vast numbers of people, and sustain the commercial life of hundreds of cities and villages; while here the majority of the men who fish simply seek to provide food for their own tables, while a few others indulge in it merely for the sport. A few sell fish to their neighbors or at the local markets; a few boxes of fresh fish are shipped away, and a few canneries are in operation. The shipments from here to distant points realize a neat sum in the aggregate, but nothing of what they should. The industry is in its infancy; it is almost undeveloped. The markets are poor. Fishermen find it almost impossible to dispose of their fish at the canneries or elsewhere. The canneries are not run on systematic methods to pay a profit on the investment.

The six Italians in the two boats anchored a few yards from the wharf have just taken a ton of mixed smelt and herring from their seine at a single haul. Their catch averages usually over half a ton to the cast. Surely they have a soft snap, and are doing a land-office business. Well, hardly! That one haul may have overstocked the market at a cent and a half a pound. An hour's work may result in a ton of fish, but a week's work is often required to sell them.

I look down at the water and observe that it glistens and sparkles with countless thousands of smelt and herring that fill it with a silvery sheen.

At my elbow, and ranged upon each side of me, are a dozen men and boys with fish-poles and lines, and instead of a hook and bait a wire contrivance, of triangular form, fastened at intervals with fish-hooks; these they drop down into the water, and drag up through the little fish-schools, and snag the hooks into one or more fish. This is repeated until a mess is obtained.

Crossing over to a slip I approach two large rafts which contain several fishermen. Here is a man with a heavy sinker, fishing on the bottom of the slip with a long line and herring for bait, fishing for crabs; he pulls up one at intervals of every 10 or 20 minutes. The crabs are large and heavy, equal to lobsters.

Here is a longshoreman, at the crab-catcher's elbow, with a short hand-line of about six feet in length, using the same bait, who catches nothing but tomcods in the mid-depths. He is catching them at the rate of a bushel an hour.

Scattered about the docks are a dozen or more men and boys, some fishing with drag-hooks for smelt and herring, others with bait catching crabs, tomcods, flounders, soles, gars and bullheads, indifferently.

The docks and boats in and about the slip are littered with decaying fish of all kinds which are indigenous to these waters, and thousands of pounds of herring are rotting in idle boats.

Up the beach at some distance a number of stooping forms in dingy, faded shawls are digging out clams from the tide flats. These are the everpresent and happy klootchmen (Siwash women).

The Revenue cutter U. S. Grant, coming into the dock for water at this time, drove the Italians a little distance away out of reach of the wash from the trim craft, where they resumed operations. The bell of the customs boat rang (I don't know how many bells the marine calls it) half-past three, and the writer moved off, but stopped suddenly to listen to the weird, sepulchral whistle of the Monterey, at anchor half a mile out.

This is early February. The salmon are now passing up the river and being caught by the wagon load almost entirely for local use. Tons are used for manure by the farmers, and greater amounts rot on the banks.

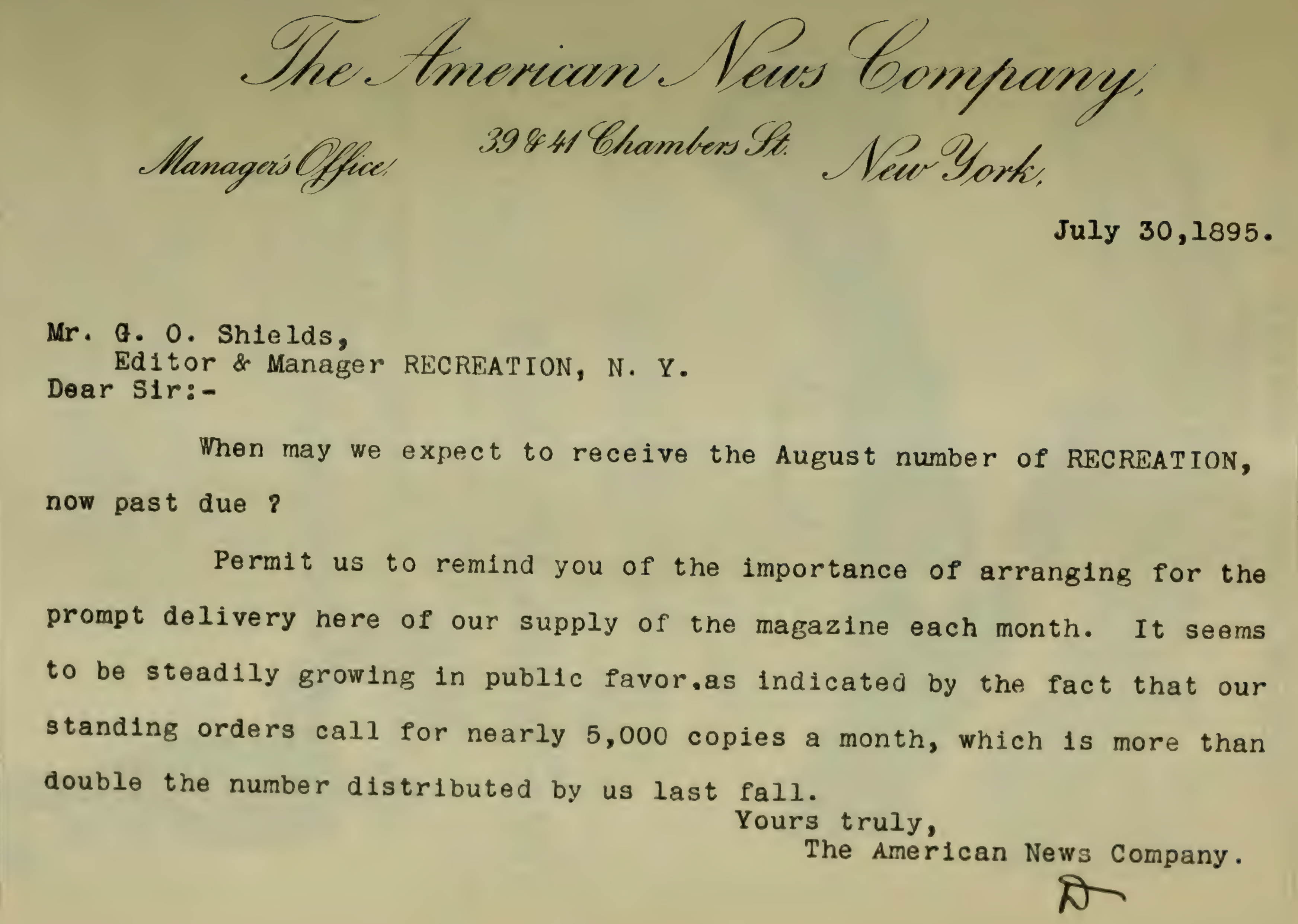
The fresh-water rivers, streams and creeks are crowded with salmon on their way to spawning grounds every fall, when they are destroyed by the ton. Many of these streams are filled with obstructions, crossed completely by dams without fish ladders, as also by fish-traps which prevent the passage of a single fish further up-stream. No protection is being afforded these noble fish; no aid rendered them in their passage to spawning grounds; every hand is against them. The end is not far off, although their numbers are apparently as large as ever.

Trout suffer even worse than the salmon. Some of the formerly best of resorts for good catches are almost depleted. Improvident man is, as usual, recklessly destroying what a wise Creator has provided for his use. He cares nothing for the future.

Some one of the many fine and suitable lakes of Whatcom county, which are now resorted to by way of the creeks, by the salmon, for spawning beds, should be appropriated by the authorities as fish hatcheries. If the sportsmen or others interested would take proper steps to reach the Fish Commissioners and have the necessary work done, the first step would be taken in the right direction. Such work and expenditure would mean much to the country.

Laws for protection of fish must be more rigidly enforced, and officials who have it in their power to punish violators must attend strictly to their business.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE XXIV.]



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Manager's Office, 39 & 41 Chambers St. New York,

July 30,1895.

Mr. G. O. Shields,
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When may we expect to receive the August number of RECREATION, now past due ?

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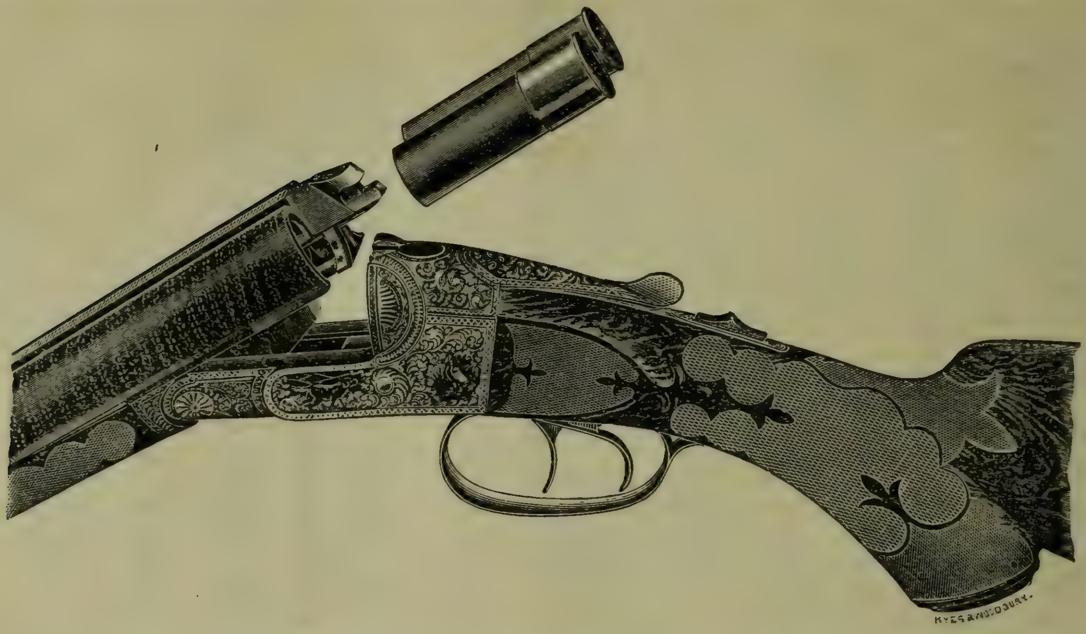

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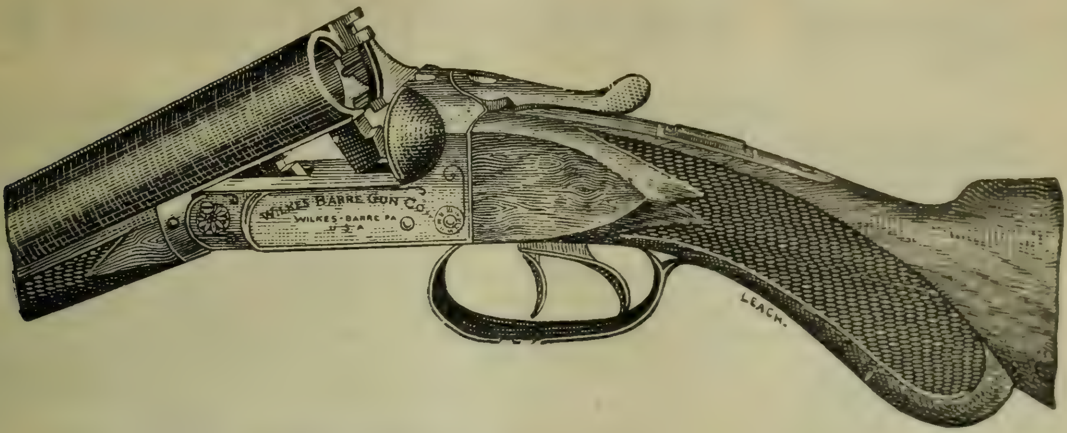
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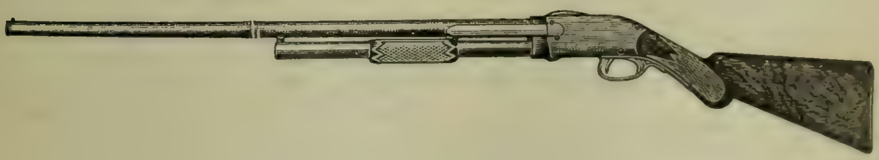

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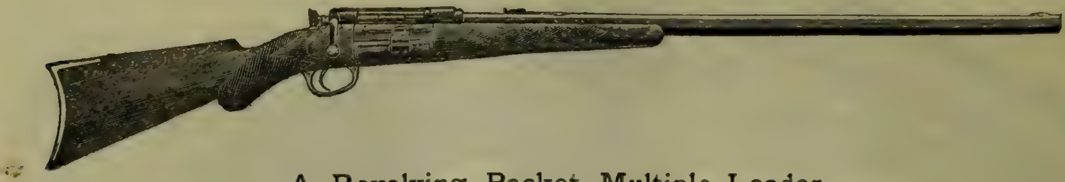

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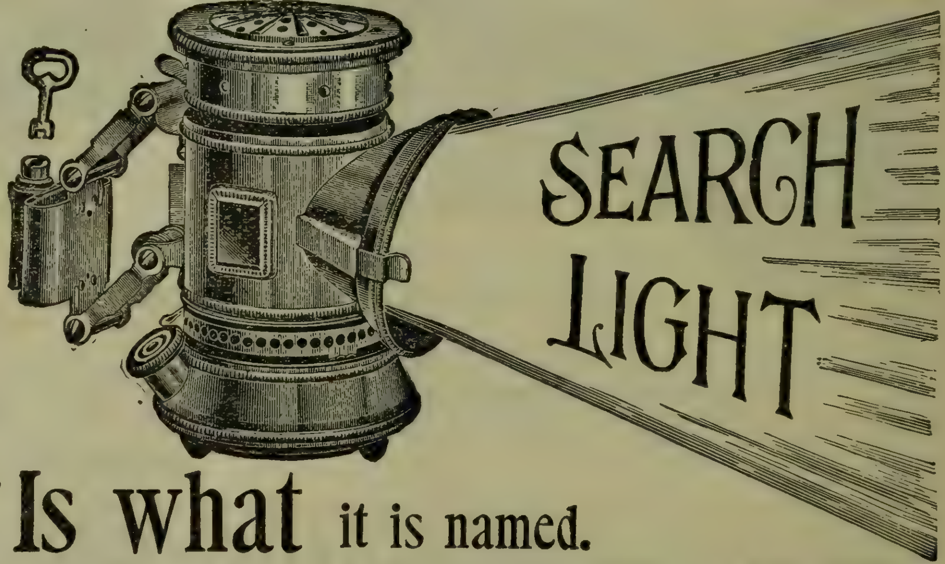

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As to the commercial value of this industry, it is somewhat out of the line of RECREATION'S regular order of business, but as this magazine has an immense circulation among all classes, and is showing such a vigorous interest in the people and the field sports of this state, we hope to attract the attention of the press as well as individuals.

The writer and other sportsmen of the state have tried repeatedly to get at the readers of the state newspapers through their columns. The sportsmen's press, as a rule (with one or two exceptions, RECREATION included in the latter), do not open their columns widely to the sportsmen of the northwest.

We are frequently misunderstood in our request for space, and wrong motives are imputed. We are not desirous of trying to boom a locality, or to decry or run it down; nor to gain personal notoriety; we simply see a danger ahead, and are willing to use what feeble strength we may have to avert it. We see undeveloped wealth, and wish to call attention to it, having no personal axe to grind. We simply wish to improve our fellow man's condition.

Some of us are sick to death of appearing constantly on the same strain for perpetuation of species, but there's nothing like "keeping everlastingly at it."

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BRANCHES: Boston, San Francisco, Portland, Salt Lake City, Denver, Memphis, Detroit.

NEAR BY LANOKA.

I had just said goodbye to my friends, Will L. and Al. H. and young son Davy, who were more lucky than I was, and who were going to tarry a while longer on the bay and enjoy the good fishing and shooting, and as I settled down in the smoker and pulled out the August number of RECREATION I heaved a sigh to see the little station glide quickly by while the scrub-oaks and pines began chasing one another rapidly to the southward. All this reminded me that after a pleasant and profitable week, as evidenced by the well filled basket of weakfish and pickerel, on ice and moss, I should soon be back to hear the rattle of wheels and scuffle of hurrying heels rise to the office windows.

I reflectively pulled on one of Host Hungerford's two-for-a-quarter's, having just enjoyed a breakfast of berries, omelet, bluefish, fried potatoes, steak, oatmeal and coffee with a fisherman's appetite, and I concluded that this was not a trip on which a large amount of disgust and cash had to be "charged to experience," as the best and most generous shooting companion I ever knew, would sometimes put it.

With RECREATION before me, it also occurred that a brief report was the proper thing, inasmuch as it was through the kindness of one of its subscribers that I took the trip, and that may be a word or two would enable some one else to do as well.

Except that the surrounding country is more of nature and less of man, Lanoka is pretty much like the rest of the towns in Ocean county, N. J., along the Central railroad, only the station is not far from the the hotel, and the hotel is not far from the pine-bordered creek where the boats land. This creek shortly widens out into Barnegat Bay. One of the principal attractions, however, was our host. He is a jolly good fellow, a thorough sportsman, and knowing just what is required, will always provide it or bust. For instance, if he says breakfast will be ready at 5, we sit down at just 60 minutes past four, exactly. It seems that our boniface went down there not long ago on a shooting trip, and liked the place so well that he cut lose from the city, and then and there opened a hotel.

I will have to finish as briefly as possible, Mr. Coquina, or you will think I have an axe to grind; but allow me to recount that we took fine strings of weakfish, bluefish and kingfish. Young Davy was "high-hook," and within a few yards of the hotel, just before train-time, we took a nice mess of from one to two pound pickerel to take home. There is a pond a mile or two from the hotel that the boys fished after I left, and they reported great luck with the last named. We kicked up quite a few quail near the hotel, and from its porch heard the ruffed grouse thumping himself with his wings to keep the mosquitoes away; though some of the knowing ones insisted that the bird was whistling through his teeth. The weather was not propitious, but we did fairly well with the yellow legs, and if I get down next month for bay-birds, you may hear from

PHIL. O'HELA.

Reports from this section are badly mixed. We have not seen an Indian for two weeks. I think it is true that several hundred warriors were out to do us up. We know of their scouts having passed through the Hole at night, but we had 90 good men in a body and there is no telling what was averted by being ready for them. The last reports say the Indians are going back to their reservations. That is what we are afraid of. When things are settled what is to prevent their leaving again, quietly, and catching us unprepared. There are four companies of troops here in the Hole, several companies in the Teton basin and more coming up Green river; and no Indians to be found. I have just returned from a seven days' scout in the country east of Jackson's Lake. Saw no Indians nor any fresh sign. Found plenty of game and it was very tame, showing that it has not been molested so much as usual this summer. In the country just southeast of here, where in June there were many Indians and dead elk lying all around, with not a live one to be seen, a week ago some of the scouts saw 200 elk in one day.

S. N. LEEK, Marysvale, Wyo.

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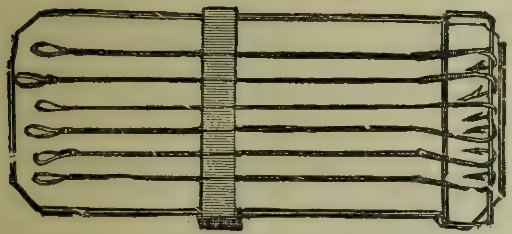

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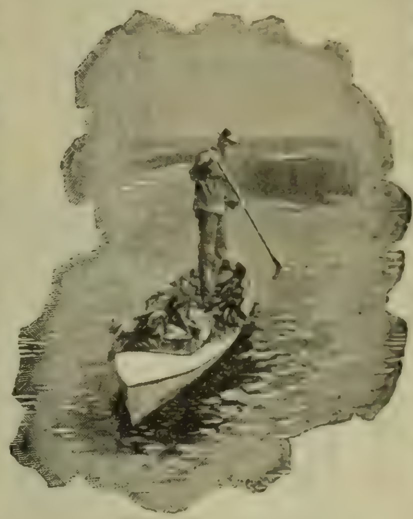

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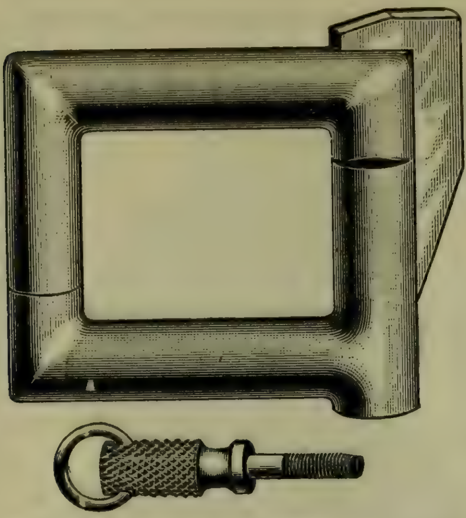

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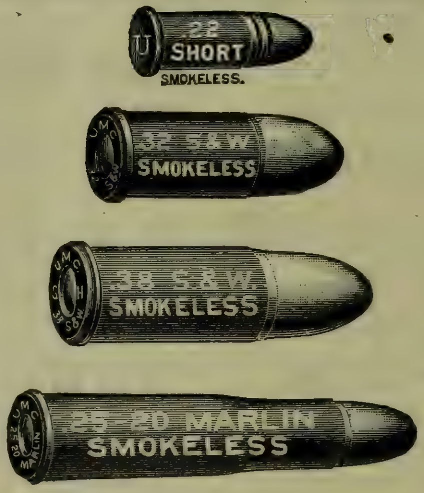

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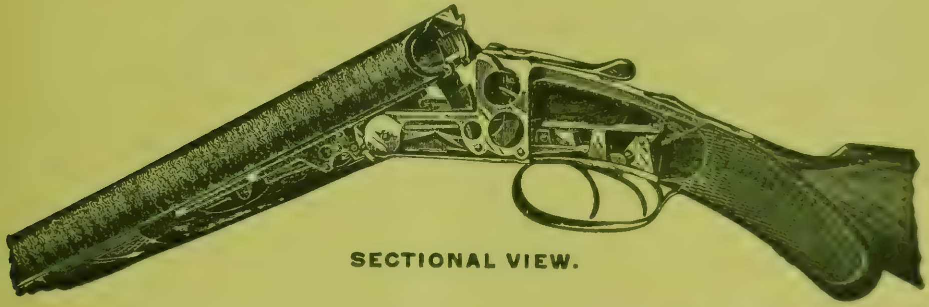

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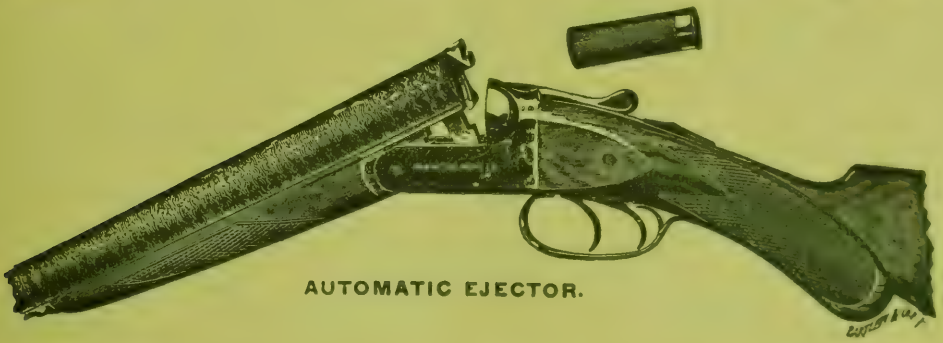

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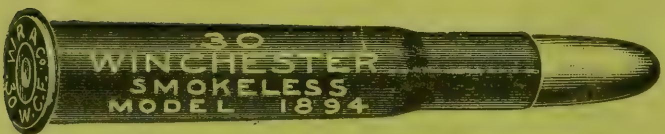

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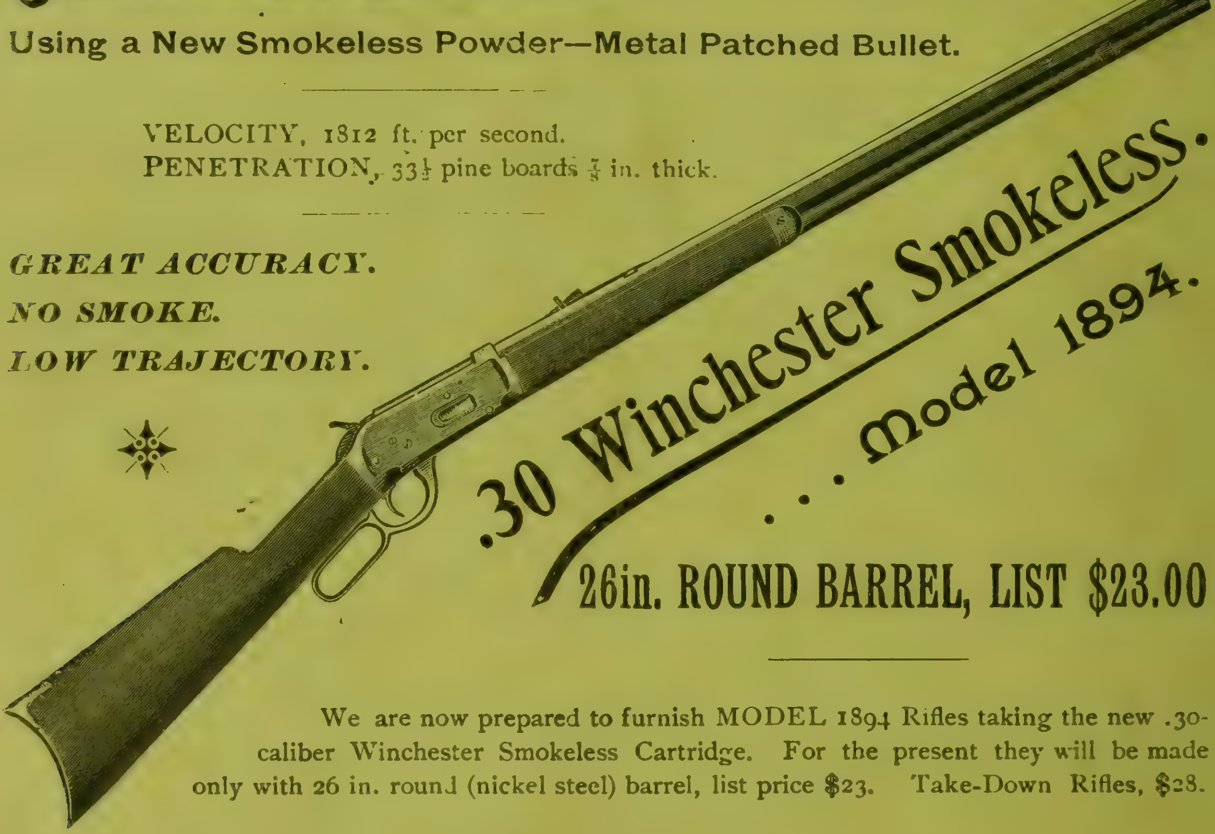

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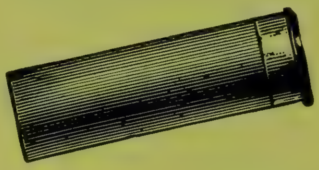

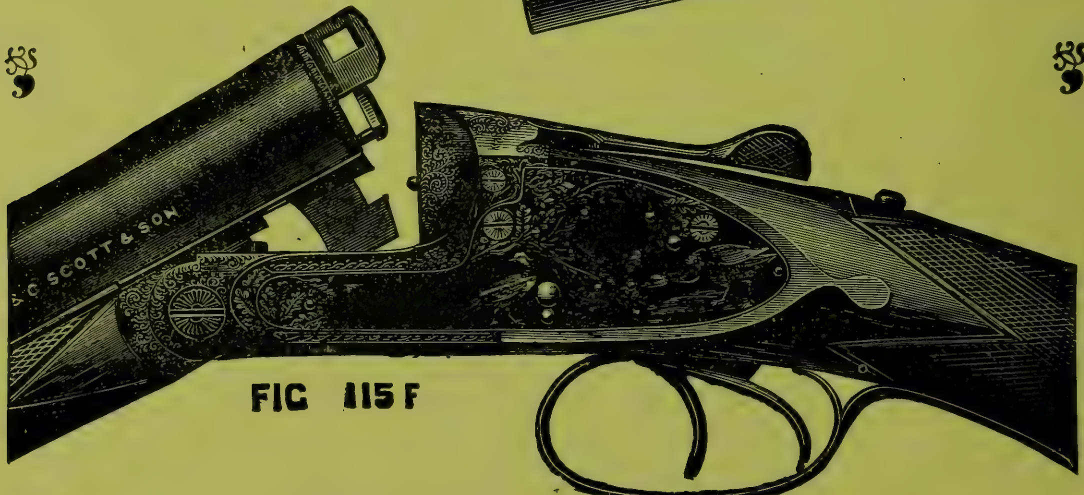

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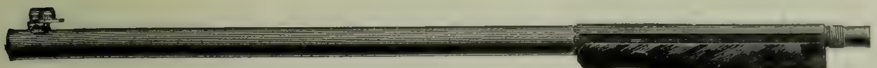

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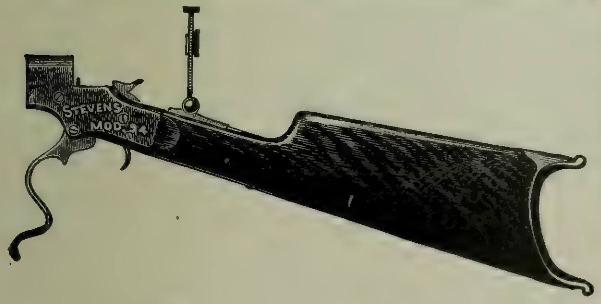

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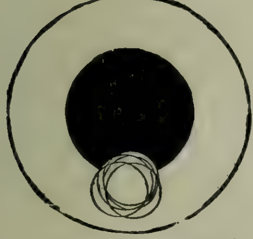

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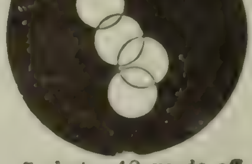

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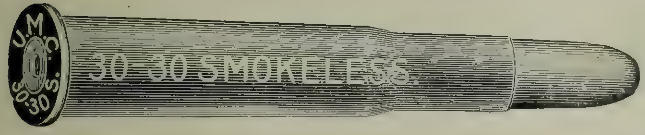
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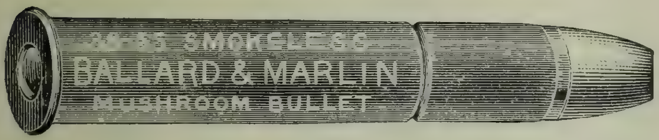

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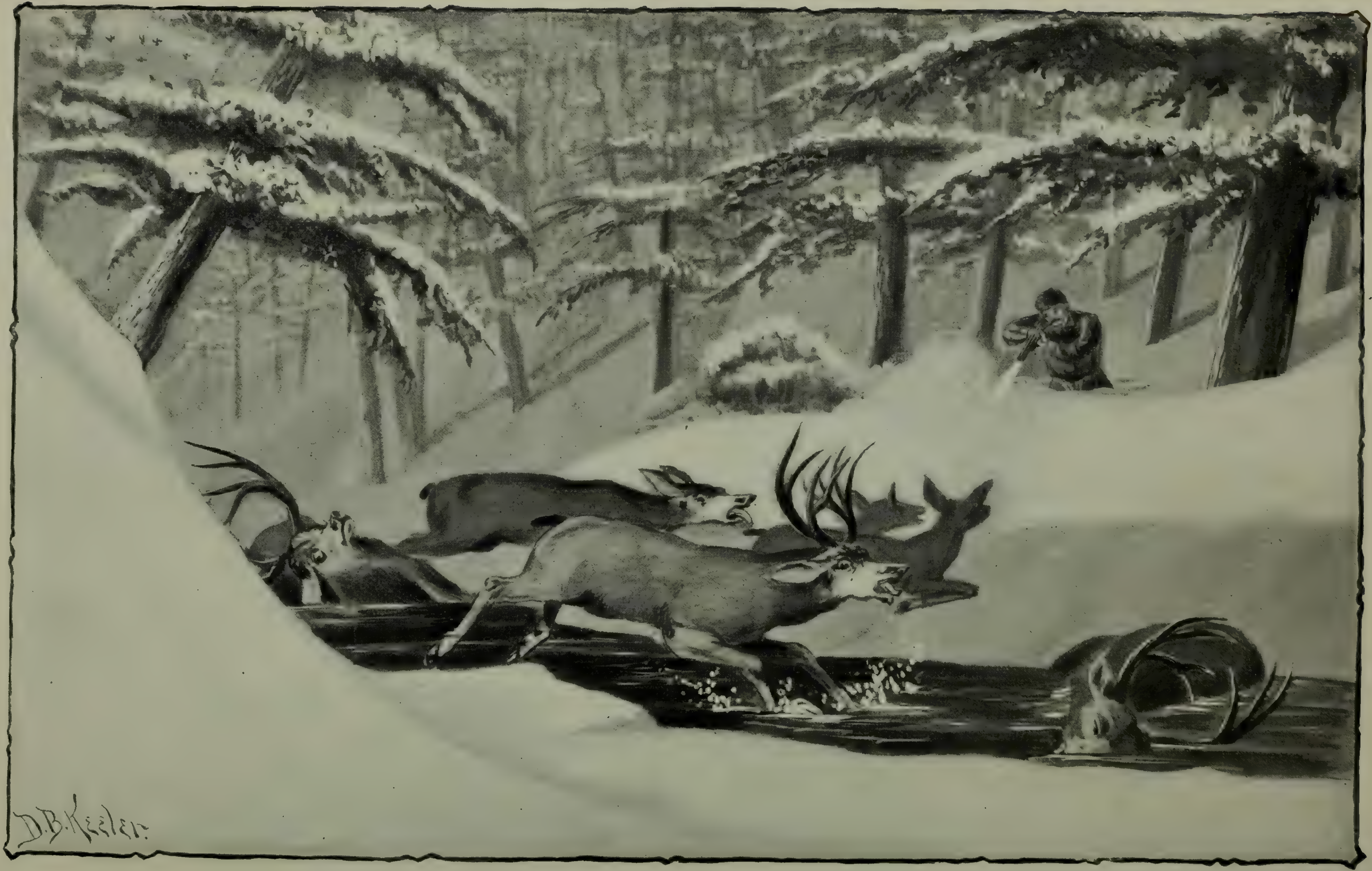

"AND HERE CAME TWO BUCKS, LICKETY-SPLIT."

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Volume III. OCTOBER, 1895. Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

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A DEER DRIVE WITH SPOKANE INDIANS.

LIEUT. W. R. ABERCROMBIE, U. S. A.

"JACK! JACK! nika nanich mica-hiac-hyos cold." (Jack I want to see you, and hurry, it's cold.)

It was about two o'clock one bitter January morning, in 1882, while in cantonement at what is now known as Fort Spokane, Washington, that my friend, the sub-chief of the Spokane Indians, Or-ah-pah-eu, came to my cabin to notify me that a bunch of black tail deer, were corralled in a creek bottom near his lodge about 12 miles from our station, and that the Indians were out for their annual hunt. From the scraps of conversation I caught as Or and his companions unsaddled and brought their traps into the cabin, I learned that the snow was still falling and about 18 inches deep.

After they had struck a light, started fire, and put on a pot for "muck-a-muck" (something to eat), I sat up in my buffalo robes and listened to their plans for the hunt. They had left a temporary camp, about four miles up the Spokane, where they had a "dug-out" to ferry over our "pack-outfits;" and we had best leave within a few hours before a possible thaw and freeze, for it would then be impossible for us to get over the divide between the Spokane river and the Ins-tah-peats-ah creek, where we hoped to get our shooting. A deer very seldom moves about during a snow storm and as the bunch in question had been spotted, it was only a matter of hard riding to get over the divide before a crust should form.

The last impression I had before falling asleep was of the Indians thawing out their leggings and moccasins before a roaring fire. At grey dawn I was awakened by having the blankets and buffalo robes pulled off me. This was an intimation that it was time to clat-a-wah (go); so after swallowing some hot coffee, bacon, and frying-pan bread, I found my way through the darkness and falling snow to a little shack I had built, back of my cabin, where I kept my horses and hunting outfit. On my saddle horse "Stubbie," a thick-set, short-legged, roan, half-bred cayuse—and a dandy to break trail—I packed my Whitman saddle, 250 rounds service ammunition, an extra heavy mission blanket, some burnt cork matches in a water-tight box (made of two empty cartridge shells), a pair of bottles, my rifle, my hunting knives, a chopper and skinner, two pairs of woolen socks, and two pairs of heavy moccasins. For my mare, Bess, I had a complete Indian pack, consisting of two raw-hide bags 2½ by 2 feet—with a flap, and loops on top to hang on the cross tree of the pack saddle. These bags were filled with commissaries. The sacks were an invention of the Hudson Bay Company, raw hide being the only material tough enough to protect the green and red broadcloth they carried over the mountains from the thorn brush and sharp edges of the rocks along the trail. On top of the pack came the coffee-pot, frying pan, liquid snake medicine, and a small short-handled ax encased in a leather cover.

All being ready we laid our course for the "traders' store" where we were to pick up the rest of our party, and this was no easy job, for the snow was falling thick around us. We knew the location of several big pine trees relative to our road, and as there was no wind the snow fell on the ground evenly, leaving what is known as a "blind trail," which with great care on the part of the trailer can be followed.

It is customary for the chief to start out on the trail afoot, following the depression with his eye if light enough, and if not, with his bare hand in the snow. After the first half hour if his hand does not freeze it becomes warm and comfortable. He also feels for the sides of the path with his feet. This is slow work, if alone, and to increase the speed the chief has two followers, each walking twenty paces behind the other, and behind them come the horses and hunters. All three try to keep the trail, but should the first lose it he calls out "lost," and waits till the second and third have passed on when he takes the place of No. 3.

If No. 1 is found off, No. 2 claims first place. The buck who can hang to the trail on a stormy night or day without losing his position, is regarded in much the same light as is the captain of a successful foot-ball team in the east.

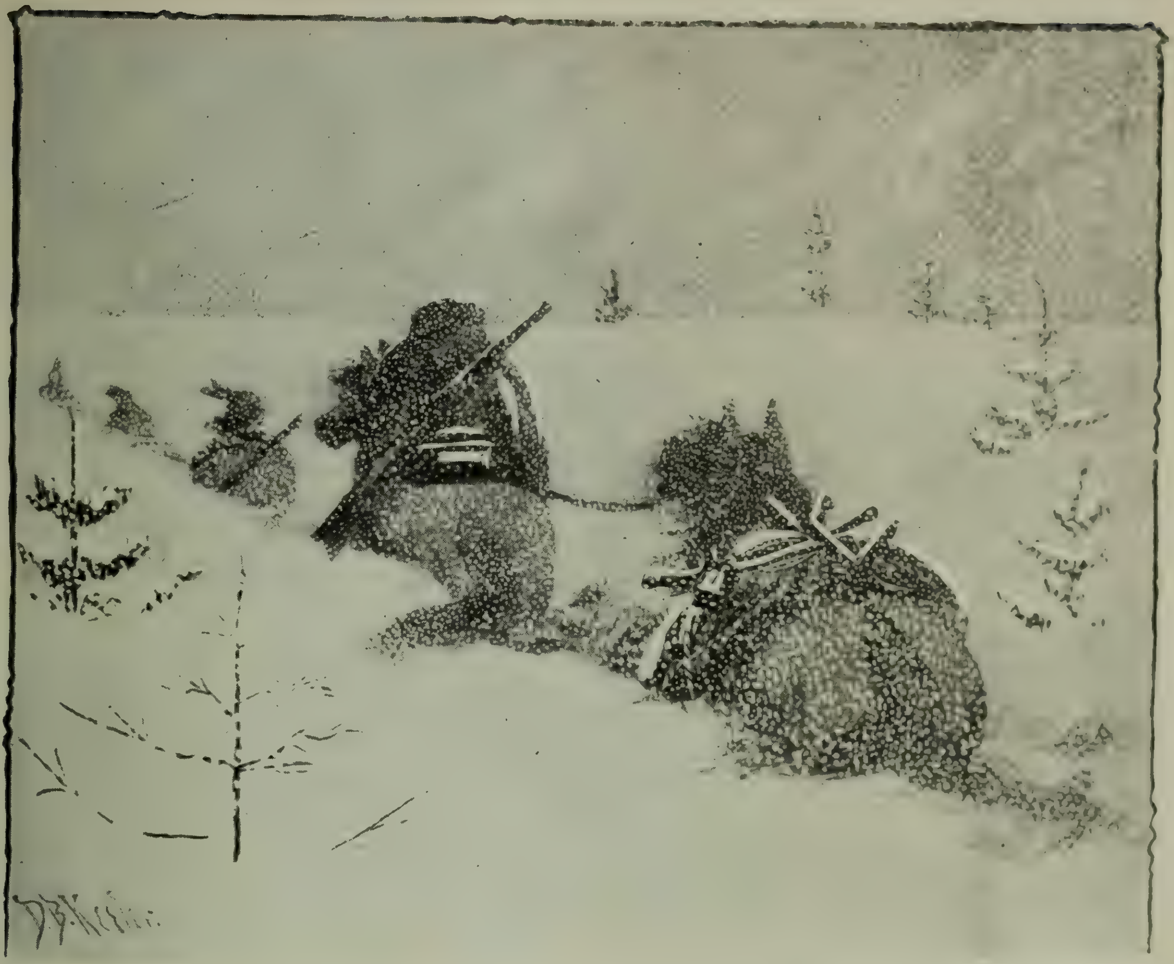
After plodding along for about an hour, in the the most oppressive silence you can imagine, broken only by an occasional "lost" from the trailers, as they silently filed past each other, a black mass ahead of us turned into the traders' store, and from out of the storm came the cabalistic word "skookum" (all's well). We knew it was from friends in the lead although we could not see them. On we plodded, until finally we came to the edge of a deep canyon and heard the rush of a small creek. Down we went until we saw a black line that looked about as broad as my hand. This was the running water in the bottom of the canyon. We halted and arranged our packs for the climb. The opposite wall was almost perpendicular, but some hard work on the part of our horses and great care on our part landed us on the top of it in due time.

Then we heard dogs barking and soon saw the Indian camp across the Spokane river. The stock was unsaddled and our packs ferried over in the "dug-out." Stubbie swam like a duck, but the mare is ugly in cold water and by the look of her eye I knew she meant to give us trouble, so I swam Stubbie with the Indian ponies and lead the mare from the "dug-out." She went in up to her belly and then squared for a plunge. I called out to the squaw :

"Close nanich" (look out); tried to ward off the blow, but was too late. The mare hit the side of the canoe and half filled it with water. One of the squaws went overboard with me. Cold! Great Scott! how cold the water was, as I sat in it holding Bess by the head. "Musa quash!" (paddle hard) I yelled, and the "lady" in the bow of the canoe made the water boil with her paddle, while the one in the water, swimming as only a squaw can swim, pushed the canoe to the farther shore, a distance of 20 yards.

I gave the halter-shank to the young squaw, who lead Bess up to the lodge of Lot, chief of the Spokanes, whose hunting party we had now joined. I followed, stepped into one of the old buffalo-skin lodges of the plains Indian, and found my friend Sherwood who had joined us at the traders' store.

Sherwood is a character peculiar to the frontier. He had been with General Scott's army to the city of Mexico, with Walker to Nicaragua as a filibuster, and later became assistant engineer in the United States Navy, which he left because his ship was to winter at Mare Island, San Francisco, and six months in one place would bring no excitement with it. The "gold rush" to the upper Columbia river was then on, so my friend invested in a burro and started north, traveling from tribe to tribe, learning the language of each and gaining the respect and



"BREAKING TRAIL TO OR-AH-PAH-EU'S LODGE."

good will of all. At that time he owned the traders' store before mentioned. He was one of a type of men who began to vanish when the iron horse that breathes fire packed it's first load across the Rockies.

Sherwood, a corporal of my regiment, and myself were the only white men of the council. As I entered Or-ah-pah-eu motioned me to a seat at Lot's right, next Sherwood. My coming completed the circle. All sat erect in perfect silence, as if cut out of stone.

Lot took up his pipe and filling it from a pouch hung from his neck, began the "wa-wa" (talk). Making a map on the ground with his knife, he showed the trail we were to follow to reach the hunting grounds, and welcomed and advised us in a few words. He said, Lot's heart was glad when he saw us, for we were good shots and would kill a great many deer over on Ins-tah-peats-ah creek where there was a large band which his young men had been watching; that we must be careful in shooting not to miss any, and that his young men and women would pack the carcasses back to the main camp. They had been breaking trail for us, up the divide, all night. We had better start right out. The trail lead up a sharp foot-hill over a mésa through pine timber and sage brush, then up a gulch to a divide about 3,000 feet high, which was comparatively easy traveling, as the bucks and squaws had kept moving all night to keep it open. On reaching the summit, where the snow was about six feet deep, we cut some green boughs which we laid on the snow, and gathering some fagots from a standing dead pine, built a fire and made coffee, as it was now well along in the afternoon.

After fortifying ourselves with

fried bacon and hard tack we prepared to break trail down to Or-ah-pah-eu's lodge. Giving our guns to the cutters (ordinary) bucks, we tied our stirrups over our horse's backs and took off their bridles so they would not get tangled up when floundering and wallowing in the snow. Then we put on our snow-shoes and broke the snow for a hundred yards or so. Returning, we mounted our horses, my grey leading. How the snow flew, and how he puffed! It had grown cold, and the steam went up from our horses in a column. When the descent became more marked, my horse would go 10 or 15 feet at each jump. The sensations were peculiar. He would paw and wallow until he could get a footing, then he would make a leap and slide 20 or 30 feet, the snow over his back. Sometimes he would throw me on the snow in front of him so that we would face each other; then with a quick movement I would pull myself up on his back again.

Finally about dark we made the lodge, dead beat, our horse's flanks crusted with frozen sweat and snow, and our moccasins in about the same condition. How good it felt to lie down in the lodge and watch the fire burn. Not a sound is heard, for the Indians are too tired to cook or talk. It was one of the toughest days I have ever experienced, snow-shoeing in Alaska not excepted.

About four a. m., Or-ah-pah-eu awakened me, saying: "Not good sleep too long after such hard tramping, legs get sore."

Then the cooking began, accompanied with a few Indian stories of hunts and fights. Each man cooked his bit of grub on a stick before the fire, telling his story meanwhile. This kept the entire party moving, at intervals, the rest of the night, which is "good medicine" to keep from getting sore muscles.

Starting out next morning at e-lip-sun(grey dawn), we made a bee-line for the confluence of the two creeks, which we reached about two hours after sunrise. The creek bottom was covered with a thick chaparal, with here and there a clear place. Or-ah-pah-eu posted us along the creek, one to each of these clearings, with the warning "close nanich" (look out). The banks were about 150 feet high, and the snow about three feet deep.

Above we could hear the Indian boys as they came down the canyon wading in the creek and driving the deer our way. My hands were cold from carrying my gun. I leaned it against a tree and put my hands under my buckskin shirt to warm my fingers a bit. As I stood thus I heard a splash in the creek, and before I could get my rifle to my shoulder a big five-year-old buck shot past. I squared myself and here came two bucks lickety-split. I nailed the leader in the head and missed the second; then came five. I got two of these and jammed a cartridge in my gun. While thus disabled seven or eight went by. By this time we were all red hot. The hunters below me made the woods ring as they pumped the lead into the fleeing deer; and the Indians above, hearing the fusilade, howled, yelled, and came wallowing through the deep snow as fast as they could. The perspiration ran from my face in streams, and the smoke hung in front of me in a cloud. This kept up for 15 minutes, and that drive was over.

The Indians came into the clearing, steaming in the cold morning air, wet to the arm-pits, the upper portion of their shirts covered with ice. As soon as they had inspected the 14 deer I had killed they started for camp to dry off, while the squaws, who had followed with pack horses, began to skin and cut up the carcasses. I dropped down to see what luck the others had, and counted 37 mule deer in and along the creek as a result of the drive, none of which would weigh less than 150 pounds.

Slaughter? Well, yes; but this was the way the Indians got their meat in those days, and I was only a figure in the affair. If I had not been there the Indians would have done the shooting. I merely helped them out and saved them a few cartridges. I had an experience I shall never forget and am glad I accepted Or-ah-pah eu's invitation. But such scenes will never again be enacted, and the only shooting we do now is in theory—in the Officers' Lyceum.

* * *

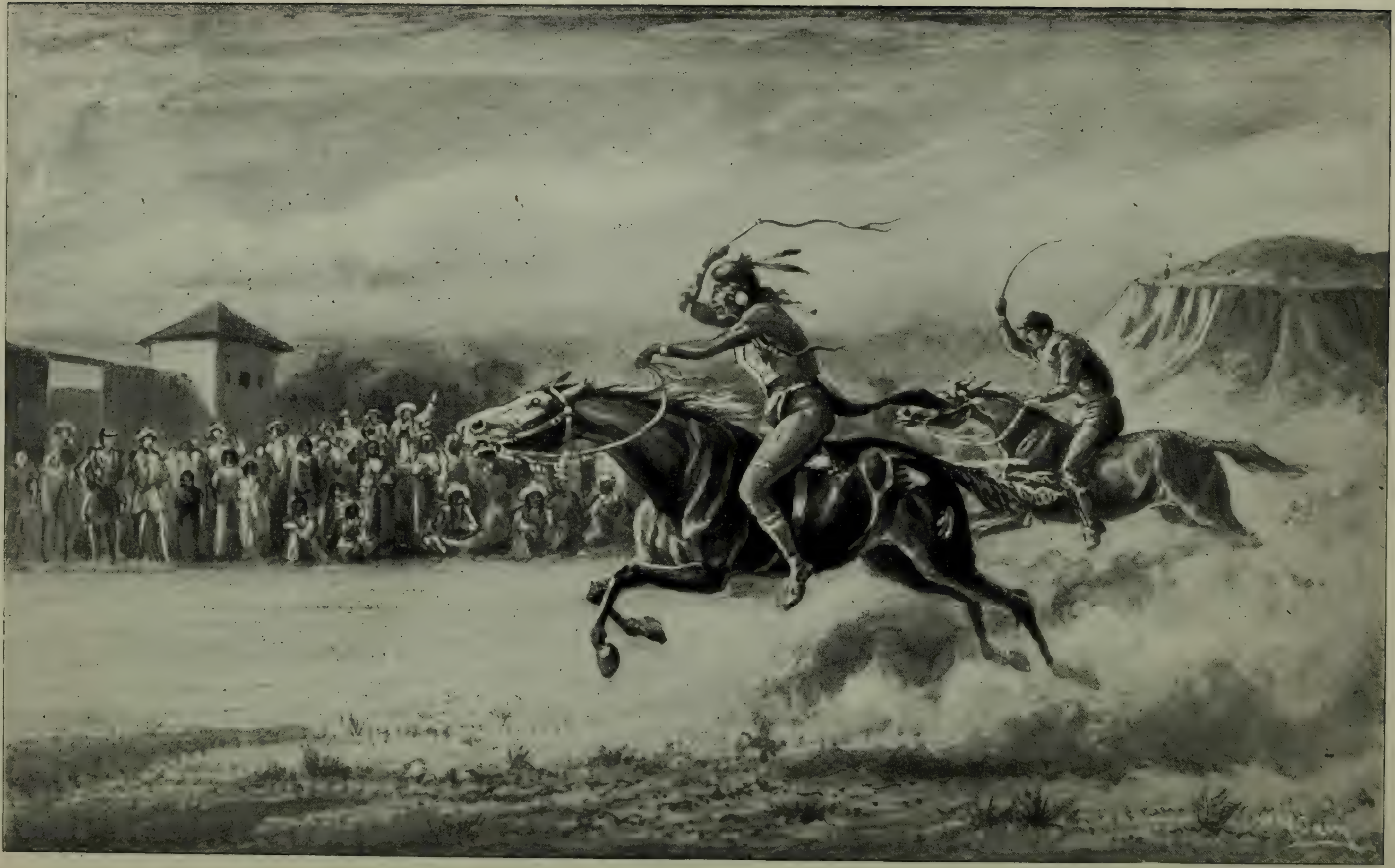
AN INDIAN HORSE RACE.

MAJ. F. M. BERNARD.

It happened at the Agency when Troop O was over there, escorting from the fort a delegation from the Society for the Amelioration of the Condition, and the Protection from Imposition, of the Plains Indians. The Agency butcher, Beckett, told Farrier Lipbrown, of Troop O, that Howling Bull, a young chief, was anxious to match his American horse, Tegante (popularly believed to be a part of the spoils of last year's raid on the horse ranches near the railroad), against the Troop's running horse, Ossian, and proposed making a race. The farrier doubted if it could be done, because, during the march over, a party of Crow Indians that camped near the Troop one night had run off several horses, including the captain's own, one of the fastest in that part of the west. This had naturally enraged him against all Indians and their doings. Beckett persisted; showed how such an opportunity for getting the best of the guileless red man might never occur again; that it was too good a chance of doing him to be lost.

Howling Bull was Beckett's brother-in-law, so he could get all the inside information about the other horse; and with this, added to the other advantages he possessed, it would be odd if the race didn't go our way. In fact, he put the matter so forcibly and favorably that Lipbrown agreed to speak to the First Sergeant about it. The First Sergeant, when he proposed the match to the Captain, met with a profane refusal. Howling Bull then appeared and used his eloquence—at first without avail; but later, when he hinted that he might be able to recover the stolen steed, the Captain relented. He knew of this Indian's expertness in the science of horse-transference and that he could probably make good his hint.

The excitement over the race was great. Both horses were well known, and, it was thought, evenly matched. Lipbrown and Beckett had exclusive information, acquired in dark and devious ways unknown to the Indian. They had a certainty, plunged heroically, taking everything the whites at the Agency could be induced to put on Tegante. The Indians were moneyless, but they freely staked ponies, furs, etc., against the luxuries of the trader's store. Howling Bull, a fine specimen of his race, had been educated at a Jesuit college near St. Louis, and had returned to his people as a leaven of civilization. But the leaven did not work. Once back in a lodge with a blanket on his head he was a savage again in spite of 20 years of teaching. A knowing savage, however, his schooling was not entirely thrown away. It helped to make him a man of note in his tribe, and gave him a knowledge of the manners, habits, and customs of the white man which his brothers did not possess. He learned one lesson in the St. Louis school he did not forget. That was the value of money, and he always had a tidy sum stowed away somewhere. This



"HE SHOT FORWARD LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE AT THE OPENING OF THE THROTTLE."

wad was, in this instance, the white man's point of attack. It was the real stake, the ostensible one being three ponies against a steer.

For a time Howling Bull would not bet money. He declared he had none so persistently that it required all of his brother-in-law's persuasive powers to induce him to finally produce the roll. When it came it was found to be much larger than the others imagined it would be, and they had to scratch around pretty lively to cover it. If the race went against them neither would touch a cent of pay for over a year. The orders for it were in the trader's safe.

Lipbrown, who handled the Troop horse, had been a hanger-on about English racing stables previous to embracing a military career, and had, he said, ridden in the great races. True to his training he enveloped his preparations for the race with Newmarket secrecy and mystery. Howling Bull was as open as the other was close. Tegante remained with the herd and, as far as one could see, was not handled at all.

The course was from a point near the stockade across the plain to and around a low hill, and back to the starting point—about two miles. As the hour for the race drew near, the plain about the course was well covered with Indian men, women, and children, mounted and afoot. It was ration day at the Agency and that, with the presence of the Commission, had drawn an unusually large number together, 6,000 to 8,000, practically all of them in gala dress. They made a brave show, moving about in their paint and beads ; dashing here and there ; running short races ; calling to each other, and trying to cross the course kept clear by the Agency police. A New Yorker, a guest of the captain's, and Hungry Snake, an old chief, were the starters and judges. The First Sergeant was posted on the hill, to see that everything went straight while the horses were out of sight of the judges.

All was ready, except that Howling Bull had not appeared with his horse. Lipbrown, in an improvised jockey suit, nervous and excited, stood at Ossian's head, conversing in low tones with Beckett. The crowd at the starting place—mostly white soldiers—was beginning to chaff the two managers, when the Indian dashed up, placing his horse beside the other. The rider was entirely naked, except as to a breech clout and a few beaded and porcupine-quilled ornaments about his head and neek. His face, painted in the highest style of Indian art, glistened in the strong sunlight as if it was varnished, giving him an uncanny look.

His horse was about as much dressed as the rider was undressed. Strips of beaded and colored buckskin were braided in with his tail and mane ; his face was painted bright yellow, with a border of white; his hoofs and legs, half way up to his knees, were black, while over his sides and quarters marks as of blood-red hands were scattered. A blanket, fastened on by a surcingle, and an elaborately fringed and otherwise ornamented headstall completed his toilet. Taken altogether, the pair did not look like man and horse, but like the creatures of a nightmare.

Howling Bull beckoned to a boy of about 12 standing near, and when he approached threw him on Tegante. This brought an excited protest from the other side. Calm and impassive the red man listened to it, and when the judges ruled against him he took the boy down and mounted himself.

At the word they were off, Ossian at first leading by a couple of lengths or more. At the first quarter Tegante's fantastic nose was opposite Lipbrown's knee, at the half mile it was still there, and Beckett's heart beat as he saw how easily he kept his position. As they passed out of sight at the turn of the hill the butcher sickened, for he could see that Tegante's rider was not letting him go. As they came into view again Lipbrown's face was white, for, try all he could, he could not get that yellow nose one inch to the rear. A wave of wonder seemed to roll over the hitherto silent Indians, who gave vent to a series of grunts.

"By gum," said a soldier standing near the judges, "you're done, Beck. Bull can win any way he pleases."

Beckett's only reply was an oath.

Nearer they came to the post. At about the last quarter Howling Bull gave Tegante his head a little. He shot forward like a locomotive at the opening of the throttle, and Ossian was a length or thereabouts in the rear and there remained until the race was won, and Lipbrown and Beckett ruined financially.

Two days later Troop O returned to the fort. The morning it started, while the Captain was breakfasting, Howling Bull appeared at his tent leading the horse the Crows had stolen. Only those who have seen a lost horse returned under similar circumstances can form an idea of what then occurred. I, therefore, will not attempt to describe it.

"At last there is one honest Indian," said the Captain. "Howling Bull said if I'd let Ossian run he would try to find Thunder and Boots, and he's done it."

Said the Captain's New York friend, a racing man: "See here, Captain, your nag looks awfully like that Indian's horse."

"Of course he does. Everyone knows they're both sorrels, of about the same weight."

Howling Bull grunted a "Thank you" as he pocketed a neat reward for the return of Thunder and Boots, and the episode was ended—that is to say, not quite ended, for at "stables" that evening, 30 miles away from the Agency, Lipbrown, tremendously excited, came up to the Captain, and, without even saluting, gasped out:

"See 'ere, sir! I've dropped on somethink! Bull is a scoundrel, sir! I've found yellow paint on Thunder's blaze, and ye can see where his legs 'as ben painted black, and his tail looks like it's been chawed! That Injun's did us up. He's changed 'orses on us!"

This supposed duplicity of Howling Bull caused a great to-do in camp, for nearly every man there had lost more or less on the race. Lipbrown attempted to return to the Agency and was put under guard. The captain showed the First Sergeant how improbable the farrier's suspicions were and refused to take any action.

The episode had an echo, however. Many years later, when the Captain had become a major, he met Beckett, then a big Indian-cattle contractor, and in the course of conversation Beckett said: "You remember the race at the —— Agency, one of your men and I got up with an Indian named Howling Something or other?"——

"Your brother-in-law."

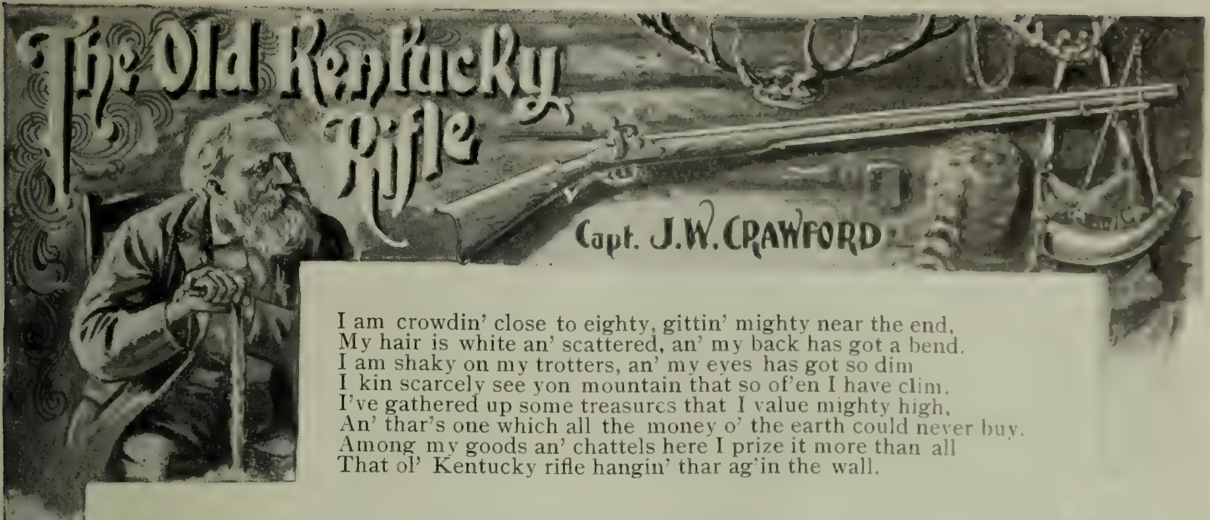
"Ye-es—then. Well, sir, that fellow let us in beautifully. He knew your horse and run him off himself and got that Crow outfit to leave early in the morning, so you'd think they had taken him; and when you thought so he made the race. He kept the horse over in Sour Apples village until the race day, when he painted out all his marks, clipped his tail, so he would look like Tegante, and won. He nearly ruined that soldier and me. I was a year and over, getting straightened out. An Indian is a low-down, mean beggar. No trusting him. And by the way, Colonel, nothing about that brother-in-law business, you know. My wife is kind of uppish. Her father was a governor, and she mightn't like it."

THE CHASE.

"Over the hills and far away,
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him."

The reason is not far to seek—
The girl was on a first-class wheel,
And so, of course, just like a streak,
She pedaled closely at his heel.

EMMA CARLETON.

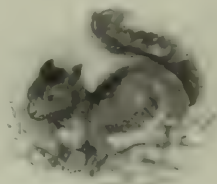


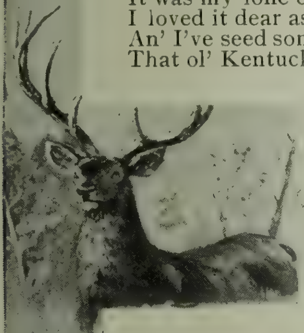
The Old Kentucky Rifle

Capt. J.W. CRAWFORD

I am crowdin' close to eighty, gittin' mighty near the end,
My hair is white an' scattered, an' my back has got a bend.
I am shaky on my trotters, an' my eyes has got so dim
I kin scarcely see yon mountain that so of'en I have clim.
I've gathered up some treasures that I value mighty high,
An' thar's one which all the money o' the earth could never buy.
Among my goods an' chattels here I prize it more than all
That ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the wall.

Its stock is scarred an' battered, an' its bar'l is full o' nicks;
Its lock is worn with sarvice till I scarce kin hear its clicks.
It's lost the shinin' beauty 'at it had when I was young,
But when it speaks it hasn't lost the sharpness of its tongue.
It was my lone companion when this country was a wild,
I loved it dear as father ever loved a favored child.
An' I've seed some moments when to me 'twas all in all,
That ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the wall.





Lots o' deer has fell before it; yes, an' many a panther, too,
An' in early days some Injuns knowed about what it could do.
An' a squir'l's eye peepin' at me from the very tallest tree
I could bu'st all into bits an' bring the critter down to me.
An 'the Chris'mas' shootin' matches, master mine! but wa'n't they fun?
An' I reckon I surprised 'em with the shootin 'at I done.
Every turkey 'at I drawed on caught the vengeance of a ball,
From 'at ol' Kentucky rifle hangin thar ag'in the wall.

I have seed the new inventions they are makin' now-a-days,
An' I own they're mighty slick in a variety o' ways;
They are han'some fur to look at, you can load 'em with a snap,
An' you never have the trouble of puttin' on a cap;
You kin shoot 'em mighty lively when you bring 'em to the scratch,
Never have to ram yer bullets, never have to cut a patch.
But fur close an' hair-breadth shootin' I could one day down 'em all
With that ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar ag'in the wall.

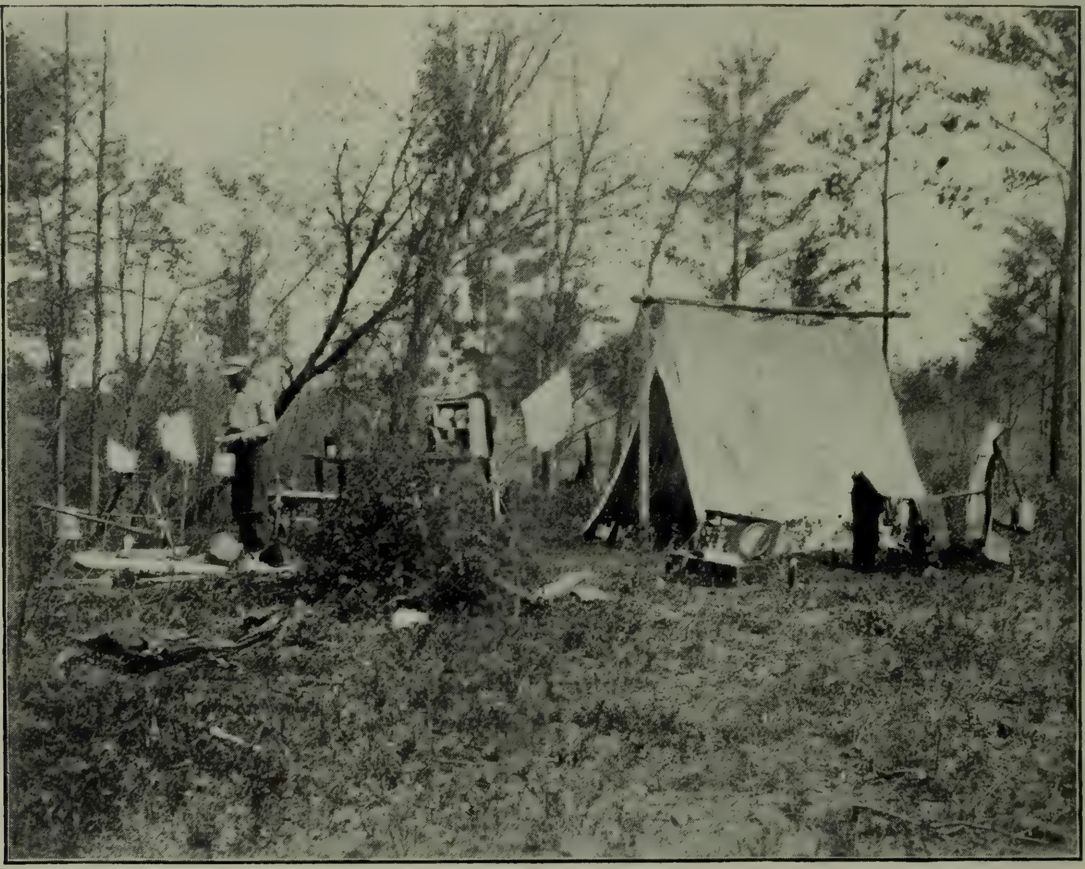
Thar's one thing makes me love it as I never did afore—
When I heered the ringin' summons callin' loyal men to war;
All the fire that nerved my daddy in the Revolution days
Got a-surgin' in my bosom till my heart was all ablaze.
Then I shouldered that ol' rifle, filled my bullet pouch with lead,
Put that ol' warm cap o' coonskin sort o' keerless on my head,
An' I offered them the sarvice of a mighty keen-eyed man
Fur to do some fancy shootin' under glorious old Berdan.

I'm not inclined to braggin'—quit that business long ago;
But when I am called to answer fur my statements here below,
I kin face the great Commander with a conscience cl'ar an' bright,
Arter sayin' that ol' rifle done her shar' in many a fight.
Mus'n't it 'a' been surprisin', when a Reb thought he was hid,
Fur to git a sharp remembrance (as a many of 'em did),
That the optics of a Yank was penetratin' as a hawk's,
When a s'archin' fur a graycoat hid up in trees or rocks.

Through the bloody war I packed her, and brought her home ag'in
Proud an' sassy o' the record that I tuk her in to win;
An' when age was creepin' on me an' I couldn't shoot no more,
With my shaky hands I hung her up to rest above the door
When this ol' an' worn-out body underneath the ground they hide,
I've asked 'em fur to lay it sort o' lovin' by my side.
An' when Gabr'el blows his trumpet I'll march up'ard at the call,
Hangin' on to that ol' rifle over thar ag'in the wall.

AN OUTING ON THE PESHTIGO.

FRANK K. ROOT.



THE memory of one particular trip to the woods is especially vivid in my mind. We have talked it over more than once, my "*compagon du voyage*" and I. We were in camp on the Peshtigo early in June—not too early to enjoy nature in that northern latitude, for she was even then arrayed in all her springtime loveliness. Not too early for the birds, for they were there when we arrived—many species and varieties of them keeping the air full of song from sunrise until sunset. Then the whippoorwills would tune up and serenade us until far into the night.

Last, but not least in quantity or quality, were those sociable little birds, the mosquitos and black flies. My companion, the lawyer—' Honorable Kounselor " I shall call him—remarked that they were thicker than the wicked little insects that live on the outside of the dog. For my own part I should say that instead of mosquito their name was legion. I merely mention the fact of their presence as one of the features of the summer landscape we were not too early for.

They did not spoil our fun, though, by any means. Far from it. Our smeared faces by day and our nets by night kept them at bay. The "dope" with which we smeared was designed by the Honorable Kounselor, and stands in our annals a monument to his genius. It is simply a mixture of equal parts of vaseline and tar oil of the "tarrest" kind. It proved so offensive to the mosquitos that they would not go near any feature covered with it; and the black flies were neatly drowned before they could get in their murderous work. I can recommend this mixture to brother anglers as being most effective. Nearly all the other doses I have tried the mosquitos would feed on with apparent relish, and, after finishing the medicine, would begin on me.

Our tent was pitched on a breezy knoll, almost on the river bank, and while not as picturesque as many camp sites we have chosen elsewhere, was convenient to the fishing waters, and generally acceptable. Without knowing it we had camped on a runway of the deer. Scarcely had we finished making camp, on the afternoon of our arrival, when we were treated to a sight that made us glad we came. A beautiful doe came and stood for a moment just on the edge of the woods, not more than 200 yards away. She had evidently intended to cross the river, but a view of the camp made her change her mind. After giving us only an instantaneous view her hoofs twinkled and her white flag waved us a ta-ta, as she bounded away. Several times in the next few days, we were treated to glimpses of deer, one and two at a time. One morning, glancing across the river, we saw a magnificent buck standing on the bank, gazing at our camp. No doubt he was wondering who presumed to occupy his property and block his thoroughfare. With a background of dense foliage, brilliantly green in the morning sun, he made the "chef d'oeuvre" of our living pictures.

The Peshtigo is a grand trout stream. It should be not only carefully protected, but continually stocked. In addition to our own native fontinalis, the rainbow trout is now fairly plentiful there and a number of fine fellows are taken each season. The Peshtigo is the stream of all streams for comfortable fly fishing. We had great sport, and a fair measure of success.

"A STRANGE OLD WOODSMAN."

To the right of our camp, not 25 feet away, between banks interlaced with alders, the Little Eagle made its small way into the Peshtigo. It is a cold, clear little stream full of trout. At any time of day we could drop them a line and get an immediate reply. All we caught were little fellows, under eight or ten inches, but they graced our festive board and figured conspicuously in many a toothsome dish prepared by my companion, who is quite as effective before a campfire as before a jury. The German fried potatoes usually accompanying them (the trout, not the jury) were sometimes coaxed by the writer, who could fish better than he could cook, to a fair degree of gastronomic perfection. Sometimes they were not.

A GOODLY POOL.

Brush fishing is not the most attractive kind to us, and the Little Eagle was full of brush, logs, snags, and roots, from start to finish. To dangle a baited hook with 18 inches of line from the end of a rod, drop it in among brush, with the chances about even for a small trout or a large snag—and, if a trout, to yank him out without benefit of clergy, has little of real sport in it. We could always get the fish, though, and simply took enough for the frying pan, then stopped.

On the other hand it was the acme of fishing to wade the beautiful, broad Peshtigo, casting the fly, taking comparatively few trout, to be sure, but what beauties! Few of them weighed under half a pound, and often we would get a big, lusty chap that would make things hum for a while before coming within reach of landing net. Give me about five good brook trout killed in this way, and my friends may yank a hundred from the brush without a particle of envy on my part.

I could spin this yarn longer by telling of several excursions to the Big Eagle, two miles from our camp, where we got good-sized trout, and plenty of them, with both bait and fly, and of sundry other interesting and enjoyable short trips with rod and camera; but it is time to ring off.

We spent ten jolly days at our little camp, lounging under the tall Norways on the river bank, fishing as the spirit moved us, resting when we felt that way, and chatting with a strange old woodsman who visited our camp several times.

When the Honorable Kounselor and I go into the woods, the feeling that we are near to Nature's heart is enough, and we are well content to watch and study her children, and listen to the songs of her birds. We always go home refreshed as to body and brain. This trip was no exception to the rule. We have stored away the most pleasing memories of the success of our outing on the Peshtigo.

A MYSTERY OF THE TETONS.

Ed. H. Trafton.

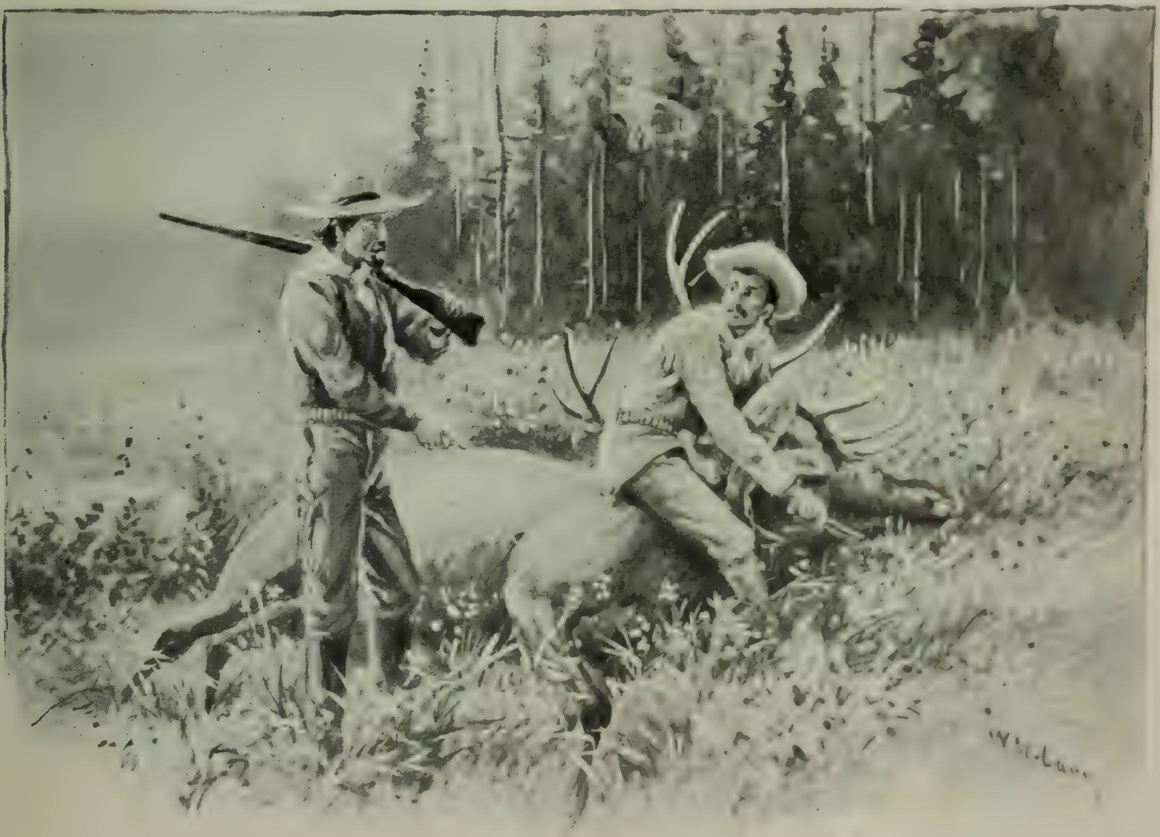
TEN or twelve years ago the Teton Basin and Jackson's Hole afforded the best big game range in the Rocky Mountains, and, for that matter, still do. Moose, elk, mountain sheep and deer were there in thousands, while silver tip, cinnamon, brown and black bears were plentiful, as well as small fur animals.

In the Fall of '83 an incident happened to me, up there, that I want to tell the boys about. I was trapping beaver on the Little Cottonwood, south of Jackson's Lake. I also had a line of fox traps set, extending from camp to the foot of the lake, some ten or twelve miles. One day after making the rounds of my traps, I came back and found Teton Jackson in camp, making himself right at home, cooking his supper on my fire and apparently enjoying himself in great shape.

"Hello, Ed!" he sang out, as I rode up to the camp fire; "I thought this was your camp when I struck here by the way them beaver was stretched."

Jack was considered "hard game," in those days, and likely to be followed into camp, any time, by a vigilance committee or by some outfit that he had "pinched" (stolen horses from); but as I was camped all alone I was glad to have company for a few days, even if I had to fight for it. Jack was good company in camp, if he was bad; so we proposed next day to go up my line of traps, kill some elk, get a lot of tallow, bring in the hides and make us a good elk-hide rope.

We saw several large bands of elk on our way up the line, all the way



--"AND STARTED TO CUT HIS THROAT."

from 25 to 300 in a bunch ; but they were off several hundred yards and we knew we could kill plenty right along the trail before we made the round trip, so we did not go after them.

And now fellows, now comes the thing that has puzzled and bothered old Ed. from that day to this. I was in the lead, and we were riding through heavy pine timber. About 100 yards ahead of us was a little opening or park of about three acres. As we neared it we heard a bull elk whistle. We stopped, and again he whistled ; coming right toward us from the other side of the park.

"Jack," said I, "I'll drop out of the saddle, and when the old fellow comes out into the park I'll down him."

Pretty soon the old fellow walked out. I let him get in the middle of the little park, when he stopped and let out a snort, turned broad-side to me and blew his whistle again. Then again he turned his head in the air for an instant as if he scented danger. Fellows, he was a prince among elk—one of the largest I ever saw.

I found he was about to go, so I raised "old meat in the pot" till my eye touched the line of sights, and sent a 50-caliber ball into him, close to the heart. He dropped his head and shook like a leaf. He swayed for a moment like a drunken man, then threw his head high in the air and blew the most mournful whistle I ever heard. I shall never forget the effect it had on me. It seemed to chill the blood in my veins. He ran backward three or four steps, and then pitched over dead. We went up to him, and Jack was looking at the bullet hole behind the fore leg. He said, "You shot him through the heart, or close to it."

I had just cut through his hide and into the neck far enough to start the blood, when we heard another bull whistle, about 200 yards from us in the timber.

"Jack," I said, "let's get that fellow while he is close by."

We mounted and left the dead elk—for he was stone dead—and rode into the timber until we caught sight of the other bull. Jack slid off and shot him. We dressed him, and took about 30 pounds of tallow out of him. Jack threw the hide over his saddle, and we went back to skin the bull I had killed. I took the lead, right back to the edge of the park, but when we got there we couldn't see any dead elk! "That's funny," I said, and I walked right up to the place where he fell, and there was the blood.

Now, I'll say right here, that in this park the ground was very soft and loamy ; and there had been a heavy shower the night before. A fox couldn't pass through the opening without leaving a clean track. This big bull was the only one which had been in that park since the shower, and his tracks were just as plain as could be, from the edge of the timber up to where he fell, a distance of about 50 yards. There was the blood and the print of the elk's body where he had fallen, and that was all. That settled it.

Boys, that bull elk never made another track after he struck the ground. I looked around at Jack, and he looked at me. I said :

"Jack, what in the name of God does this mean ?"

He never spoke, but looked at the ground ; then walked in a circle clear around where the elk had lain. We both made this circle ; not only once, but many times. Every time our feet touched the ground they left plain tracks. Jack looked up in the trees. Then he turned to me and said :

"Ed., does elks ever fly ?"

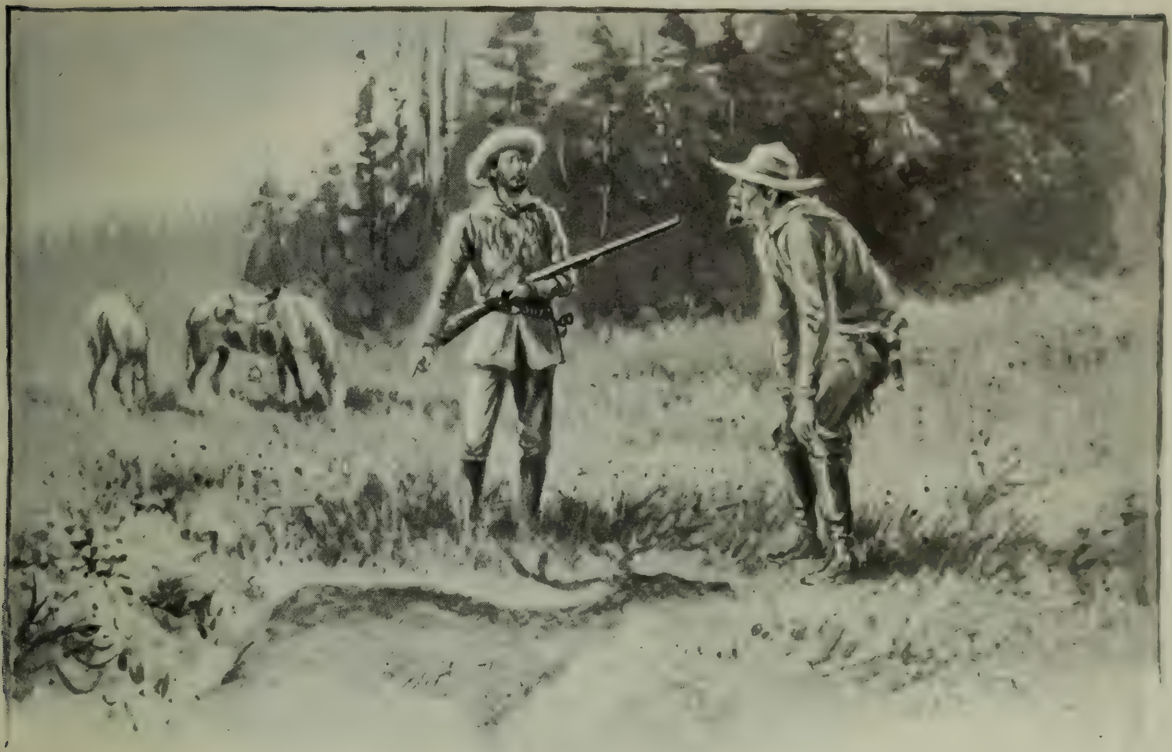
"Only on four legs," I said.

"Ed., do you remember that mournful whistle he made when you shot him ?"

I did not answer, but I felt the blood again freeze in my veins. I started for my horse—so did Jack—and we both struck for camp.

Neither of us spoke until we arrived there.

Boys, I never was superstitious ; and as for Teton Jack, he wasn't afraid of the devil nor of all his imps ;



"ED., DOES ELKS EVER FLY?"

but he had the blues so bad for the next two days, that he saddled up, pulled out and left me.

I have killed a great many elk and bear in the vicinity of that park since '83, and I have never been within a mile of it but what something induced me to look again for the carcass of that elk I killed, and try to solve the mystery of how the old giant ever left that park without making tracks or other signs.

THE SPORTSMAN'S SONG.

L. E. HOLMES, M. D.

What time the wild bird's flight is north,
  When the blue-bells dot the hills,
I'll rise from cares and hie me forth
  To sport among the brooks and rills;
    The tempting fly
    Will catch the eye
  Of spotted fin on rippling rills;
No ding-dong cares will there be nigh,
No weary brain, no grief-born sigh,
  With sport among the rifts and rills—
  Sport among, sport among, sport among
    The rifts and rills.

When clover casts away its bloom,
  And fawns are old enough to run;
When frost comes with the early gloom,
  And fox's coat is deeply dun,
    My trusty gun
    Will bring me fun.
My loyal dog shall come with me
  Among the brake and in the brush,
  And never break at lark or thrush;
But sport with me in joyous glee—
Sport with me, sport with me, sport with me
    In joyous glee.

When snow comes down in feathered flakes,
  And grouse creep into sheltered nooks;
When ice doth cover stream and lakes,
  At home again to toil and books,—
    To books and friends
    We'll make amends;
With wife and babes at even-time,
  And cheery ale of hue like cream,
  And songs of sports by mount and stream,
We'll have a merry, happy time—
We'll have a happy, happy, happy time.

SHOOTING IN THE NORTHWEST.

JAMES K. BOYD.

FROM early spring, through all the summer, our party, whenever we met, had something to say of our prospective western trip in the autumn of 1894. Many were the conjectures as to the best time to go, the prospects for sport and how many would finally go. As the time drew near it became evident that at least one of the quartet would have to remain at home, and, strangely enough, it proved to be the single man. One other had many misgivings and a third saw breakers ahead; but finally we set the time of departure for Saturday, September 22nd. We selected the Lehigh Valley and Grand Trunk railways to Chicago and, with dog in charge of one man, another carrying two grips, and each of us loaded with guns, rubber coats, etc., we started.

We reached Chicago at 9:25 P. M., Sunday, transferred to the Chicago and Northwestern railway, and left on the 10:30 train for St. Paul. That city was reached at 11:55 a. m., and as the Northern Pacific train was to go at 4:15 p. m., we had ample time to attend to call on friends there. Again, at 4:15 p. m. we were on a train of fourteen sleepers and coaches drawn by two locomotives.

The following morning found us at our destination in North Dakota, where we were met by our guide of the year before, and who soon landed us at his house. As he was busy, we concluded to hunt alone during the afternoon of that day. We started with our team, but were disappointed in not finding plenty of grouse where we had found great numbers the year before. We picked up thirteen grouse and twenty-three snipe. Some practice on plover and jack rabbits enabled us to "get our hand in."

The next day we killed an equal number of grouse and had a little pass shooting, during the late afternoon, when we killed a fine string of mallards, teal and snipe.

We devoted the next day to grouse shooting and had a good day's sport, killing forty-five. Much of this shooting was done in thick cover and we had great difficulty in scoring some of the birds.

The following day, bright and early, found us on the way to a lake where we had found excellent shooting at ducks and geese the year before. Now, we found only a dry slough. In fact, many of the lakes and sloughs were entirely dry, and on a windy day the alkali dust was extremely disagreeable. The immediate neighborhood was barren of prairie chickens where last year we killed many. We returned to our pass and killed a few ducks, of various kinds. We put in the fifth day at a large lake, said to be good for redheads, canvasbacks, teal and grey ducks, but the result was not encouraging.

Our next move took us a long way from our stopping place. We found, on a large cattle ranch, a sociable host and a good and true sportsman. We spent two days and nights with him and using boat and decoys, killed a fine string of canvasbacks, redheads, mallards, pintails and teal, with a few snipe. On our return to our guide's house we concluded to seek a better grouse country in Minnesota, particularly as a guide there had been highly recommended to us, by a man who had employed him.

It took us two days and nights to transfer from one hunting country to the other, with all the attending pleasures and difficulties and in as disagreeable weather as you can imagine. We arrived at our new quarters late in the evening, tired and wet, and did not find much comfort awaiting us; but in a man who is so devoted to his pipe and so fond of killing big game as our new guide proved to be one must not expect much interest in bird shooters.

Still, we decided to make the best of a bad bargain, and started out next morning to look for grouse. The country had been burned over, and the fires had doubtless driven many of the birds away, but by hard work we picked up some thirty odd birds in two days. Otherwise, we should have been short of meat, for our host had none. Notwithstanding we were in a farming and cattle country, he had no milk and we had to send out and buy it. The farmer and his wife, however, believed in variety. The first day we had beans and butter; the second day beans and bread, and the third day bread and butter.

We saw, in all, seven deer, during our stay, and it was laughable to see the writer driving on one occasion an ill-matched pair of bronchos, over ditches and through bushes, at a rattling gait, in a vain attempt to give our "moose hunter" guide a shot, with a single-barrelled shotgun, at a running deer 150 to 200 yards ahead of us. Needless to say he did not get the deer. As I have intentionally, and for obvious reasons, omitted all names of places and people, I will not here reveal the name of our alleged guide.

A TRIO OF SHARP TAILS.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. A., N.P. RY.

On the third morning we awoke to find about two inches of snow on the ground, and it was still snowing hard. We had determined to start for home that day, at all events, but we came near not doing so, for if ever there were weak-minded people anywhere we found them up there. However, by repeated bracings and urging, we got the guide to hook up a team and take us in.

Halfway to the railway station, and about eighteen miles from our starting place we stopped, at three p. m., for the night. Here we found the best built and appointed house we had seen on our trip, presided over by a highly entertaining and energetic lady and her daughter. The district school teacher was boarding with them, making altogether, a most delightful family.

We took a walk, after having our team attended to, and got five prairie chickens and ten ruffed grouse, in about an hour's shooting. We enjoyed this so much that we almost forgot our hardships and the poor fare of two or three previous days.

On returning to our new quarters we found an excellent supper awaiting us, to which we did ample justice. I cannot say too much for the hospitality and kindness of these people. We are planning to return there for a longer visit.

Bright and early next morning found us moving slowly toward the railway station, where we arrived at 4 p. m., and boarded our train for home. I hope I shall never again fall into the clutches of so lazy and worthless a specimen of humanity as was this so-called "guide."

A TOAST.

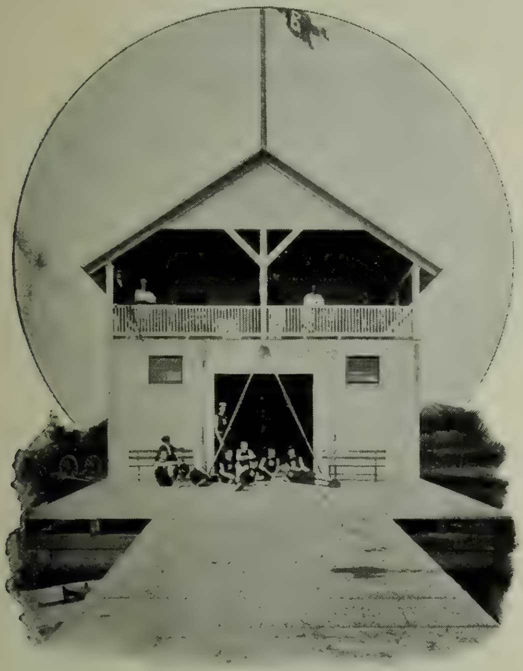
JESSIE FORSYTH CLINE.

They talk of their castles in Spain,
  Of their gold-frescoed ceilings and walls,
Where guitar and the mandolin's strain
  Enravish the echoing halls;
And love has a softer refrain.

They write of their castles in Spain,
  Steep in poetry the eloquent pen,
With folk-lore and tales entertain,
  Of glances that fascinate men,
Of lips and of eyes that enchain.

But I covet no castle in Spain,
  Be it filled with the Orient's wealth;
In our cot she and happiness reign
  And I—let us drink to her health—
Madeira? Oporto? Champagne?

THIS cut is from a photograph of the home of the Bogota Boat Club, which is on the Hackensack river, at Bogota, N. J., 40 minutes from New York, via the New York, Susquehanna & Western R. R. The Club was organized in April of the present year, and during its brief existence has acquired some fine shore-front property and has built a handsome and commodious club-house. It has a number of gigs, shells, working boats, etc., and an excellent bathing beach.



Among other sports which the club indulges are tennis, billiards and trap shooting. The non-resident dues are low. The following is is a list of members :

A. E. Bauer, M. B. Brinkman, F. W. Cane W. H. Cane, M. Davis, E. B. Duvall, A. M. Hesser, C. M. Horton, L. Kirby, J. C. Kent, C. Krieger, W. C. Lefferts, R. C. Lydecker, A. G. Munn, Jr., S. G. Munn, H. F. Munn, H. T. Munn, R. W. S. Negus, W. J. Parker, G. Van Keuren, E. A. Jackson, H. W. Jackson, F. A. Jackson, L. Lozier, K. C. Rogers, P. C. Terhune, Carl Wille, Wendel Andrews, Chas. S. Conklin, F. C. Dunn, W. W. Clayton, John E. Huyler, Harry Hopkins, S. V. S. Williams, Chas. B. Rockwell, J. Howard Wells, E. F. Bartsch, Fritz Lindemeyer, B. C. Van Dyke, Robt. W. Holmes, F. A. Williams, J. W. Halberton, H. H. Fiedler, Geo. Brown, C. A. Peck.

St. Paul, Minn.

The little Davenport rifle is a beauty and I am surprised at its shooting qualities. Some of my friends think of buying, also.

E. J. PAULI.

Oroville, Wash.

Young grouse are ripe but there is not more than half a crop. Seven are the most I have seen in a flock. The usual number is one or two. LEW WILMOT.

Hoboken, N. J.

We are readers of your valuable magazine, and take great pleasure in sending you a photograph of ourselves, taken with a telo-photographic lens, by an amateur, on a misty morning, at a distance of over half a mile. The photo represents duck shooting on the salt marshes of New Jersey.

HARRY LANGE, WM. SCHUTTE.

St. Paul, Minn.

EDITOR RECREATION:

The Amateur Gun Club held a shooting match at Inover Grove, near St. Paul, recently, at which Blue Rocks were used and some good scores made. A. E. Perry used 10 gauge gun; E. C. powder, 3½ drs., 1 card wad, 1⅜ felt, 1 No. 9 blk. edge, 1-10th blk. edge, 1⅛ oz. No. 8 shot. B. L. Perry used same load, Remington gun. P. H. Merd used a 12 gauge high grade gun, E. C. powder, 2¾ drs., same wadding. J. B. Emmerson, 10 gauge Colt Hammerless, 3¼ drs. E.C., 1¼ oz. shot. The birds were thrown against a strong wind which made them hard to get. Mr. Emmerson usually heads the list, but the poor background and the wind were too much for him. This is the last of our shoots at Blue Rocks this fall.

C. L. H.

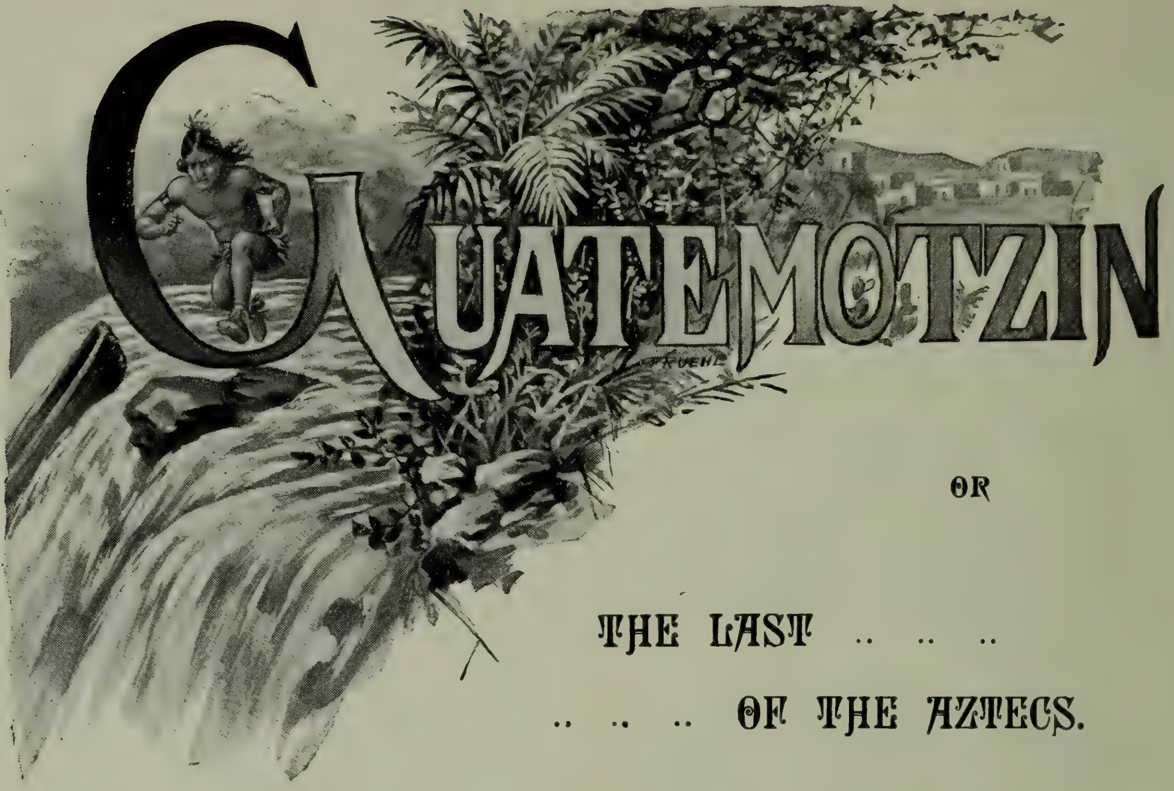
Executive Office, Cheyenne, Wyo.

There is nothing new in the Jackson's Hole affair. The Indians are not hunting in Wyoming at present, and it is doubtful if they do so again this year. Some of the eastern folks seem to feel bad because no white people were killed.

W. A. RICHARDS, Governor.

Memphis, Tenn.

Thursday a friend and I killed 2 woodchucks and got 18 squirrels from our negro gunners, to whom gallinipers and snakes have no terrors if cash and toddy are promised. W. A. WHEATLEY.



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. ..

.. .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

Dr. Edward J. Tucker.

CHAPTER VIII.

JESSIE MAKES HER CHOICE.

I ARRIVED at the little church and took a seat in the darkest corner just before Mr. Sheldon and his daughter drove up to the door. As Jessie entered I noticed she paused to glance around the little assemblage. I held a book before my face so that she did not see me. From time to time, during the service, she glanced around, and, as the morning wore on, a look of anxiety shaded her mobile face. Then for the first time I became aware of the absence of Steve. A pang of jealousy seized me, and I felt that I had over-estimated my strength. As I noticed her impatience painful, bitter thoughts crowded upon me, and I would have given the world to have been able to retire unnoticed, but the church was so quiet, save for the monotonous tones of the preacher, that I almost feared to breathe. I resolved to move quietly out the moment the doxology was read, and I awaited it with impatience.

Our heads were bowed in final prayer and I arose to make my escape, when I came face to face with Jessie, who had quietly taken a seat beside me. I felt my face flush crimson, and then grow pale as death. In my agitation I sat down and buried my face in my hands. The look of pity I saw in her brown eyes unnerved me. I heard the congregation file out and Mr. Sheldon come down the aisle ; a whispered consultation took place between his daughter and himself, and then he passed out.

A small, soft hand was laid on my head and a trembling voice said :

" Allen ! "

I raised my head and gazed into her clear eyes.

" Did you mean to leave us without a word of cheer ? "

Something of my old rebellious mood provoked me into saying :

" I did not suppose you cared whether I spoke to you or not."

She flushed a little and said : " Allen, we are in God's holy temple. For His sake let us avoid earthly passions. I have thought of you often, and have prayed for you in your loneliness. I pity you from my heart."

"And why do you pity me?" I asked.

"For the uncontrollable spirit that rages within you. Oh, Allen, even now I see you vainly endeavoring to suppress it. It has caused you to drive all your friends from you. Even I had not been acquainted with you one hour before you deeply offended me."

"It is well enough for you to preach to me," I cried hotly, "you are prejudiced; and were I an angel you would yet see in me only a devil incarnate."

A look of intense pain whitened her delicate features, and without another word she turned and passed out of the door. I bowed my head in my hands, angry at myself that, without cause, I had again offended her.

"Allen!"

I did not look up, for I knew who stood beside me.

"Allen, twice before have I listened to the voice of pride and turned from you on account of your bitter tongue, and each time I have regretted I had not been more forbearing. What makes you so bitter? You are more like a Philistine than a Christian man. You not only offend me, but you cannot live in peace and harmony with your own father and brother."

"Do you believe there are some wrongs that may not be endured?"

"Surely; but you have not such wrongs."

"You yourself have wronged me," I exclaimed.

"In what manner?"

"In our first meeting you say I offended you. You laughed at and taunted me when I was painfully oppressed by a sense of inferiority. You goaded me into a rude remark, and when I humbly craved pardon you spurned me from you. I was then suffering from the knowledge that your accident was due to my folly, and was anxious to atone by being of service to you. I have been miserable ever since."

She paled a little and said, so low I could scarcely hear her voice:

"I am sorry I repelled you after you candidly acknowledged your fault, but I was piqued at your presuming to kiss me in my helpless condition."

"When you fainted I feared you were seriously injured, and I was wild with grief and despair. When you regained consciousness, in my delirious joy I kissed you. I was hardly responsible, for I felt as though I had murdered you."

"I am rejoiced to hear it was not through presumptuous folly, but you were wrong to cause me to injure myself. I suffered severely."

"Your sufferings were not more acute than my own. I could not endure the thought of you limping home, so I hurried to the farm with the intention of hitching our team and placing it at your disposal, even if you would not allow me to accompany you home. On the way I met my brother, who was driving to town. I begged for the rig; he refused, and I insisted that he should at least take you home. After I confessed I had unwittingly injured you, he reluctantly consented to see you as far as Main street. At the same time he promised not to tell you who had sent him to your assistance, as I feared you would not consent to accept aid through me. On his return he unblushingly told me he had betrayed me in acquainting you with the fact that I had kicked your hat over the bank into the bushes below; he listened to your reproaches, and concealed the fact that I was his brother. He knew I had been accustomed to rough play with the country girls of our neighborhood, and I believed the hat belonged to one of them. After I met you I was anxious to rise above my sphere, and desired to enter a medical college last September, but my ambition was thwarted by Steve, who influenced my father not to advance the money for my expenses. The farm is mine, the money made on it is mine, or at least sufficient of it to enable me to obtain a higher education; but Steve said he had made it, though my father worked as hard as he. I was never encouraged to work, and never wanted the farm until I learned Steve was employing every effort to obtain legal possession of it; not until he painted me in such colors as to incur your detestation did I resent his conduct."

After a painful pause she said, in an agitated tone:

"Am I to understand that all this feud and enmity is because of me? Oh, I am so sorry, so miserable."

"I am sorry to wound you, Miss Sheldon, but my lips spoke when my heart wished not to speak. I came to this church to-day to see you befor leaving these parts forever."

She looked up quickly. "Where are you going?"

"Out into the world. I have overestimated my strength, and find nothing here but pain and sorrow. I am either misunderstood or do not understand myself. I am accused of possessing an ungovernable temper and of wounding those I love. Out there in the world I will be an atom whose peculiar characteristics will injure no one."

"It is possible you may have been misunderstood; but was it manly or sensible to ride through the streets of a town at such speed as to imperil your life and the lives of others?"

"My horse ran away with me, and I was endeavoring to get back into the country when I passed you."

"Oh, then you did see us?"

"I saw you when I entered the street, and would rather have died than injure one of those children. In fact I expected instant death when I faced that gate."

She held out her hand with a bright smile. "Allen, if you had a thousand faults that deed would have atoned for them all. I have longed to thank you for the risk you took of certain death. We saw your noble and successful effort to turn your horse into the side path, and I wished to congratulate you on your escape when you came through the gate on your return, but you would not look up. You acted as though you were ashamed of your noble deed."

I looked at the glowing face and sparkling eyes, and felt a sensation I had never known before. I answered: "I was ashamed. Every blunder I made, every ludicrous position I fell into, was before you."

"You say you are going into the world never to return—are you not making another mistake?"

"Mr. Yost, whose farm adjoins mine, wishes to lease more land, and I can let him have my farm."

"I was not thinking of your farm, but of your friends."

"I have no friends."

"Did I not offer, and did you not take, my hand in friendship?"

I slowly shook my head and replied: "Mere friendship would be an aggravation. I thought during the winter I had conquered the pain and heartache; but I find it would be increased if admitted to friendship bestowed on others, while it would be torture if I were compelled to witness the success of Steve."

She looked sad and thought deeply a few moments, and with a quiver around the corners of her mouth replied:

"A strange foreboding took possession of me when the Friends informed my father he must give up his home in Philadelphia and answer the call from Wilkesbarre. I tried to prevail on him not to go, but, always obedient to duty, he answered the call and came here. Modesty forbids me to listen to wild language such as yours, but I am fearful it is the same voice of pride I obeyed on several occasions, and always regretted. If I had hearkened to it this feud would not have reached the limits where a house is divided against itself—father against son, brother against brother. Therefore, do not think me without maidenly reserve if I again give you my hand and pledge you my friendship. I do not love Steve, and have told him so; I do not love you, but like you more than anyone I have ever met."

"Oh Jessie!" I cried, seizing her hands and covering them with kisses, "I can hardly believe my senses."

"Nay, Allen, she replied gently, I have not surrendered my heart to you."

"No, but you have made me happy. You have bidden me to stay."

"I do not wish you to go away, Allen, for you know you have an ungovernable temper."

"You will teach me to control it, Jessie."

"Were you not looking for Steve?"

"I?" she asked in surprise.

"When you entered the church, and during service."

"I was looking for you."

"For me!" I replied in amazement. "How were you aware that I was in the church?"

"Did you not send a gentleman with your buggy to our assistance, knowing we were late for service? Well, he related how we were under obligations to you; how you had made him promise not to reveal your name; but he added, with a reckless laugh, 'There is no honor among thieves and gamblers, and as I am one of that fraternity I will state, for the benefit of the young lady, his name is Allen Olney, and he is now going to your church.'"

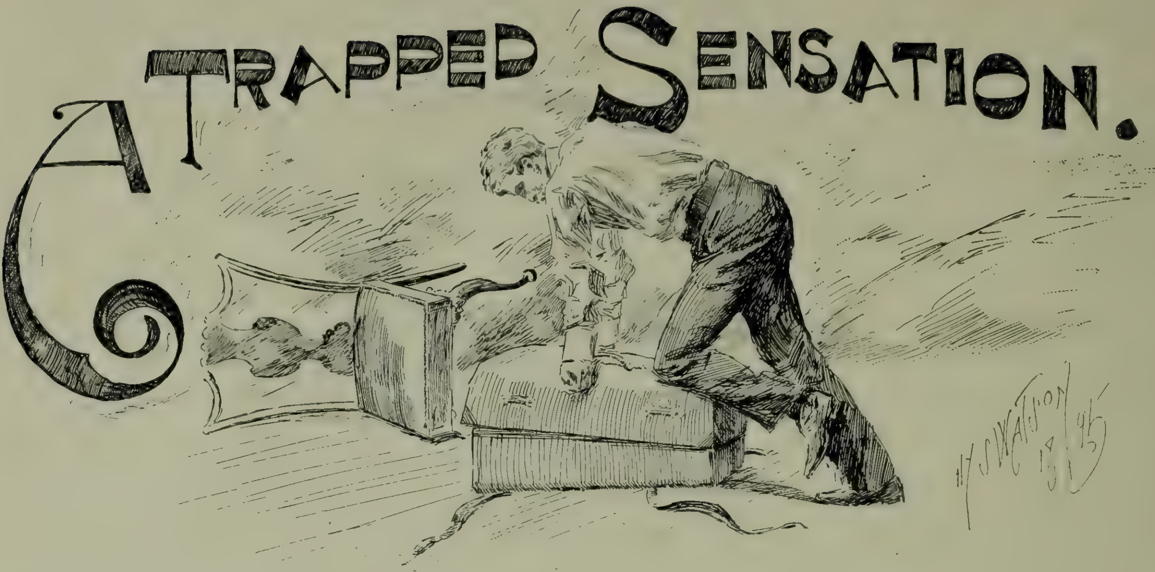
I laughed gayly, for you may be sure I bore no ill-will to the counterfeiter at that moment. It was the first time Jessie had heard me laugh, and I caught a pleased expression in her brown eyes. I was enraptured, and in my happiness held out my arms to her. She hesitated, wavered, but did not attempt to retire. I clasped her in my arms and kissed her again and again.

"Have I now the right, my darling?" I whispered. She smiled, and answered me with a kiss.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
Amateur Photo. by George V. Morton, 160 W. 20th St., N. Y.

A TRAPPED SENSATION.



FRANCES WEBSTER.

RALPH HEARNE was staying in the the little town of Wychly. It was a pleasant and picturesque village, and several city people, friends of his, were spending the hot days of summer there. Ralph was a landscape painter, and had never studied animal portraiture, but was now regretting that, for nothing was heard or thought of but strange beasts and he expected a rare opportunity to paint one.

There had been a big show at Wychly. All the barns and fences proclaimed it yet, though the date was four days past. It was disappointing to read several yards of trapeze performances, only to find the acrobats had deftly swung themselves into the next county.

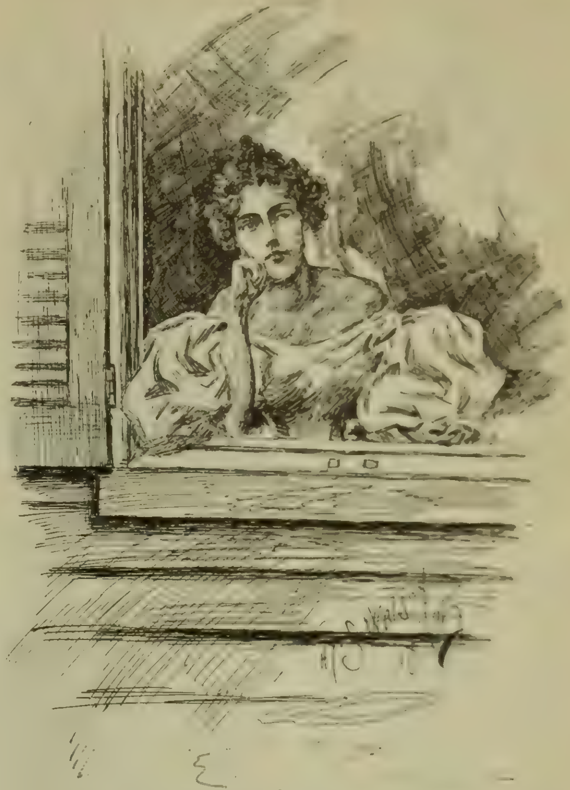
Yet the choicest, chiefest sensation Wychly had known was to come. A lion had escaped from a side show tent, or a tiger, or a puma, or a mountain lion at least. To be sure the showman made as little as possible of the loss. The men who were left behind to find it had given up the search and gone. They professed to feel no great respect for the missing creature, but the public was not to be cheated of possible excitement, and more rumors were flying about than would have supplied a dozen shows, were they cageable. Some one had seen something strange in some one's cow pasture, or hiding in the boughs of a tree. The uncertainty as to whether the animal swam, ran, climbed or crept, added to the interest and opened a rich field to the imagination.

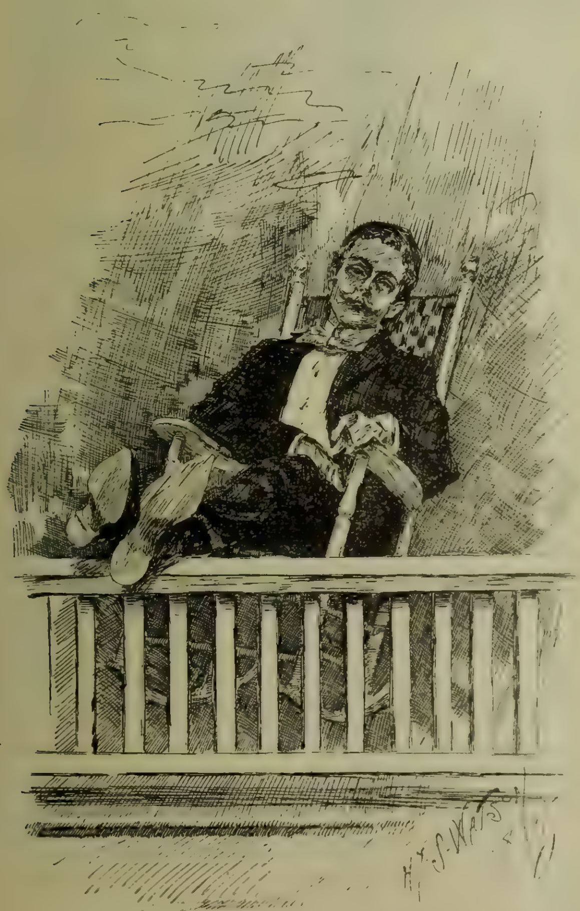
Books of natural history were hunted up and dusted; hunting parties searched eagerly; evening walks were shortened and a small panic prevailed at Wychly.

All this was entertainment for Ralph Hearne. Nay, more, he was amused to find his own nerves affected. He no longer fancied dark corners. He found himself scrutinizing doubtful shadows, and it required a slight effort of will to set up his easel under overhanging boughs without often glancing into them. He had been in the big woods where there were real bears; and in the dangerous riots of the previous year, he had not been so nervous, though on duty with his company of militia.

Just at dusk on a certain evening Ralph lay in an easy chair, on the piazza of the hotel, with feet in the American attitude, the rings of smoke from his cigar struggling up to the window above, where sat a young lady who grew conscious of the odor although she could not see the smoke. The silhouettes of distant trees showed clear against the yellow sky. Those in the yard cast deep shadows. A young moon completed the picture. Ralph was non-professional this evening. The beauties of departing day were unseen by him. His thoughts had followed his cigar smoke and were at that upper window with Mary Glenmore.

She was a tiny dot of a girl, or woman, pale, with brown eyes; not exactly pretty, but better than that. She reminded one of something lovely, either seen or heard. Ralph had known her slightly for a long time, and both of them had seemed indifferent to the attractions of the other. Yet Ralph was not indifferent, he was slightly proud. He could not make love to a rich woman, like Miss Glenmore, without some sign from her that his attentions would be welcome. The advantages were hers. He would not object to the wealth, of course, but he could not see through a wall of ice. He fancied that there was such a wall between them.


"SHE REMINDED ONE OF SOMETHING LOVELY."


"RALPH LAY IN AN EASY CHAIR."

So, here was all the fine material for a first-class romance going to waste and no one knew of it. All Wychly and her guests were employed in the excitement of the chase. Ralph had to leave the village the next day, and though he and Mary were twin halves of the same sphere, they did not know it, and each half would go its crippled way alone. This would be a real misfortune in Miss Glenmore's estimation, but that, also, no one knew. Certainly Ralph never dreamed of it as he sat in the twilight and mentally sketched a portrait of a small pale face, with dark eyes.

He had never been successful in drawing it from the memory, and had not enjoyed the advantage of sittings. He was too practical to waste time in sentimental regrets. He was gathering his faculties and resolving to think no more of her. The village sensation had helped him over the past few days. He was a practical young man and enjoyed fully the diversions that fell in his way.

Now was Miss Glenmore's time, if ever, to seize upon and strengthen Ralph's preference for her; to twist the frail rope of attraction into a strong cable. But he was to go to-morrow, and she would make no sign.

Ralph finished his cigar just as he heard the tread of the village men on their way from the barroom toward the balcony for their nightly gossip. These recalled his wandering thoughts from the window above. He had been staring fixedly into a dusky tree.

What was that? A light, or only a phorescent gleam in the branches? Only a gleam of light from some window falling on the leaves. It must have been, there was nothing else there. Miss Glenmore was talking in low tones to some child or pet. She closed her window. Many pipes are not as one cigar, smoked by a bright-eyed artist.

The evening went by in tales of strange lands, of adventures, treasured by Ralph, whom the men found inspiring. The old friends showed their loyalty to one another in the interest they, in turn, accorded to oft-told tales, paraded once again for the benefit of fresh listeners.

After the final good-nights, Ralph went up stairs to his room. There were long, transverse corridors and his room lay at one end, not far from the window where his thoughts were so constantly turning. He felt that in this meeting and parting with Mary Glenmore, he was at the beginning of a new episode in his life and that it was to have an unsatisfactory ending.

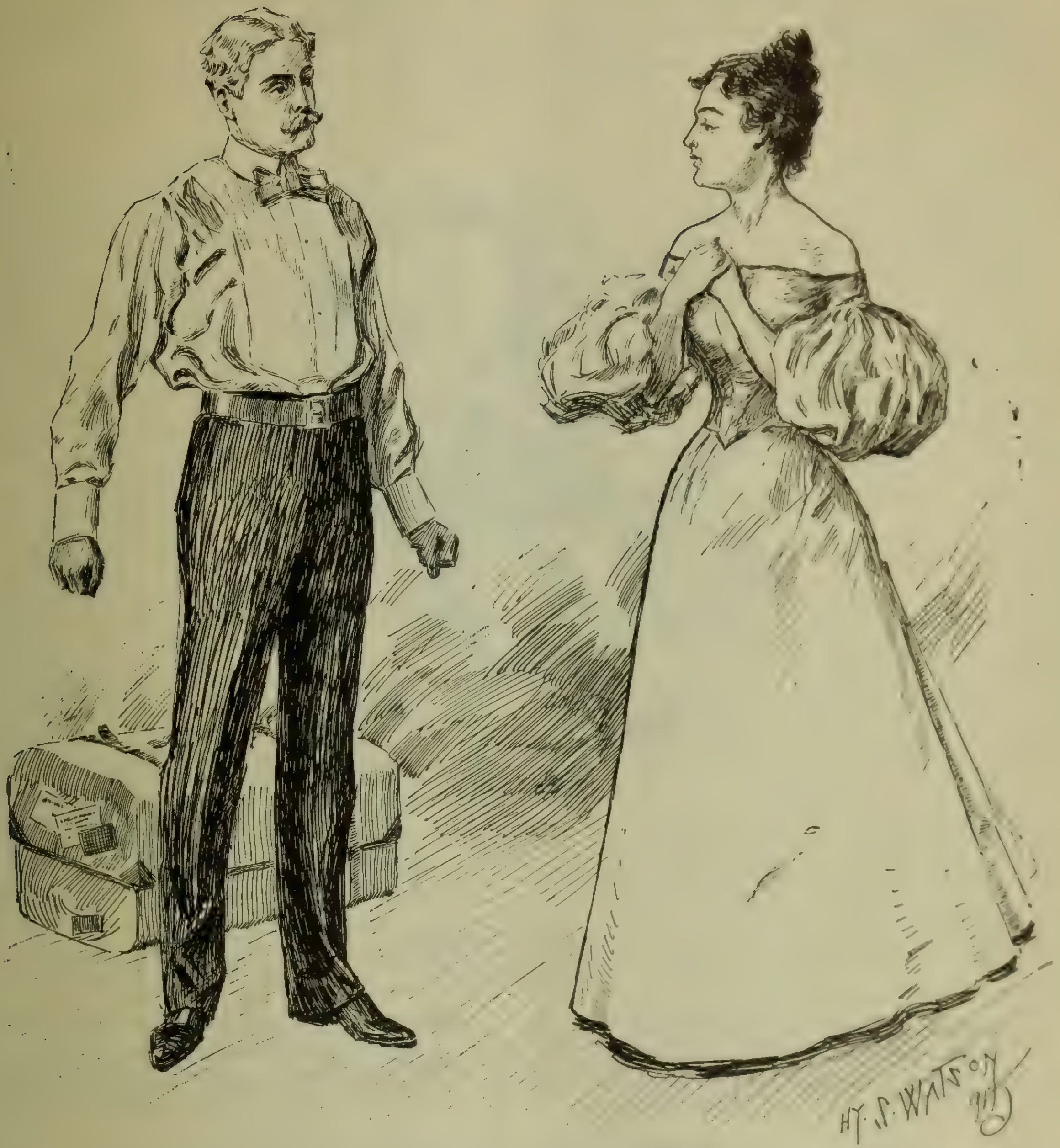
"She," he thought, "would not care to be a figure in it, so I will hold up my head and go on. I wanted to be on the spot when the animal should be captured, but five days have given it time to reach its native wilds. Certainly it might have taken boat or train, both stop here regularly, and it is used to traveling."

So Ralph was musing quietly on one side of the hall, while on the other side a tableaux was being enacted in which Miss Glenmore was the central figure. She was asleep in a hammock slung across her sitting room. A white shawl was wrapped about her, and the room was dimly lighted by a wax candle under a rose-colored shade. In the shadow of the sleeper, to one side, stood a large basket with cushion and rug. This was the bed of her little dog. Poor fellow, for the last few days he had been banished from her room and affections for a new pet. Now he had entered through an accidentally opened door and stood on the other side of the hammock, protesting vigorously against the invader, yet with reserve, because from the basket was lifted a head with long whiskers, gleaming eyes, and sibilant "*siss.*"

To this scene awoke Miss Glenmore with a scream of fright. The little dog jumped and barked with increased fury, and the strange creature in the basket continued its wauls and hissings. Miss Glenmore had reached the hall and was murdering sleep for the other guests, some of whom were thrusting out heads into the corridors. Wild alarm prevailed, and figures scantily clad flitted across the dimly lighted halls.

Ralph was first to reach the battle ground, in half dress and with a stronger light; at sight of which the disturber of the peace leaped from the basket and made for darkness, through chamber and bath room, into a closet or trunk room beyond. Fido followed with courage and yelp proportioned to the speed of the flying foe. Ralph remembered the light he had seen in the tree and at once associated it with the strange creature that now fled through the hall. He followed and saw it take refuge in the dark recesses of a telescope valise that stood partly open in the trunk room.

Quicker than thought Ralph seized the cover, closed and fastened the satchel and turned to apologize for his intrusion.



"HOW DID THAT BRUTE GET IN HERE, MISS GLENMORE?"

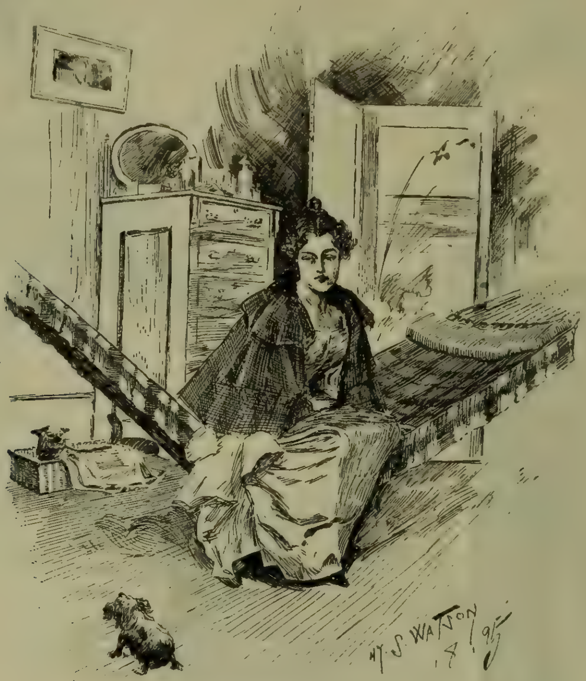
"How did that brute get in here, Miss Glenmore? It's shut up now, don't be frightened." He took her hand and led her to a chair, while the other people secured the prize and explained all about the alarm with the utmost ignorance and with great volubility.

"Why," she said, "It isn't a brute, it's a nice grey kitty; it's perfectly tame. It came in on the branches of the tree, over the porch roof and has stayed there the last two nights. I supposed it was some one's pet and that I should have to give it up; but I should like it to keep."

"My dear Miss Glenmore," cried Ralph, "it is a cat, but a cat of some strange Asiatic kind! It is a fierce beast. I cannot think—why—yes—Miss Glenmore, it is the animal that escaped from the show!"

And it was. "The lion"—"the tiger"—"the puma"—"the mountain lion"—the source of all the excitement and the center of the great sensation, had slept for two nights in Fido's basket in Mary Glenmore's room.

Fido has his basket again, but he has never regained sole possession of his mistress. This adventure broke the wall of ice. Ralph's best pictures hang in Miss Glenmore's home, but it is his home also, and neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hearne ever regret the hospitality shown to the showman's lost cat.



HIS PROMISE.

M. H. Wright.

Now, Sairy Jane, I'm nearly done,
I've worked ther corn an' taters;
An' now I'll go an' finish up
With ther melons an' termaters.

Now, Jane, I'll try an' fill yer wish,
For I'm goin' down ter ther river;
Ye've long been wantin' a mess er fish,
An' I'm yer cheerful giver.

I'll not come back 'till I ketch er fish,
D'ye hear me wat I'm sayin'?
An' I'll yank 'im out with er lively swish,
So don't yer mind my stayin'.

HOW I GOT MY FIRST DEER.

By Mrs. A. G. Wallihan.

ONE morning, early in the spring, Mr. Wallihan asked me if I wished to go out with him and a Mr. K. for a deer hunt. Mr. Wallihan was teaching both myself and Mr. K. to shoot game of all kinds. I had shot a rifle but few times, but had used our Parker shotgun a good deal. Almost my first shooting was with this gun, mostly on rabbits. I had shot a wild goose on the wing, which all thought a great feat for me.

Mr. Wallihan and K. went out to saddle our ponies, while I finished my breakfast work, and put up a lunch. A little flurry of snow came on, so we waited until it was over and then started. The two miles to the cedars were soon covered and we tied our horses to trees, and then had to wait for another flurry of snow to pass. Mr. W. started out in the lead to the top of a ridge near by to look over and see if any game could be seen. He beckoned us to come to him, so we hurried up and when nearly to him had to almost crawl, as the hill was nearly flat on top. We had to move cautiously, to avoid prickly pears and small brush. Finally we reached the crest of the ridge and could see the deer. As K. had killed two deer Mr. Wallihan asked him to wait until I had fired, which he agreed to do, but just as I had my sight on the neck of a buck, bang! went K.'s gun and away went the deer. He missed clean and felt greatly ashamed. Mr. W. did not say much but looked a good deal. We kept still a minute when a fine buck came out from behind a cedar and stopped. My instructor says, "be careful and aim at his neck." I did as he said and fired. Down went the deer with his neck broken. He never knew whence his death missile came.

The men were both pleased. We went and dressed the deer, and K. was bound to carry him on his horse, saying, "If I can't kill a deer I can at least pack this one home for you." The men soon had him loaded on the horse and we rode home—I, at least, happy and proud of my shot and my trophy, and I have thought Mr. Wallihan was prouder of his pupil than I of my first deer. Since then I have dropped 31 deer with my Remington, only wounding three and losing none.

Last fall my husband went out to the deer trail to make photographs, and as we were out of meat, he told me he should depend on me to supply it. When we arrived at the trail I went about half a mile from him so as not to frighten his deer if I should get a shot. I waited long and patiently, sometimes walking around to amuse myself. After a long time I heard a fawn bleating—a sure sign of a bunch of deer. Nearer and nearer they came. I was just over the brow of a hill across which I knew they would come. I got all ready, with a knee rest, which I use when tired.

Here they come! About 70 of them, and as they passed the point of a ridge where I could pick out the one I wanted I took careful aim at a fat young buck and fired. I hit him back of the shoulder, high up, and he dropped instantly with a broken back. Soon I had help to dress him, as our hired man was near also looking for game. We soon had the deer ready and loaded into the wagon. Then we drove to where Mr. W. was to join us, and as he did not keep us waiting long we were soon homeward bound. Mr. W. had secured two photos of large bands of deer, and as the meat was fine and the pictures good, we were well satisfied with our day's work.

SOME BEAR STORIES.

By W. F. Nichols.

ROUTT County, Colorado, the north-west county of the State, is the finest locality in the Rockies for all kinds of game. Of the bear family we have four different kinds, the silver tip, or grizzly, the cinnamon, the black, and the small brown or hog bear. The black and the hog bear are the more plentiful and are easier killed than either the cinnamon or silver tip. On the main range east of Bear river, from Egeria Park to the county line, north of Hahn's Peak, a fair hunter may, during the fall months, average a bear for each week if acquainted with the hunting grounds. Some of our local sportsmen have done even better.

There have been a great many narrow escapes from bears in this locality, besides others not so narrow. The first close call I remember was north of town about three miles. A Mr. Bennett, one of the old settlers, concluded he must have a bear robe of his own killing, so, arming himself with a 45–70 Sharp's rifle, and a No. 6 Newhouse trap, he traveled up Soda creek until he found fresh signs. Then he killed a bait, set his trap and went back to town to await results.

Next morning he was out early, and on nearing the spot where he had left his trap found it had disappeared. He looked about until he found the trail, he followed it and had gone but a short distance when he heard a warning growl just in front of him, and at the same time saw an enormous silver tip bear rise from behind a log and start for him, rattling the trap and chain over the logs as if they were not in his way in the least. Mr. Bennett took the back track, nor did he stop running until he reached town.

He would neither go to kill the bear or show others and, of course, lost his trap. He has given up the idea of a bear robe, especially a silver tip. The next trouble was about two miles south of the springs. W. H. Dever had gone out to kill a deer. He had traveled about a mile from his cabin, when he saw a large grizzly on the side of the mountain above him. Mr. D. was carrying a 40–60 Winchester that had got wet and the firing-pin was rusted. He fired and wounded the bear, which turned and started at him. He kept snapping and firing, alternately, until the bear was within about eight or ten yards of him, when he (Dever) concluded to take a walk—that is, to go home without trying to get meat. He had gone but a short distance when he noticed the bear was traveling about the same route he was and was making rather better time, although badly wounded. He was then within ten feet of Dever, who was fully aware of the fact that something must be done besides running; so, throwing his gun under his arm he fired back, at random, and had the good luck to hit the monster in the head, killing him instantly. In falling the bear turned a somersault, his hind feet striking Dever a slight tap behind. On examining his gun Dever found that the cartridge that killed the bear was his last.

That day's hunt taught him not to go again until he had thoroughly examined his gun and ammunition and put them both in perfect order.

❦

A naturalist tells us that a snipe has a nerve running clear down to the end of his bill. So has the plumber. How wonderful are Nature's works!—*Exchange.*

TWO KINDS OF BASE-BALLS.

A. G. SPALDING & BROTHERS make base-balls and sell them to dealers and to consumers. If they do not make them they have them made on contract. They call these balls "Official League Balls." They give the balls this name because the National Base Ball League specifies that balls for its use shall be made so and so. Among the requirements of the League are :—

1 ounce of very elastic, pure rubber gum ;

Clean scoured, first quality, four-ply, pure wool, gray yarn ;

Same quality three-ply gray yarn ;

Best of fine worsted, with rubber cement ;

Cover, selected horsehide, drawn to the ball, stitched with best heavy linen thread ;

Circumference, 9 inches ;

Weight, 5 to 5⅛ ounces.

Strictly hand made throughout.

Spaldings make base-balls that conform to these specifications in every particular. These I will designate as genuine league balls. This same firm makes balls that do not conform to these specifications by any means, but that look exactly like the genuine. They are marked the same and put up in the same box as the genuine. These I will designate as the spurious or counterfeit league balls.

I have before me one of each which I have cut open. The genuine ball has, in the center, the required sphere of pure rubber which is wound to the depth of ¾ of an inch with pure wool gray yarn and worsted, and this yarn is filled with rubber cement.

The spurious ball has in its center a lump of composition which looks as if it had been made largely of sweepings from the floor of some shop or factory. It contains bits of brass wire ; brass filings ; scraps of wood or leather; some yarn, lint, etc. This trash is held together with some kind of dark colored stuff that may contain a small percentage of rubber, but it does not look like rubber. If Spalding does not like my diagnosis I will have a chemist analyze the stuff and see what he can find in it. This lump of conglomerate is wound with an inferior quality of yarn and worsted—having little resemblance to that used in the genuine ball.

Yet this ball bears on its cover these markings :—

"Official League Ball."

"Adopted by the National League."

"Adopted by the American Association."

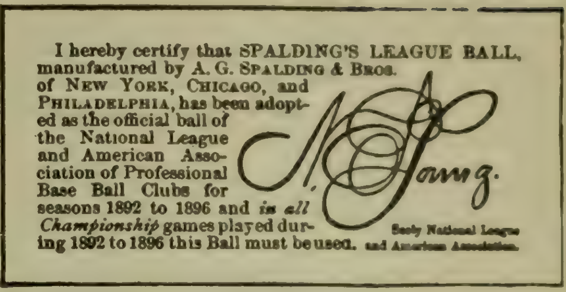
"Warranted 9 in., 5 oz."

"A. G. Spalding & Bros., Chicago, New York and Phila."

"Pat'd Feb. 27th, '83."

It also bears the Spalding trade mark.

I have said that Spalding puts up his genuine and his counterfeit balls in boxes that look alike. This is true. These boxes are covered on all four sides with advertisements of Spalding's goods. Among other things they bear this legend :

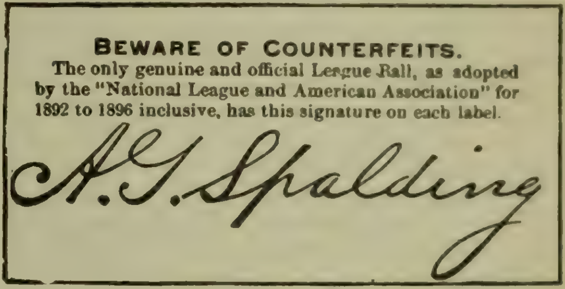


I hereby certify that SPALDING'S LEAGUE BALL, manufactured by A. G. SPALDING & BROS. of NEW YORK, CHICAGO, and PHILADELPHIA, has been adopted as the official ball of the National League and American Association of Professional Base Ball Clubs for seasons 1892 to 1896 and *in all Championship* games played during 1892 to 1896 this Ball must be used.

N. Young.

Secty National League and American Association.

Also this :

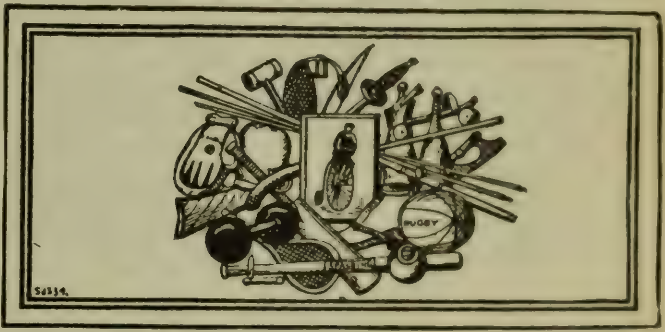


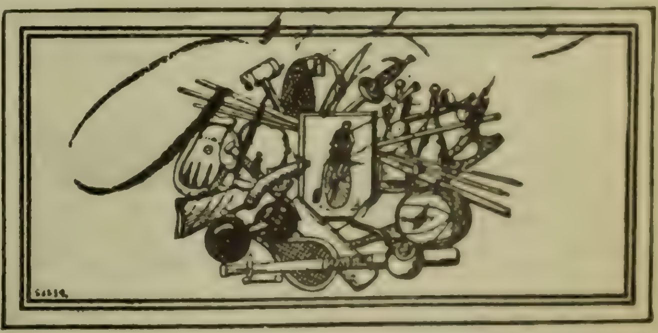
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The only genuine and official Lergue Rall, as adopted by the "National League and American Association" for 1892 to 1896 inclusive, has this signature on each label.

A. G. Spalding

The only difference in the labeling of the boxes containing the two grades of balls is shown in the two cuts below, which are photographic reproductions from two of these boxes. The label containing the dim, indistinct, mysterious hieroglyphics written over the picture, is from the box containing the genuine ball. Only salesmen, or others trained in the sign language of the Spalding camp would notice this. If anyone else should happen to see it he would not know what it meant.





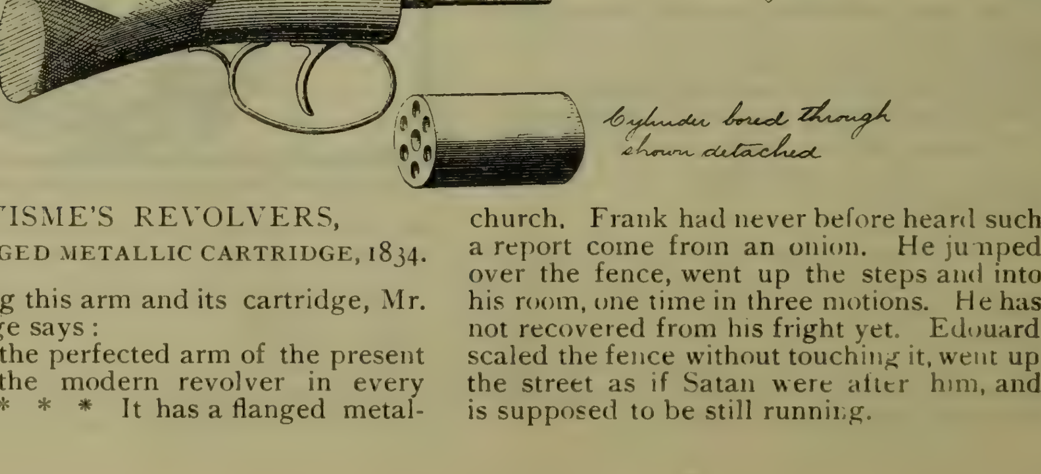
Now comes the most interesting part of all this story. I am told that Spalding sells his genuine league ball and his counterfeit league ball at exactly the same price, though the cost of making the spurious ball is certainly several cents less than that of making the good one. It is said that the counterfeit ball is the one usually sold to everybody outside the league clubs; that retail dealers, colleges, athletic clubs and amateur ball clubs, all over the country, are supplied with this cheap imitation ball.

I am told by men who ought to know that ten times as many of the counterfeit balls are turned out of the factory each year as of the genuine.

Good amateur players have often wondered why they could not bat a ball as far as professionals do. It is because—other things being equal—the amateur is playing with a ball that is dead, punky and inactive—that has a chunk of shop-sweepings in the center of it; while the professional has been carefully supplied with a ball that has an ounce of pure rubber in it; that is wound with good, lively wool, and this wool filled with good, lively cement. Amateurs should take Spalding's advice and "beware of counterfeits."

Spalding would no doubt like to cry "blackmail" when he reads this. He would like to tell the public that I have exposed his scheme because he does not advertise in RECREATION. Fortunately, I have a letter from him inviting me to call on his advertising agent and suggesting to the agent that he place an advertisement in RECREATION. I have one from this same agent inviting me to call on him, and intimating that he would like to arrange for some space in RECREATION. I did not accept either invitation.

This exposé is made solely for the benefit of the public, and has no bearing whatever on the question of advertising.


Flanged Metallic Cartridge
FLANGED METALLIC CARTRIDGE TURNED & BORED OUT NOT DRAWN. 1842.
Devisme's Gun made in 1834
Exhibited to Academy of Sciences 1842
Spring Catch to lock barrel when turned down
Barrel turned up to remove cylinder
Cylinder bored through shown detached

DEVISME'S REVOLVERS,

WITH FLANGED METALLIC CARTRIDGE, 1834.

Regarding this arm and its cartridge, Mr. W. C. Dodge says:

"This is the perfected arm of the present day, 1874, the modern revolver in every detail. * * * * It has a flanged metallic cartridge, with the hammer (inside) arranged to strike and fire each cartridge in succession as fast as the trigger can be pulled. This arm was invented in 1834, and in 1842 was submitted to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. It created a warm controversy between Devisme, Matthieu and other Paris gun-makers, who charged Devisme with claiming what Colt had invented, viz.: the rotation of the cylinder by the cocking of the hammers, and which he, at that time, disclaimed.

"The gun was not patented, Devisme at the time stating that it was free for all to make. The original gun, a most beautifully finished article, was brought to this country by J. D. Orne, of Philadelphia, and was kept for a time in the U. S. Patent Office."

CAPT. PHILIP READE, U. S. A.

THE cats had been holding nightly concerts in the front yard, greatly to the disgust of the family, and in the gloaming the old man had thrown a large torpedo at them. It landed in the grass, near the sidewalk, and failed to "go." Later in the gloaming Frank and Lowell, the two hired men, were sent to place the garbage barrel at the front gate where Colonel Waring's assistant could get it. Edouard de Reszké, the baritone cat, was there, ready to pounce upon the barrel and get his supper. Returning to the house Frank saw this large cannon torpedo in the grass.

"Here," said he, "is an onion that has fallen from the barrel. I will plug Edouard with it. I don't suppose I can hit him, but at least I'll plug him."

And he proceeded to plug. It missed Edouard, but landed on the walk beside him and exploded with a noise that shook the church. Frank had never before heard such a report come from an onion. He jumped over the fence, went up the steps and into his room, one time in three motions. He has not recovered from his fright yet. Edouard scaled the fence without touching it, went up the street as if Satan were after him, and is supposed to be still running.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

INDIAN GAME-BUTCHERS.

A. S. Marshall.

I am glad to see that you have taken up a serious question and one that I and others have been agitating for some time. I have been living for several years in the midst of the country infested by these Indian game-destroyers. Several of us saw about 500 Indians in one camp, at one time, last fall on the Green river side of the mountains. There were over 100 lodges and about 2,000 ponies. The Indians were mostly Bannocks and Shoshones, some Utes and Arapahoes. A neighbor of mine and myself counted over 100 Indian hunters, going out at once, on a hunt from the same camp.

A number of citizens here would try the state laws more than they have done, but fear the government would put them to trouble for interfering with their wards.

About 5 years ago I was camped on the head waters of Green river, Wyoming, hunting bear, in May. The spring was early for this country, and the Indians came over from their reservation in time to catch the cow elk when about to drop their calves. Any one acquainted with the habits of elk knows how poor and stupid they are at that time. They fall an easy prey to the Indian hide hunters. The hide is of little value then, but they kill them just the same. There was a party of 4 Indian hunters and their families there They had been in camp 6 days when I visited them. One of them could talk fair English. I asked him how many elk his party had killed, and he said he had killed 20 and the others about the same each, making 80. No doubt, he told the truth, for the camp was full of hides. As I was going to my camp I met one of the hunters coming home to his, and he had his pony packed with 6 fresh elk hides that he had killed that day. The Indians staid there 4 or 5 days longer, and were killing elk all the time. They would then decamp to another part of the country for more slaughter. It is safe to say that they killed over 100 elk besides crippling a large number which would die afterwards. These were nearly all cows, as the bulls had gone high up in the mountains. No meat was taken from the main carcasses, but the cows were opened and the unborn calves taken. The sinew was taken from along the back bone, to be used for thread, and the brains were taken to be used in tanning.

There is a basin on the Hoback river, a tributary of the Snake. In this basin and along the river is short willow brush, high enough to conceal the elk calves when young, but not the cows. Two years ago 2 white hunters were in there hunting bear while the mother elk were watching around their calves. The men saw a party of Bannock Indians surround a bunch of 75 to 100 cows, and commence shooting into them on all sides. The poor creatures did not know what to do. They were running hither and thither among their calves and falling fast from the deadly shots of the Indians' rifles. The scene was sickening to even these hardened white hunters, and they left before the Indians completed their horrible work.

Anyone can find antelope carcasses all over the range, when the Indians are hunting them, with only the hide, brains and sinew taken. They take unborn antelope the same as they do the elk.

A party of citizens here arrested 4 Indian hunters and their families on one of the branches of Newfork creek, in Freemont county, Wyo. After considerable trouble we got them started for Lander, the county seat. County court was in session at the time. When they reported to the county officials the court adjourned to investigate the matter. Their first idea was to try the state law, but I think they had fears that the U. S. Government might object. So they telephoned to the Washakie Agency and asked Captain Ray to come to Lander. In the mean time they made an examination of the Indians' outfit. They found game hides in abundance, also 4 hides of domestic calves. Three of the hides had bullet holes in them. The fourth had not any ; but one of the cattle-men present said it was the hide of an unborn calf. They had, no doubt, killed the cow to get the calf.

When Captain Ray came from the agency, which is 14 or 15 miles distant, he seemed very indignant that his Indians should be committing such depredation, and said if the citizens would give him charge of the Indians he would imprison them 30 days and never let them go off the reservation again; that he did not allow them to leave it at any time and had not given them passes to do so; but when shown a pass bearing his signature that had been taken from one of the Indians the captain looked rather confused and said he had forgotten all about it.

I know one Indian on the Shoshone reservation, at least he is there in the winter, but off every summer hunting. The first time I saw him was 6 years ago. He had a pass from the agent for the purpose of hunting for 2 horses that he had lost. I have seen him every summer since, and he has had a pass each year from the agent to hunt for those horses. Now mind you there is, in winter in the region where he claims his horses are, from 4 to 5 feet of snow. Nothing but a snow-shoe rabbit or a porcupine can winter there; but game runs there in summer. I have seen many an Indian with passes from the agents similar to that one.

The U. S. Government is the only power that can stop the Indians from destroying the game in this country, and it must be done before long or it will be too late.

I have almost forgotten to state how well Captain Ray kept his promise in regard to punishing those Indians referred to, who were given into his charge. Within a week from the time he took possession of them I saw one of them over 140 miles from the agency, with his gun, and I guess Captain Ray allowed all of his Indians to leave the agency, for there were more Indians here afterwards than before; and the Bannocks are worse than the Shoshones.

Gardiner, Park Co., Mont.

Editor RECREATION :

It seems a pity that the otherwise almost perfect August number of RECREATION should have been marred by the article entitled "Random Shots." If the author has no delicacy about seeing his name attached to such a bit of romance, he should at least remember that the reading public likes and demands facts, and "facts" is synonymous with "truths."

The truth sometimes hurts, but to be shot at (and hit) with an untruth, even though it be a random shot, is like being struck with a poisoned barb; one may or may not get over it in the years to come. When Mr. Harper intimates that there are some guides in the Yellowstone Park, or Jackson's Hole, who have only a frying pan and a tin cup for an outfit, he knows he is getting dangerously near the borderland of fabrication. His plea that they take along silver plated ware, was probably inspired by the fact that his Yellowstone Park guide was so equipped, and not only with silver plated table ware, but with enameled dishes, and bedding galore.

Mr. Harper's advice to tourists to bring their provisions in boxes with padlocks, is quite refreshing. From much personal experience I must deny that "the quality of the provisions of the frontier stores is not to be relied upon." On all sides of the park, and in Jackson's Hole, can his list be duplicated, "flour, corn meal, sugar, coffee, tea, chocolate, hams, bacon, jelly, jam, pickles, and olives," and a dozen other dainties his guide well knows of, if he does not.

Our friend advertises the fact that he is a worshipper of the mighty dollar. Most pleasures are more or less luxuries. A trip through Yellowstone Park, Jackson's Hole, or to the Teton country, with private guides, is a great pleasure and perhaps to many a corresponding luxury to be seriously considered before being indulged in. Our friend's protest that overcharges are habitually made for horse hire in this country is hardly true, and his reasons for making such a statement are certainly illogical. He might just as well claim that because a city livery horse is worth only $40 or $50, to ask for its use from $5 to $10 a day "is clearly exorbitant." The guide's horses have to be looked after all winter. For each trip they are shod at an expense of $2 a head, and of all the horses belonging to the many guides I know, not one can be purchased for less than $25. Too often a guide will have out but one party during a season, and that one for only a short trip.

Wishing only to correct the wrong impressions "Random Shots" may have produced among your 10,000 subscribers, I reiterate my statement that the grandest of trips, the best of guides, the best of horses for the purpose, the best of outfits, and the best of provisions can be had out here, and at prices so reasonable that, were they known in the east as they ought to be, the only difficulty would be the furnishing of guides and horses enough for the crowds that would come.

R. D.

Simon Pokagon, the celebrated Indian chief, residing at Hartford, Mich., in a personal letter to me, says:

I have read the article on page 95 of the August number of RECREATION, in regard to the Indians killing game contrary to law. If you could have seen the destruction of deer, elk and buffalo that I have seen you would blame my people less for killing game than you now do. When a boy I have seen white men kill whole herds of buffalo for the sport of killing, leaving them unskinned upon the plain. I have seen them destroy all kinds of animals and fish without any desire, apparently, to make money out of them, or to use them, but simply to satisfy their greed for killing. The Indians have been taught by the white man to indulge in cruel, wicked, wholesale slaughter. Before the white man came among us we only killed what we ate, for we were taught that to kill more than we needed was displeasing to the Great Spirit, and would shut us out of the happy hunting ground beyond. One young man was banished from his tribe because he waded into a lake, with his head covered with a bunch of wild rice, moved out to a large flock of ducks and took one after another by the legs, drawing them under the water and drowning them. In this way he caught and drowned over 100 ducks—a few more than are shown in the beautiful duck picture in your August number.

If white men fully understood how natural it is for the red men to copy them, they would have more charity and far less revenge.

East Branch, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

I have been a guest in this hotel for three seasons and have been fishing almost every day. I know of no place, within a day's ride of New York, where a sportsman can catch as many fish amid such charming surroundings. The town of East Branch is beautifully situated at the junction of the East Branch of the Delaware and the Beaverkill river, the latter being justly celebrated as a trout stream. The Delaware is full of fine pools and deep eddies which are filled with small-mouth black bass, some of the best fishing points on the river being only half a mile from the hotel.

The proprietor of the house, Jones, has boats in all these eddies for the use of his guests. The best months are July and August, although many fish are taken in September. The bass run from ½ to 3 pounds in weight. This season has been about up to the average, an angler being usually able to count on a dozen good-sized bass in two hours fishing, a coat of sunburn and the pleasure of seeing some of the prettiest scenery in the state. There are several trout brooks in the vicinity, which in their season give the angler good sport.

Ruffed grouse shooting is excellent here, and from the number of birds now seen in the wood there seems every indication of good sport this fall.

H. R Blakslee.

Corvallis, Oregon.

Editor Recreation:

In glancing over the pleasing April number of Recreation, I read with much interest Mr. Leasure's article on breeding Mongolian pheasants, and beg to impart to him and other sportsmen the discovery that has made all my experiments successful in the artificial propagation of these game birds. And really the manner of going about it must be left largely to the ingenuity of the breeder; but assuming you have the eggs well placed under domestic hens, the next thing is to build your coops and pens of closely woven wire, to prevent the ingress of cats and rats, the natural enemies of the birds. Bear in mind that the chicks must have plenty of insects. Worms are my choice.

One way of providing these is to place two beef heads in a large box of loose earth, partly covering them with same. Then let the flies do the rest. Maggots will hatch and burrow into the soil by the thousand. Then feed, say, two quarts of earth daily, and see the chicks scratch, feed and thrive.

Another way: Procure two or more beef hearts and suspend them in the cages by wires through the apex a few feet from the ground. They will soon be filled with wigglers, and a few taps with a stick on their sun-glazed sides will cause the maggots to drop to the ground, where a bunch of expectant, bright-eyed, hungry and alert youngsters will be ready to receive them with open mouths.

Still another way: Procure two kegs, into which table scraps, meat, etc., are dropped; half-fill each. When alive with larvæ, feed a few dipperfuls to the chicks. By alternating—feeding from one vessel while the other is ripening—you will always have plenty of the necessary food handy.

This may seem an objectionable way of obtaining grubs, but I know of no better or surer way of producing good, wholesome food for the chicks. By keeping the receptacles partly covered, and dipping from the windward side, it is not so wretched as one might suppose.

This mode of feeding is absolutely necessary until the young birds are able to eat screenings, cracked wheat, boiled liver, etc., and a few spades of earth turned over at any time in their cage will produce an amusing scramble for the insects thereby brought to light.

The chicks should have some close shrubbery in which to hide and to produce shade. As they roost on the ground, the necessity for excluding the rats is obvious.

M. H. Kriebel,
Taxidermist and Collector.

Helena, Mont.

I am Chairman of the Board of Game and Fish Commissioners. We find it difficult to get the Boards of County Commissioners to appoint game wardens. The sheriffs do not consider the enforcement of the game and fish laws as part of their duties unless a warrant is sworn out or they actually see the parties violating the laws. Politics, of course, is cutting quite a figure. I have just had a rod and gun club organized in Lewistown, and have them started to get a warden. Sent a man up about two weeks ago for killing a deer out of season, and hope to have our laws generally enforced before all the game is killed off. The sportsmen of the state are up in arms. If our present laws were enforced it would be worth several hundred thousand dollars a year to this state. We would have one of the best game and fish states in America, for all time. Big Spring creek, which a few years ago was full of trout, now has scarcely any, but the ckickens are thicker than I ever saw them before around here.

You may make up your mind that my subscription to Recreation will be renewed. H. P. Kennett.

Carbondale, Colo.

Fishing has been fairly good in the Roaring Fork and Crystal river the present season, and several family camps have been located up the latter stream for some weeks. The season for grouse shooting opens to-day and many a young chick will be brought to bag by those who are so fortunate as to enjoy an outing in the neighboring mountains.

Elk, deer and grouse may be found in and about Canal basin, the "muddy" country and at the head of Thompson creek.

Dove shooting has been indulged in by a few of our local sportsmen. Mr. E. H. Gruble, of Mt. Sopris Farm, has had several shooting parties at his place, composed of friends from Aspen, Glenwood Springs and other points. J. H. Shuckhart.

Willow City, N. D.

The bird shooting season opened in North Dakota, August 20th, and will end December 1st. Prairie chickens are reported unusually numerous in the northwestern part of the state. Travelers on the trains of the Great Northern road report seeing immense flocks. The food in the grassy ranges is plentiful, and chickens are seeking a living in the unsettled sections, rather than among the grain fields, presumably in obedience to an instinct of safety. The Turtle mountain people say there are more pin tailed grouse in that region than were ever known before, and when the ducks and geese come from the north, sport will be at the best.

The Supreme Court has decided that the law enacted by the last legislature, requiring hunters to take out a $25.00 license, will not be operative before December 1st, the close of the shooting season. J. H. T.

I am going to the mountains, on my annual outing, in about 30 days. I go prepared to enjoy the whole round of mountain sport. I take my family with me and camp till we are all tired. The little trout or the big salmon, the young grouse or the big grizzly, I am prepared to take. The big blue grouse are found everywhere. I get more sport out of this noble bird than from anything else. Hunting grouse is sport, while I balance up the hard work against the pleasure when I hunt big game. The bear is the greatest of all big animals for sport. He is a fighter, and it makes me feel better to kill a ferocious beast than it does to shoot down a harmless creature. There are many bear in these mountains, but they are not easily taken, especially as my pointers are not trained for them. NEWTON HIBBS, Lewiston, Idaho.

Sheridan, Wyoming.

A grand shooting tournament will be held here, October 8th, 9th and 10th, on live birds and targets, under the management of Frank S. Crabill and myself. Cash prizes will be added to purses to the value of $250 and we will have the crack shots here from Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, Iowa, and the Dakotas. Reduced rates have been made on the railroads and shooters will find the best of hotel accommodations. The Sheridan Inn will be headquarters for the sportsmen and the shooting park is near by. People coming from the east can stay over and get the finest kind of big game in the mountains near here. MARK R. PERKINS.

Warrrens, Idaho.

This is a great game country. I may winter here. Was over on a fork of the Salmon yesterday and the boys there report elk, sheep and silver-tips numerous. I know the elk are. Friday evening Billy knocked over a black tail buck, on the run, with my little 25½ 25 Stevens, at 150 yards. How's that for a toy gun and a tenderfoot? Mr. Cary should be here if he wants scenery to sketch. There are lots of 15 to 25 pound salmon trout in Secesh creek, 8 miles from here. I have seen several that were caught there. M. W. MINER.

RUFFED grouse very plenty; lots of squirrels; quail scarce; woodcock quite a few. The trappers, who formerly have kept our mountains depleted, do not now dare to show up, owing to the stringency of our game laws and the efficiency of our game wardens, consequently the mountains are full of young birds. Good accommodations for sportsmen.
D. B. VAN WAGENEN, M. D.,
Suffern, Rockland Co., N. Y.

A sportsmen's club has been organized here, with 41 members, for the purpose of game protection and practice at trap shooting. I had the honor to be elected President; Judge Wm. Neville, Vice-President; A. D. Williams, Secretary; and W. H. McDonald, Treasurer. This club is much needed, for the prairie chickens were nearly all cleaned out last year and are reported scarce, thus far, this summer. The prospects for quail are better.
M. K. BARNUM, North Platte, Neb.

The local papers in the Pecos valley, New Mexico, always parade the names of persons who go there to investigate the country. They formerly gave the addresses as well, but quit this lest some of the victims of the valley—men who have been there, lost the money they invested in lands, and have gone away again, may warn these same prospectors that the Pecos valley is a delusion and a snare. Surely it must be rather wearing on an editor's nerves to live in constant fear that some other fellow will tell the truth about his scheme.

Have just returned from an absence of almost three years in southern Oregon and Utah. Had a splendid time, with both deer and fish. Was with "Big Injun" (W. A. Massie) one entire year in southern Oregon. Am laying out my winter crusade for trapping the raccoon, mink and otter, along the Okaw river of southern Illinois.
DANIEL ARROWSMITH, Ellsworth, Ill.

THE St. Paul Gun Club will hold its annual tournament at the Minnesota State fair grounds, midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis, Sept. 9th to 14th. Reduced rates have been secured on railways, an attractive programme arranged, and a large attendance is expected. John P. Burkhard, 57 East 7th street, St. Paul, is the manager.

S. R. SCOGGINS, of Baltimore, recently received a white quail in a consignment of game from the west. The bird had the soft whiteness of a dove over all its body except here and there a feather which, in color, resembled chocolate with too much cream mixed with it. The size was normal and fully developed. The bird has been mounted and placed on exhibition in the Maryland Academy of Sciences.

Two Medicine lake, St. Mary's lake, Flathead river and lake, Kootenai river, Lake McDonald, and the intermediate Rocky mountain region of northwestern Montana, offer the finest hunting in America. The game in this vast territory is unsurpassed in variety and quantity, including bear, deer and every sort of furry, finny and feathery life.

Many lovers of out door sports have visited this bountiful country, and have written entertainingly of it. Guides can be had at Blackfoot, Belton, Columbia Falls, Kalispell, and other Montana points along the Great Northern Railway. For publications and further information, address F. I. WHITNEY, G. P. & T. A., Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

The fourth annual meeting and banquet of the Chesterfield Fish and Game League was held at Pine Grove Springs, Spofford lake, in August; about 50 members and invited guests being present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Charles A. Harris, of Brattleboro, president; J. H. Stearns, first vice-president; Warren H. Butler, second vice-president; Frank G. Dort, secretary and treasurer; Charles G. Street, E. Whitney, A. T. Cobb, Geo. A. Nims, Charles Blandy, and D. W. Slade, executive committee.

The work of the league in protecting the fishing at Spofford lake during the close season has been eminently successful, and the members are gratified with the result, which has been accomplished with a minimum outlay and with but few prosecutions for infractions of the law. Ample evidence of the beneficial nature of the league's work is offered in the fact that more and larger fish are being taken this year than ever before.

ENCLOSED find $1, for which please renew my subscription to RECREATION.

I have been up here for a week—the paradise of the sportsman for fishing, prairie chickens, etc. Our largest bass was 4 pounds, pike 3½ and pickerel 9½ pounds. The weather is bracing, ducks are coming in to the several lakes and large bags are reported. Within a radius of 10 miles there are 10 or 15 lakes of various sizes.

JOHN S. SARGENT, Detroit, Minn.

OFFICER PETTY, of the New York police force, for years a champion pistol shot, may be called upon to instruct the police in marksmanship. Commissioner Andrews has learned that some of the men do not even know how to load a revolver, and is considering the necessity for pistol instruction.

Claud Victor, a boy 15 years old, mail carrier over the Teton range, killed a large brown bear on his last trip, two days ago. He saw the bear on a steep hill-side above him, and killed it with the first shot; but, in true hunter style, gave it another to make sure. There are not many hunters who kill their first bear at the first shot.

S. N. LEEK, Maryvale, Wyo.

Ontario, Cali.

A party of Ontario sportsmen recently returned from Ventura county, where they made a three weeks' hunt. We killed two bucks and numerous doves and squirrels. We also found a bee tree from which we took about 12 gallons of honey. I saw fully 1,000 valley quails, in less than an hour, in a canyon near the Santa Clara river, where I was looking for deer.

A. G. ALLEN.

Warrens, Idaho.

Stanton came in Sunday and said he saw two big silver tips last week. Had no gun. He says the trout on South Fork average over a foot long, and salmon trout up to 27 pounds each. Sheep are also reported fairly plenty. Billy says he's going to get a silver-tip hide and wear it to New York with me next spring.

M. W. M.

D. R. C. BROWN, Harry Brown, Jack Williams, Jack Atkinson and two friends from the East, left Aspen, Col., recently for a hunt in the northwestern portion of the State.

Mr. Brown carried a Manlicher rifle, the only weapon of the kind known to be in the mountain region of Colorado State, outside of army posts.

H. W. HEFFENER, of York, and J. R. Painter, of Philadelphia, Pa., will be members of a party going to Montana, north of the Yellowstone Park, for a hunting trip. They will go to Red Lodge by rail, thence north on horseback.

GOVERNOR RICHARDS of Wyoming gave orders to have the Princeton students arrested for killing big game illegally, but the young men left the State before papers could be served on them. They escaped the penalty of their crime, but cannot escape the odium of it.

A moose came out the woods, at Oakfield, last Sunday evening, says the Bangor, Me., *Commercial*, ran through the village to the Bangor & Aroostook railroad depot, jumped on the platform, and then struck into the woods again.

SUBSCRIBE for RECREATION, $1.00 a year. You will find it a good investment.

BOUND volumes of RECREATION October, 1894, to July, 1895, $2.50.

FISH AND FISHING.

Hackensack, N. J.

Editor RECREATION:

Every summer I go to my old home in Stevensville, Sullivan county, N.Y., and have a week or two at the pickerel. I have just returned from a trip there, in which there was no disappointment. Alighting from the train at Liberty, on the N. Y. O. & W. R. R., I was driven across country to Stevensville, on Stevensville lake. This lake is 3½ miles long. I get a boat for $3 a week, and good board, at the farm houses, for $5 a week.

I took in five days 164 pickerel, weighing 1 to 3½ pounds each. On another trip I took 104 pounds in three days, and have made many good catches there. You can always rely on getting a mess of fish at Stevensville lake whenever you go, and if the day should happen to be cloudy I can guarantee you a good catch. If any sportsman desiring to go to this place will address me, I shall be pleased to give him any information desired.

C. O. GARDNER.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor RECREATION:

From a thoroughly reliable source I quote the following, in regard to the Wisconsin waters, near the Michigan state line:

"Big Presque Isle, crab waters, the Ox Bow lakes, and all lakes east of me are being fished for market. From 100 to 600 pounds of bass leave this station nearly every day from the waters mentioned."

I know from experience that these market fishermen, in the northern Wisconsin and upper Michigan lakes, pretend to use hand lines only, but that they also use nets is absolutely certain. J. I. W.

Messrs. Fred. and Benj. Adams, of Evanston, Ill., and a party of Chicago gentlemen, went to the Turtle waters, Wis., September 1st, after bass and muscalonge.

Fred. Spencer, Vezie, Me., caught a salmon in the Bangor pool that weighed 27 pounds. J. H. Gould, Bangor, caught 7 salmon, and Mrs. Gould caught 1 that weighed 9¼ prounds. Michael Quinn, of the same city, caught 6 land-locked salmon at Green lake.

A schooner lately landed at Bangor, Me. with 3,500 lobsters.

Mr. J. B. Nellegar, of Chicago, has gone to Livingstone, Mont., for a month's trout fishing in the Rockies.

Messrs. F. Blakemore and H. Haupt, Jr., of Chicago, returned, recently, from Glen lake, Mich. They report the fishing poor.

Rochester, N. Y.

I returned to-day from Lake Keuka, where several 2 to 4 pound black bass made me feel young again. Have accepted an invitation from the "Saginaw Crowd" to join their car party in October.

C. R. SUMNER, M. D.

Roberval Lake, St. John, Quebec.

Have just returned from a trip up the Mistassini river, 90 miles north of here. We had splendid luck with ouananiche.

HARRY P. BIGELOW.

Some years ago, while in one of the ferry houses at Jersey City one evening, waiting for a Brooklyn Annex boat, I observed one of the R. R. employees sitting in a chair looking down at his feet. The room was built over the water, and on investigation I found that this man had cut a hole about 8 inches square in the floor and was fishing. He had a good string of tom-cods. He seemed confused and begged me to say nothing about it. Said he caught enough fish each night for his family's breakfast.

CHAS. SULLY WHEELER,
Washington, D. C.

LIEUT. W. J. PARDEE, U. S. A., who is stationed at Sackett's Harbor, caught, in the St. Lawrence river, 77 black bass one day in the early part of August.

Lena, Ill.

Have just returned from a fishing trip in Wisconsin where five of us caught over 300 pounds of black bass and pickerel in two days. I am only 14 years old.

HARRY B. NELSON.

IF you have received a sample copy of RECREATION that you have not ordered, look it over carefully. It is sent by request of some friend of yours who likes it, and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his kindness?

RECEIVED "The Big Game of North America" and never saw anything to beat it. Everybody admires it, even the ladies.

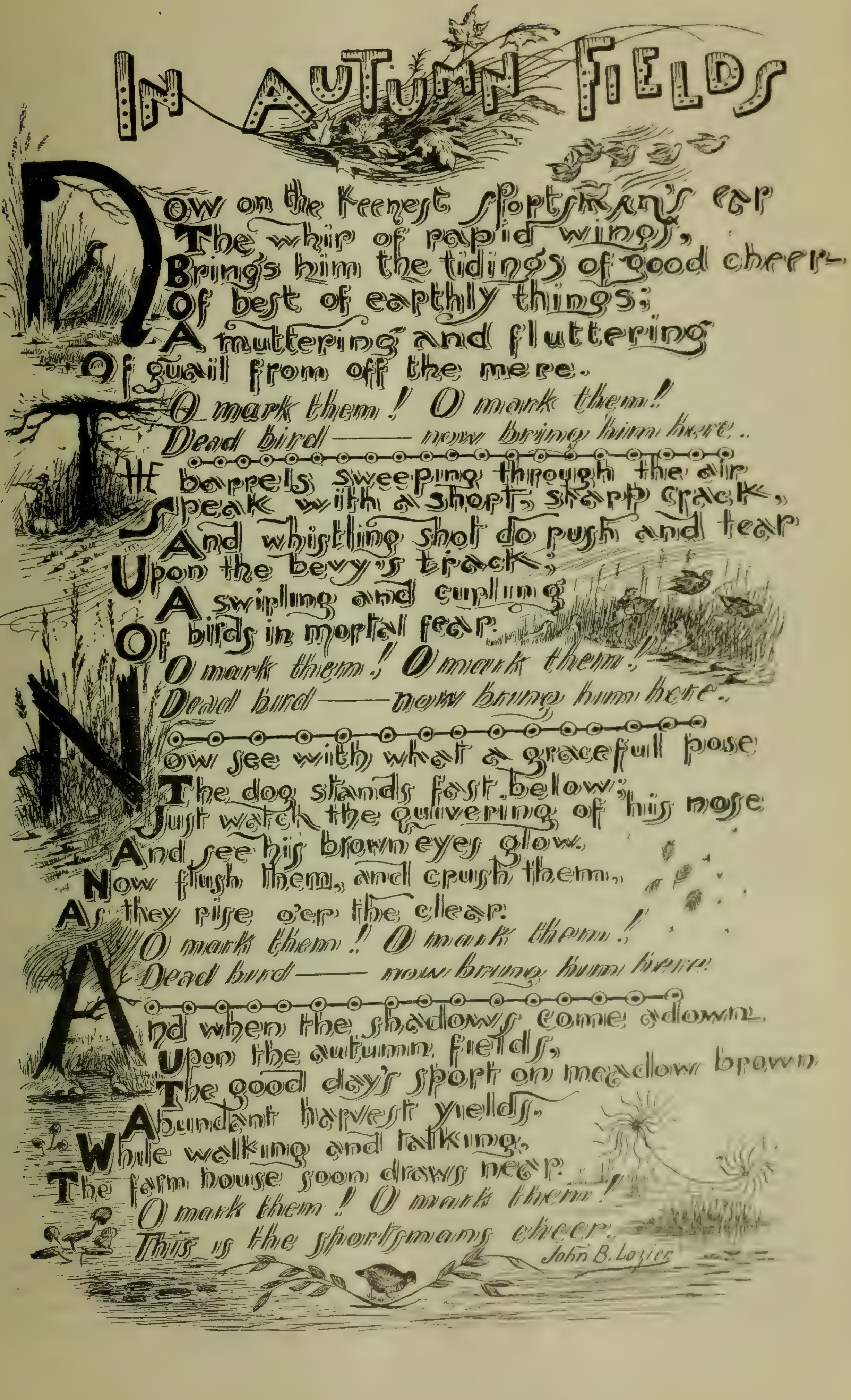
RECREATION for August also at hand, and I quit studying until I had finished reading it.

H. C. M. HAMBRIGHT, Lancaster, Pa.

I AM so much interested in "Cruisings in the Cascades" that I should be glad indeed to own all of your books.

D. W. PIKE, West Chester, Pa.

IN answering advertisements always mention RECREATION.



IN AUTUMN FIELDS

Dow on the keenest sportsman's ear
The whir of rapid wings,
Brings him the tidings of good cheer—
Of best of earthly things;
A muttering and fluttering
Of quail from off the mere.
O mark them! O mark them!
Dead bird —— now bring him here.

The barrels sweeping through the air
Speak with a short, sharp crack,
And whistling shot do push and tear
Upon the bevy's track;
A swirling and curling
Of birds in mortal fear.
O mark them! O mark them!
Dead bird —— now bring him here.

Now see with what a graceful pose
The dog stands fast below;
Just watch the quivering of his nose
And see his brown eyes glow.
Now flush them, and crush them,
As they rise o'er the clear.
O mark them! O mark them!
Dead bird —— now bring him here.

And when the shadows come adown
Upon the autumn fields,
The good day's sport on meadow brown
Abundant harvest yields.
While walking and talking,
The farm house soon draws near.
O mark them! O mark them!
This is the sportsmans cheer.

John B. Lozier

THE KIND THEY HAVE IN THE PECOS VALLEY.

Charles Dudley Warner says:

The signs of a coming dust-storm are many. The air is electric, a feather will cling to the fingers, the sky is oftimes gray and streaked, the children in the schools, even the primaries are nervous. Suddenly the bits of paper in the streets begin to whirl; soon you will see the dust coming like a rolling storm cloud; the sky is obscured; everything out of doors is "on the fly;" the slim branches of the scant cottonwoods slash the air, and if you are unfortunate enough to be out of doors, your eyes, nose and mouth will be filled with alkali dust while you are striving to make headway against a whirlwind. If you are under cover you will hasten to drop windows and shades; but the dust is so fine it will penetrate wherever air can. The pattern of the carpet may be obliterated, and in some of the worst ones in New Mexico drifts are formed on the floor several inches in depth.

How long does a storm last?

Sometimes an hour, sometimes three days—coming with great violence at intervals. We have known one that continued a week, with the exception of one day for a recess. The effect upon a nervous temperament is distressing. There is a desire to hide the head, like an ostrich; to creep into some hole, to cover the face so as not to see the wild turmoil of whirling things. The irritability is so great with some persons as to culminate in fits of weeping. This is followed by exhaustion.

A dust storm may occur at any time of the year, but the spring is especially prolific. When the "Kamsin," the wind from the desert, "blows in," be it summer or winter, the worst kind of a storm may ride on its wings.

The huge, cone-shaped mounds of ossified structure, which stretch for miles here on the plains, testify to the whirling winds that over a thousand leagues of desert have had their mad sweep for centuries.

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

Editor RECREATION:

In a recent number of RECREATION Mr. W. A. Wheatley claims to have discovered errors of forestry in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The memory of Sir Walter is sacred to all lovers of nature, and his wizard note has not been touched in vain. More than one heart has throbbed higher at its sway. Even were Mr. W. right and Sir Walter wrong, the former should seek another theme for his pen rather than attack the "Wizard of the North," the beloved of all sportsmen.

First—Mr. W. has discovered that "deer feed all night and lie in lairs during the day only." It is a fact well known to all practical hunters that the deer's feeding time is governed, more or less, by the light and dark of the moon, and I have often found deer feeding in midday.

Second—"Deer are never hunted with blood-hounds," says Mr. Wheatley. "Dogs bay only at end of a chase, when attacking wounded deer." At present blood-hounds are not used for chasing deer; but during the period referred to by Sir Walter they were used for strike dogs or cold trackers, being the keenest-scented dogs then known. They delight in following a cold track, baying deep and long. As to hounds baying only at "end of chase, when attacking wounded deer," such are entirely different from any variety of fox or deer hounds used on the Pacific coast. The hounds used here give tongue freely while cold tracking and during the entire chase from start to finish.

Third—"Winding the horn calls the hounds back and is to stop the chase." I have hunted with many hounds and good ones, too, that, once in full cry, all the horns in Christendom would fail to stop or call them back. Its blasts would only cheer them on; yet these same hounds would come readily to the horn the chase once ended.

Fourth—"And it is the hound that snuffs the tainted gale."

The tainted gale presumably referred to by Mr. W., and which the "hounds snuffed," must have been the scent of the deer left by his hoofs on the ground, or by his legs brushing by the grass or heather. If one deer in in repose would "taint the morning gale," one hundred men, one hundred horses, and one hundred hounds in the excitement of the chase would be more apt to do so. Men and dogs are the natural enemies of the deer, and a deer's scent is keen.

Fifth—"So these blood-hounds were in full cry and chase before the stag had left his heathery bed of the previous eve."

There is no reason why they should not be, as many hounds give tongue, freely, too, while cold tracking, and get over the ground rapidly. As to the matter referred to by Mr. W., I venture to say that they are visible to no other eyes than his own.

L. L. BALES, Everett, Wash.

READERS of RECREATION have long since learned that it can be depended on to bring them a feast of good stories and beautiful pictures each month. The November number will be fully up to the standard.

It will contain a thrilling story of "A Mountain Lion Hunt," by Dr. Robert Mead Smith; another of "Pheasant Shooting in Oregon," by Thomas G. Farrell; "Trouting on Clark's Fork," by Gen. F. W. Benteen, U.S.A.; "Sitting Bull's Last Medicine," by Margaret Gray Brooks; "Crossing the Plains 30 Years Ago," by Gen. John Gibbon; "Ducking off Machipongo," by W. J. Bogert; and the continuation of Doctor Tucker's story; a delightful poem by J. B. Lozier, entitled "Autumn Days," and another by S. N. McAdoo, telling a humorous but pathetic story of "Hans the Wolf-Hunter." All these will be handsomely illustrated, and the departments will be brim-full of news notes relating to shooting, fishing, wheeling, photography, etc.

GAME NOTES.

North Platte, Neb.

Editor RECREATION :

While shooting quail, grouse or ducks, the sportsman often comes unexpectedly on a deer, or other large game, and it pays to carry, in a convenient pocket, a few cartridges loaded with buckshot.

I have made numerous experiments to determine the best method of loading buckshot, to obtain the best pattern and penetration, and will give the results for the benefit of those who have neither time nor opportunity to make tests for themselves. First, select buckshot of such a size as will "chamber" at the muzzle of the gun. This will depend on the amount of choke and the gauge. If shot about three-tenths of an inch in diameter are used, four will chamber in a 10-gauge and three in a 12-gauge. Three layers are enough for a load. This makes a 10-gauge load contain 12, and a 12-gauge load 9 shot, respectively. For distances under 60 yards good results may be obtained by loading the shot in layers packed in sawdust, to make them stay in place while passing through the barrel. Each layer should be packed separately and carefully. A card wad should be placed on top and the shell crimped as usual.

With this load, at 40 yards, my 10-gauge gun put 11 and 12 shot in a 36-inch circle, and one pellet went through three inches of pine. At 60 yards, the same gun put five or six shot in a 30-inch circle and my 12-gauge gave a pattern of four to five, all passing through an inch board.

For distances over 60 yards close patterns can be made by loading as follows :

For a 10-gauge take a short piece of 12-gauge paper shell and put a card wad in one end to form a cup or case. Then load the buckshot in this as described above and place this case in the cartridge so that case and all will be discharged from the gun. If the case be made up with a wad placed over all, in the cartridge, it will generally fly like a ball up to 100 yards, and will bore a ⅞-inch hole through the target. Sometimes one or two shot will escape and be found a few inches from the large hole.

To make the shot scatter more put no wad in the top of the case, but put a card wad in the cartridge over the case. By this method of loading, I put eight out of nine buckshot inside a 30-inch circle at 60 yards.

For a 12-gauge gun a smaller case and smaller buckshot would be needed, but no case should be used which cannot be pressed through the muzzle of the gun. Such a load will do terrible execution at ranges within 100 yards, and with it a man need not fear to face even a bear. M. K. BARNUM.

Glen Cove, L. I., Sept. 15, 1895.

Editor RECREATION:

On the second of September a friend and I started in snapper fishing. I fish or shoot about four days out of five, but this was the best sport I have had in 10 years. In three days we took over 500 fish that averaged about three to the pound. Not very large, but they made up in game what they lacked in weight. I used a 6-oz. rod, and found that with 100 feet of line out, in the swift tide off Mattinecock Point, with two fish striking at once, it was great sport. My friend used heavier tackle and, consequently, caught the larger number, but with the light gear I used, think I had the most sport.

The run of striped bass is now beginning. On the 15th, George Murray took 15, running from 1½ to 7½ pounds, and to-day Charles Valentine took 6 that weighed 17 pounds, altogether.

Quite a number of loons are flying now, and coots, shelldrakes and black ducks are beginning to make their appearance. We have as good coot and squaw shooting here, as can be found on the Sound. They take lots of killing, and many a fair shot who has not been there before, is likely to wonder why they don't drop. It takes an old hand to bag three birds out of five.

I notice in your last issue the poor market shooter comes in for some more hot shot from one of your correspondents, but as far as my personal experience is concerned, while it may be unfortunate that the manner in which they earn an existence takes away much game the sportsman would like to kill, yet most of them are better men than many of the people who term themselves sportsmen.

A. S. D.

PUGET SOUND NOTES.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION :

Shooting in this State, since the opening of the season, has been accomplished under difficulties, owing to the lack of moisture and to the forest fires. The whole Puget Sound region has been apparently ablaze for the past three weeks, and both game and property have suffered in consequence.

Several of our local sportsmen are just back from Wilson's creek and vicinity, and report chickens abundant, but congregated in immense coveys along the creek beds and marshes, with few in their accustomed haunts. This is also attributable to the want of rain. Great numbers of deer and other large game have been driven from the foothills by the fires, and have seemingly lost all fear of man in their efforts to escape from the flames.

The State Sportsmen's Association meets here, under the auspices of the local Rod and Gun Club, on the 27th of October. Arrangements are being made for a three days' tournament, the time to be divided between live birds and inanimate targets. Several individual matches will be shot for handsome purses.

I have sold to Capt. E. P. Miner my pointer dog, Yandell's "Daisy," and at the present writing he is shooting chickens, over her, on Wilson's creek.

Salmon are running in large numbers in the Sound—in fact they are so abundant that they are being retailed on the market at 5 and 10 cents each, varying in weight from 5 to 25 pounds.
C. B. Yandell.

Editor Recreation:

The rail shooting that began on Sept. 26 opened very poorly on the Hackensack, meadows this year, the weather being so warm and dry that the birds have not started south yet in any great numbers, 27 being the highest number shot on one tide here, Mr. George Van Buskirk of Hackensack and W. H. Smith of Paterson having tied so far on the highest score. Some parties have had very fair sport on the meadows without a boat, but using a dog to flush the birds. One party of three got 26. This is very different from last year, but birds will not be plentiful until we get a heavy north-east storm, which, I think, will bring them in great numbers.

Fred. W. Beatty, Sec. F. G. P. Assn.

Lewiston, Idaho.

Editor Recreation:

What is the matter with the Western dealers in sportsmen's goods that they don't advertise in Recreation? Everybody reads it out West, and we would prefer to buy our goods near home and not pay express charges from the East; yet the Eastern men seem to be the only ones smart enough to have found out the value of Recreation as an advertising medium.

Western merchants are usually up to the times, but the sporting goods dealers appear to be in about the same condition as Rip Van Winkle was a few years before the Chicago fire.
Mack.

If any reader of Recreation wants a day's grouse and woodcock shooting, I shall be pleased to give him some good sport. If a man has a good dog for grouse he will have the best of shooting here, and by writing me in advance, I can advise him when to strike the flight of woodcock, which is usually about the middle of October.

Leonard Bunting.
Greenfield, N. Y.

Alfred Ward, of Kearny, N. J., went shooting on the Hackensack meadows. He fired at a flock of birds and, supposing he had discharged both barrels of his gun, put a new charge in each. Soon after he fired again, and the gun kicked him into the ditch, broke his right arm, and cut his face and head. He may not be so pretty hereafter, but he will know a lot more about how to handle a gun.

Have just returned from the Megantic club preserve. Deer are more plentiful than ever. One party saw 37 in two hours jacking on the upper Spider river. Bears are also numerous. I saw 3 myself, at different times, all within 30 feet of me. Fishing has been excellent, and many good catches, both of trout and togue, have been made. H. A. Wills, Plainfield, N. J.

John Cherry and Ed. Hunter, of Jackson's Hole, were out hunting for bear, up the Buffalo fork of the Snake river, a few days ago. They had just killed and were skinning a big black bear, when two large grizzlies walked up and invited death by standing around within short range. The three skins are worth about $100.

Coot shooting is reported good on the Jersey marshes near Philadelphia, thanks to Game Warden L. H. Barrett, who has rigidly enforced the law during the close season. A party of Philadelphia shooters made a good bag, there a few days ago.

Charles M. Spalter is reputed to have come off champion among the anglers at Granite Lake, Munsonville, this season, having captured the two largest black bass taken there. The trophies were landed within a few minutes of each other, their dual weight being in the vicinity of ten pounds. They were brought in with a 10 ounce Horton steel rod, and the sport may well be imagined.

Some years ago a man invented a fishing rod that registered the number of fish caught and the weight. He did not sell one of his rods. The modern angler does not want a returning board along when he goes fishing.

A boy's fishing rod was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank, and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog. He had been fishing all day and caught nothing.

"Fishing?" inquired a man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there. What is his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. Why do you call him that?"

"'Cause he won't bite."—*Erie Messenger.*

May—Has your husband's stenographer returned from her vacation yet?

Mrs. Fleigh—I judge so. I just received a telegram from him saying: "Detained on important business."
—*Toledo Blade.*

In days agone when he had not
  The five-and-twenty cents,
He watched the daily ball game through
  A knothole in the fence.
He sits within the grand stand now
  And marvels much to know
Why he sees not half of what he saw
  Through the knothole long ago.
—*Detroit Tribune.*

ALL true sportsmen, on both sides of the water, must deplore the sad farce in which the America's Cup races for '95 ended.

The Earl of Dunraven insists that he is a true sportsman. I deny this. He is more like a big spoiled boy. He has allowed his temper to get the better of his judgment, and has made a spectacle of himself before the whole world. He came here, not simply as an individual, but as the representative of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and incidentally as the representative of all the best sporting blood in Great Britain. He got angry because the regatta committee ruled against him in the matter of a collision of the two yachts; and again because certain excursion steamers came nearer to his boat than he wanted them to come. Leaving out the question of the justice or injustice of either of these objections, a broad-minded, gentlemanly sportsman would have waived all personal pique or prejudice in the matter and have sailed the remaining race. Dunraven, however, in the presence of 25,000 people who had paid their money to see both yachts sail—some of them having come thousands of miles—yes Dunraven, in the eyes of the whole world, turns contemptuously away from the scene and says, "I'm mad because I can't have everything my way—I won't sail." So he goes away and sulks exactly as a big spoiled boy does. It is hoped that if other cup races are to be sailed here, or elsewhere, in future the Royal Yacht Squadron will select a man or men to sail them having more dignity and broader views of justice and of sportsmanship than Dunraven has exhibited in this case.

THE American News Company's order for the September number of RECREATION was 5,200 copies. The order for October is 6,000—an increase of 800 in 30 days. The company buys 800 to 1,000 a month on supplementary orders, in addition to those obtained on standing order. Ask them whether this is so.

During the month 557 new subscriptions have been received, making a total gain in circulation of 1,357 copies within the month. The edition for September was 12,000 copies and for this number it is 14,000. I shall crowd the 20,000 mark closely by December.

If you have anything to sell advertise it in RECREATION.

MRS. EMMA SHAW COLCLEUGH is cetainly a plucky little woman. She has traveled extensively in the Arctic Circle, in Alaska, New Foundland, Hawaii, and in the Saskatchewan and Yellowstone countries, carrying a camera with her at all times and making careful notes as well as photographs. She has prepared a series of lectures on these various countries, which she is now delivering in the East and which are beautifully illustrated with stereopticon views. She has written for RECREATION a deeply interesting story of an episode in her Hawaiian trip, which will be published in a future number, and which will be illustrated from photographs. Mrs. Colcleugh's address is Box 201, Providence, R. I.

I hope the National Sportsmen's Association will take steps at an early day to provide a permanent home for itself, such as that owned by the Cuvier Club of Cincinnati. It has long been a subject of remark that in this great city of clubs there is no place where sportsmen, as such, can meet in a congenial atmosphere.

If this proposition were once put before the craft in proper shape, there would be no difficulty in raising $250,000 with which to build and equip a model sportsmen's home. The coming winter is the time in which to organize the movement. Let a public meeting be called at once.

RECREATION has an actual paid circulation of 12,000 copies monthly. My subscription books are open to examination at all times. If any advertiser will select 100 names from the books, at random, and write the men asking them whether they are subscribers to RECREATION, I will pay for stenographers' services and postage both ways. If he will select the names of 10 men and telegraph them I will pay telegraph tolls both ways. Is not this fair ?

COMMODORE PRYER, of the Corinthian Yacht Club, has had his usual success this season in racing. His yacht, the Euribia, has sailed in nine races, winning seven first prizes and one second prize. The Euribia went out of commission on the 23d of September, and the other boats of the Corinthian fleet will follow in rapid succession

THE machinery for the next Sportsmen's Exposition is already in motion. Two meetings have been recently held at which plans were discussed and suggestions made looking to a much larger and more interesting exposition than the last. Another meeting will soon be called, when decisive action will be taken.

THE Defender is all right when it comes to defending things. True, her armament may be rather light for coast defence, but the chances are she will be able to protect our silverware for some years to come.

RECREATION is now snugly housed in its new quarters at 19 West 24th street, where its friends will always be welcome. Office hours 4 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Every sportsman to whom I have talked says he has been in need of such a magazine as RECREATION for years. Just to show how it takes—at one small news stand, near me, the dealer takes 25 copies a month, and they are all gone by noon of the day on which they are received.

C. S. WHEELER, Washington, D. C.

HE GETS IT!

Dear Editor:

I've got it. It's RECREATION. Please send along the year's subscription.

Yours aff'ly,
ROY CHASSEAUD,
Aged 9 years.

You are right, my boy. Yours is the first correct answer, and you get RECREATION a whole year. Here is how the thing looks in type:

Picke **R** el
Pik **E**
C arp
Pe **R** ch
Suck **E** er
B **A** ss
Ca **T** fish
Grayl **I** ng
Tr **O** ut
Ouana **N** iche

I HAVE received several other correct answers which came in the following order:

C. T. Dazey, Haines Falls, N. Y.
Wm. A. Valentine, M. D., New York.
Howard Brown, Bristol, Conn.
A. H. Chadbourne, Philadelphia.
Frank Schmid. Washington, D. C.
Chas. R. Palmer, M. D., West Chester, Pa.
A. E. Halbert, Norwich, N. Y.
W. W. Fretwell, Savannah, Ga.
Mrs. F. L. Fieting, Tomah, Wis.
Chas. J. Newman, Oakland, Md.
J. F. Hauenstein, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.
Philip P. Leche, Erie, Pa.
Chas. H. Terry, Reading, Pa.
John Molineaux, Charleston, Mass.
C. La Rue Madden, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
Jack Taylor, Newburg, N. Y.
F. P. Jackson, Schenectady, N. Y.
J. W. Meek, M. D., Chicago, Ill.
Raymond Smith, Brooklyn, N. Y.
N. L McCracken, Cedar Grove, W. Va.
Jas. C. Spiegel, M. D., Middletown, N. Y.
Z. Himelhoch, Caro, Mich.
H. C. Wetmore, New York.
Fred S. Tufts, Silver Lake, Mass.
B. W. Severance, M. D., Mineville, N. Y.
Edw. Holbrook, Seymour, Conn.
C. A. Sprague, Haverhill, Mass.
C. E. Wesley, Altoona, Pa.
Elmer Breckenridge, Harbor, Ohio.
S. Elmer Baxter, Keene, N. H.
Deane Stratton, New York.
H. B. White, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. E. C. Brooks, Philadelphia, Pa.
H. A. Hatch, Kirwin, Kan.
Chas. E. Kelly, Passaic, N. J.
H. W. Butts, Baltic, S. Dak.
C. S. Bowman, London, Ont.
M. K. Barnum, North Platte, Neb.
Walter Morgan, Burlington, Vt.
Tom Greathouse, Terrell, Tex.
Ambrose J. Mabbett, Eau Claire, Wis.
W. F. Daniels, Athens, Ohio.
E. E. Lloyd, Rock Island, Ill.
John Potter, Colorado Springs, Col.
C. M. Benedict, Salt Lake, Utah.
Thomas T. Allard, Dedham, Mass.
Mrs. F. C. Gilbert, Duluth, Minn.
Harry Sims, Council Bluffs, Ia.
E. A. Titman, Rahway, N. J.
H. M. Brown, Waco, Tex.
Thos. A. Harrison, Burnet, Tex.
Benjamin Bacheller, New Hampton, N. Y.
D. M. McLean, Sherbrooke, Can.
P. L. Beal, Dresden, Ohio.
E. H. Crahen, Beloit, Wis.
Robt. J. Anderson, New Whatcom, Wash.
B. P. Atkinson, Tilton, N. H.
O. A. Bowers, Boston, Mass.
Henry L. Smith, Martinsburg, W. Va.
W. H. Louden, Middletown. N. Y.
C. E. Godfrey, Colon, Mich.
Charles Kinley, Seattle, Wash.
Miss Nellie E. Brown, Haverhill, Mass.
Sibley Brown, Little Rock, Ark.
Fred F. French, Seattle, Wash.

This proves several things: first, that RECREATION goes into every State in the Union: second, that people read the advertisements in RECREATION, for this puzzle was set in the midst of them; third, that women and children read the advertisements as well as busy men.

Moral—It pays to advertise in RECREATION, especially if you have anything to sell.

A resident of the Pecos Valley, New Mexico writing to a friend, says:

"Apple trees do not succeed at all in this country. Those planted last fall and this spring are nearly all dead. I am very anxious to leave here, and I am not alone in my wishes."

BIRDS' EGGS, **Showy Shells, Minerals, Fossils, Curios, Naturalists' Supplies, Books, etc. Wholesale and retail. Send stamp for catalogue.**

WALTER F. WEBB, ALBION, N. Y.

Amateur and Professional

alike, cannot say too much in praise of

THE NIDIOLOGIST,

edited by H. R. TAYLOR, and Dr. R. W. SHUFELDT of the Smithsonian Institution.

The *best illustrated* and *most interesting* magazine devoted to the study of birds, their nests and eggs, ever published. Beautiful half-tones from photos direct from nature, aid naturalists, artists and taxidermists, and delight all. The April ('95) number had *four beautiful page plates*; the September number *seven elegant half-tones.*

Subscription, $1.00 with premium and exchange notice free, or 60c. for 6 months.
Sample copies, 10c. (*No free copies.*)
Premium list for stamp.

H. R. TAYLOR, Publisher,

150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

BICYCLING.

TOM W. WHEELER, of New Orleans, is wheeling around the boundary line of the United States. He started from New Orleans March 14, and expects to make the tour in 300 consecutive days. He crossed Texas and the sandy desert of New Mexico and Arizona into southern California, followed the Pacific coast to Seattle; thence east along the Canadian line to Bangor, Me., at which point he turned southward along the Atlantic coast, which he will follow closely to St. Augustine, Fla., where he will turn west for New Orleans.

He weighs 125 pounds now, being 2 pounds heavier than when he started; has the fifth set of tires on his bicycle which, including baggage, weighs 45 pounds. He must average 66 miles a day to make the estimated distance in the time stated, and so far has held his average, being now just even. At one time he was two weeks behind.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to organize a body of military wheelmen. The idea is to have a national association, divided into state departments, and the committee believes that by training and drilling, a body of riders may be formed that would be of great service to the government in time of need.

The committee consists of Capt. E. T. McCrystal, of the National Guard of New York; Capt. W. L. Garcia, First Lieutenant A. J. Griffin, and Sergeant Major H. J. Barron, of the National Guard of Pennsylvania. Organized bodies as well as detached riders are invited to send in their names, so that notice may be sent them of the first annual meeting.

Ride, Ride, Ride,
  From sunny morn till night,
Over the country wide
  They are going out of sight!
And the bicycles speed on
  To the station under the hill;
But oh, for the voice of a wife that is gone,
  And the roar of a stove that is still.
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE Western members of the L. A. W. are working up a movement in behalf of Second Vice-President A. C. Morrison for the presidency of the league.

"Oh, John," said the new woman to her husband, "you ought to see my new bicycle—it's beautifully tired."

"It ain't half as tired as I am," groaned the husband, as he salted the biscuits and put sugar in the soup.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE first prize in the famous "Austral" race, in which Arthur A. Zimmerman will compete this year, will be $1,000.

THE new officers of the Maplewood Wheelmen are: President, Dr. H. M. Carpenter; Secretary-Treasurer, J. M. Whitefield; Captain, M. Sammis.

A NEW five-mile world's record has been made. This time it is 11.44 4-5. Before this it was 11.39 3-5.

LOUIS GIMM completed a 24-hour bicycle ride to beat the world's record at Cleveland, O. He rode 453 miles. The best previous amateur record was 407 miles and 65 yards, and the professional was 421.

CHAIRMAN Gideon, of the L. A. W. Racing Board, announces that the ten-mile competitive record of H. H. Maddox, made June 15, 1895, at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., 21m., 39 3-5s., had been accepted by the board.

There's a bicycle girl in Weehawken
That has set all the neighbors to tawken;
  This feminine biped
  Wears bloomers bright striped,
And red is the shade of her stawken.
—*New York Town Topics.*

JOHN B. YATES, of the New York A. C., has ridden 10,000 miles during this season. He wins the N. Y. A. C. mileage medal.

MRS. MARY GIBBS, 75 years old, of Oneonta, N. Y., challenges any lady of her age in the State to a bicycle race of one mile.

Bicycle Lamp—Do you smoke?
Carriage Lamp—Sometimes.
Bicycle Lamp—Well, then, give me a light.

AT a summer hotel in New Hampshire there are 60 boarders and 50 of them have bicycles.

The membership of the L. A. W. is now 32,444. This is an increase of nearly 60 per cent. within a year.

RECREATION is grand and improves with every number.
A. HOWARD.

I received the copies of RECREATION to-day and am greatly pleased with them. I think this is the best magazine of its class I have ever seen.
WM. PERCIVAL, Clinton, N. Y.

I consider RECREATION far ahead of any other publication of its class.
M. A. BATES, Star, Idaho.

Am much pleased with RECREATION. I think it more entertaining than any of its class.
E. T. JOHNSON

RECREATION is a sparkling gem of the first water.
J. H. WHEELER, Newburyport, Mass.

RECREATION is the finest magazine I ever read. Everyone seems delighted with it as soon as he has looked at it.
M. PHILLIPS, Glover, Vt.

Enclosed find one dollar for which please send me RECREATION for one year. Your magazine is fine. One needs only to see a sample copy of it in order to become a subscriber.
L. W. EARLE, Tomah, Wis.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES.

HOW TO MAKE A SATURATED OR STANDARD SOLUTION.

Take hot water (not boiling), add the chemical salt slowly, stirring constantly. Do not add more salt until each addition is perfectly dissolved. Continue the operation until water refuses to dissolve more of the salt. Test for temperature with thermometer. When solution has cooled to 65 degrees Fahrenheit, test with hydrometer for specific gravity. Refer to following table. Note if your hydrometer marks the degree of twaddle called for in a saturated solution of the salt you are using. The percentage column gives the amount of salt in your solution. You can then easily figure the necessary amount of the saturated solution required in the particular formula which you may desire to use. Keep standard solutions in well stoppered bottles, and in a dark place.

Use a Fahrenheit hot water thermometer.

TWADDLE HYDROMETERS.

No. 1 Twaddle marks from 0 to 25 degrees.
" 2 " " " 24 " 50 "
" 3 " " " 50 " 80 "
" 4 " " " 72 " 106 "
" 5 " " " 100 " 136 "

It is well for the photographer to own a complete set of hydrometers ; but if your operations are confined to two or three salts, it is only necessary to purchase the hydrometer which will cover your work, and it can be easily selected by the aid of the above table.

Specific gravity, degrees Twaddle, percentage of salts of the formuia given, in a saturated solution of the salts named, at 65 degrees Fahrenheit :

	Formula.	Sp. Gr.	oTw.	Per ct. salt f'mula given.
ACID.				
Citric	$C_6H_8O_7H_2O$	1.300	60	65.2
ALUM.				
Chrome	$Cr_2(SO_4)_3\ K_2SO_4$-24 H_2O	1.114	22¾	21.1
Potash	$Al_2(SO_4)_3K_2SO_4$-24 H_2O	1.060	12	11.5
COPPER				
Sulphate	$CuSO_4\ 5\,H_2O$	1.227	45½	31.1
IRON.				
Proto-Sulphate	$FeSO_4.7\,H_2O$	1.244	48¾	39.7
LEAD				
Acetate, C. P.	(Walpole)	1.2725	54½	33.4
Nitrate	$Pb(NO_3)_2$	1.442	88½	37.
POTASH				
Bichromate	$K_2Cr_2O_7$	1.077	15½	10.5
Carbonate, 98	K_2CO_3	1.582	116½	52.1
Oxalate	$K_2C_2O_4H_2O$	1.215	43	30.
Ferricyanide	K_3FeCy_6	1.195	39	32.2
Y. Prussiate	$K_4FeCy_6\ 3\ H_2O$	1.163	32¾	25.7
SODA				
Acetate	$NaC_2H_3O_2\ 3\,OH_2$	1.174	34	52.4
Carbonate	$Na_2CO_3.10\ H_2O$	1.194	38¾	47.1
Crys. Carb.	$Na_2CO_3.OH_2$	1.194	38¾	20.4
Hyposulphite	$Na_2S_2O_3.5\ H_2O$	1.394	78¾	61.9
Sulphite	$Na_2SO_3\ 5\ H_2O$	1.220	44	43.3

Copyright, 1894, by Walpole Dye & Chemical Co.

It has been suggested that Jackson's Hole should be added to the National Park. This might work a hardship on some of the settlers, but would certainly add greatly to the extent and efficiency of our national game preserve.

Salting and Sensitizing Solutions for Plain Paper.—The following gives excellent results on Whatman rough paper with platinum:

Gelatine	115 grains
Ammonium chloride	70 grains
Water	20 grains

Float paper two minutes in warm solution; hang up to dry. The coated side should be marked. Sensitize by flotation, or by means of Blanchard brush, on a solution of silver nitrate, 40 grains per ounce of distilled water.

Paper should be used same day as made, or, if dried well, may be placed in calcium tube, when it will keep. If this be done before printing, the paper should have a little moisture imparted to it by placing it in a damp place for a short time. Print fully.—*Photogram.*

To prepare white ink, a mucilage of gum acacia is prepared, and with this is mixed zinc white in sufficient quantity. In order to make the ink smooth, after mixing the zinc white the whole is well rubbed with a palette knife or glass muller on a slab of glass. A few drops of carbolic acid is added as a preservative.

Congress in the year 2,000. The Bloomer party was debating on its suffrage bill in a manner that showed the Man party that if something wasn't done soon their cause would be a lost one. The grim-visaged Senator from New York whispered something into the ear of the page standing near him, who then went to the rear of the hall. Just as the Bloomer party was about to call a quorum a voice yelled : "A mouse !" Press dispatch—"Congress adjourned."—*Syracuse Post.*

Though yet a youngster I have had some experience with rod, gun, etc. Recreation delights me. My imagination is with woodcock or trout while reading it, though in reality I may be burning midnight oil. Enclosed find $1.00, for which please send Recreation to my friend whose address is given on slip herewith.

C. W. Broomell, 1804 Green street, Philadelphia.

Recreation is all that its name implies. I would not know how to do without it. Our newsdealer here sells 30 copies a month.

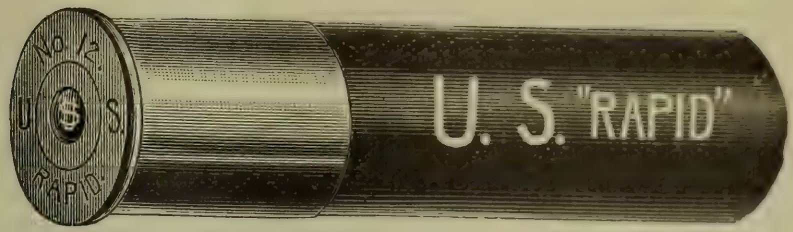
V. A. Biggs, Southampton, L. I.

Showy Sea Shells,

Minerals, Birds Eggs and Skins, Corals, Fossils, Curios, Glass Eyes, Supplies, Books, etc. Wholesale and retail. Send stamp for Cata.

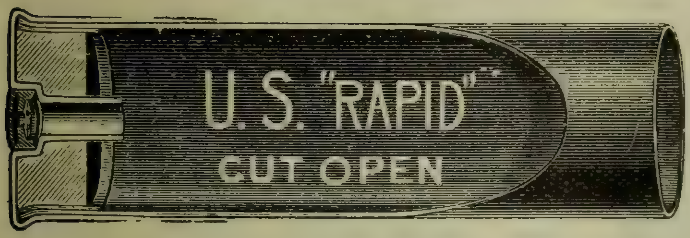
WALTER F. WEBB, ALBION, N. Y.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



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San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

DANGEROUS WORK.

From the Boston Globe.

Amateur photography is doing wonders. Mr. A. G. Wallihan, the postmaster at Lay, Col., has given up the duties of the office to his wife, and is giving his attention to making photographs of live game. A year ago he made arrangements with a couple of noted Colorado guides, Messrs. Patterson and Wells, of Meeker, to go into partnership. He would take only his camera, and would divide the expenses. He would give the guides a share in any good photographs of live game they might succeed in getting.

Mr. C. A. Hardy, son of Edward E. Hardy, who has done so much for game distribution and propagation, a senior at Harvard, heard of Mr. Wallihan and his adventure, and last fall decided to join an expedition with them. He only desired the game pictures, and did not go so much for shooting. The result was the killing of an enormous mountain lion, or cougar, by the young man, and the seeing of several others under peculiar circumstances. The beast shot was eight feet in length, and weighed 194 pounds. Its height at the shoulder was 24 inches, and the girth of the forearm was 15 inches. The animal was killed in the vicinity of White river, Col., early last winter, and its mounted skin is now on exhibition in a store window on Washington street.

The most wonderful feature in connection with the animal is a series of three photographs made by Mr. Wallihan. The first one shows the animal treed by the dogs and looking from the branches at his pursuers. The second, and most wonderful of all, shows the beast in midair, actually springing at the photographer from the tree. The third picture shows the animal down and being harried by the dogs.

The validity of the photographs is vouched for by Mr. Edward E. Hardy, and the taking was witnessed by his son, who a few years ago obtained a picture of a flying grouse which his father was liberating—a picture which caused considerable comment at the time.

St. Paul, Minn.

Editor RECREATION.

Your department of amateur photography is always interesting and instructive to me. The suggestion made by a brother amateur, to keep toning bath cold by placing a tray containing bath in a larger one with ice water, is a good one. I do the same. My washing-boxes are made as follows: Make a box the desired size; then buy a piece of black rubber cloth in any dry-goods store; spread the cloth in the box, smooth it out, then tack on upper edge. This will make a good, cheap, water-tight box, and will answer the purpose as well as an expensive one.

I have a Poco, 5x7, with R. S. lens, and during the two years I have dabbled in photography it has given me a great deal of pleasure. I have enough pictures to pay for my instrument besides. So much has been said about using care in handling plates and chemicals that I wish to emphasize this point. Remember it takes patience and practice to get the hang of it. Always use the best of everything; by so doing you will be more successful and have fewer disappointments.

E. J. PAULI.

DR. JOLY, F. R. S., has lately made public his discoveries in color photography, in a paper read before the Dublin University Experimental Association. He has succeeded in doing what has baffled all previous experimenters in color photography. By his method only one plate is necessary to reproduce any combination of colors. The photograph is taken in the ordinary way with an isochromatic plate, the only difference being that a plate, finely ruled in the three primary colors, red, green, and blue, is placed in front of the sensitive plate. Thus, three images, corresponding to the three colors, are obtained on one plate. A transparency is made from this negative, and a plate ruled in colors, similarly to the one previously used in taking the photograph, is placed in front of the positive, and the slide is now ready to place in the lantern. Thus it will be seen that Professor Joly's invention is beautifully simple, while it yields very good results. The photographs of the spectrum, various colored flowers, portraits, etc. which Dr. Joly exhibited with the electric lantern, showed how truly the most delicate tints could be reproduced, and thus it is now possible to have permanent, reliable, objective evidence of color sensation. As the chairman, Professor Fitz Gerald, remarked, " Professor Joly, the Experimental Association, and Trinity College are to be congratulated on one of the most remarkable discoveries of this century."—*Photographic Times.*

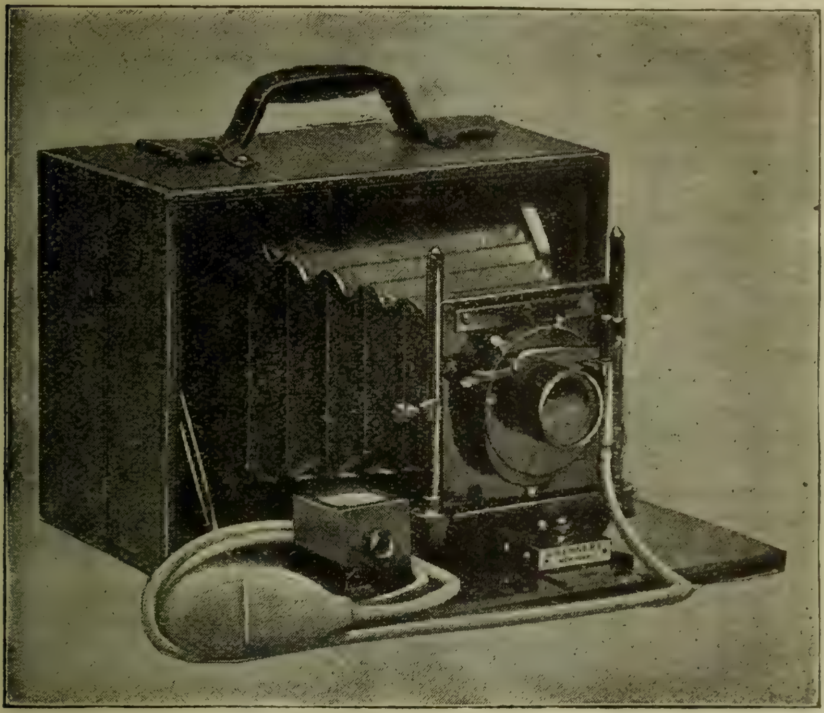
A SUBSTITUTE FOR DISTILLED WATER.—Fill a clean glass bottle with well water, add a few centigrammes of azotate of silver, just enough to render the water opalescent.

When the salt of silver is perfectly dissolved expose the bottle to the light until a blackish precipitate forms on the bottom. Decant the clear water, being careful not to disturb the precipitate, and you will have water which, if not actually distilled, practically is just as good.—*Photo Gazette.*

WILL some one give me a formula to keep me from turning on the hot water faucet, instead of the cold, when washing negatives? HARD LUCK.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. **'95 Prizewinner.**

'The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5.	$25.00
" "	5 x 7.	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½.	50.00
" "	8 x 10.	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world, and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

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Marvellous success in restoring the youthful contour of the face and neck.

Wrinkles, blemishes, pittings and all skin imperfections permanently removed by one treatment.

To make Ourselves Beautiful is a Duty, not Vanity.

CONSULTATION FREE.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Winchester people are sending out a circular of new goods that is mighty interesting to riflemen. It describes the 25-20 repeating rifle, which has been a favorite for a year or more, and for which a new cartridge has lately been put on the market loaded with smokeless powder. Then there is shown the model '94 repeater, made in 25 and 30 calibers, and using long, slender cartridges that are pretty enough to wear on your watch-chain. Thirty-five grains of smokeless powder in a 25-caliber shell will send the long, narrow bullet through almost anything that comes along. This 25-35 '94 rifle is about as near right for anything this side of an antelope as you can get. There is a cut and a description of a new cartridge made up for the 50-caliber express. It shoots 100 grains of powder and a 450-grain bullet, and if I were an elephant I would strike for darkest Africa if a man should come into my realm armed with one of these bone-smashers.

There is a lot of information in this new circular that will interest you. Send for it. Mention Recreation.

The American "E. C." Powder Co., of Oakland, Bergen Co., N. J., has lately been making large additions to its already immense plant, principally to manufacture its new smokeless rifle and revolver powder, which is being loaded in large quantities, in nearly every caliber of cartridge, by the U. M. C. Co. and by the Winchester Co. in their 22 cal. short, 32 and 38 S. & W.

These powders are at present supplied to the cartridge companies only, but will shortly be put on the general market.

Most excellent results were obtained with the U. M. C. Co.'s 45, 90, smokeless cartridges, on bear and elk last year in the Rockies, by Messrs. Geo. Work and Mr. L. Thompson, the well-known pigeon shots of New York. In many shooting galleries 22 caliber smokeless cartridges have entirely superseded black powder, the absence of smoke and of fouling being a great advantage.

Elizabeth, N. J , August 7th, 1895.

Mr. Alfred Chasseaud, Manager Athletic
Dep't Overman Wheel Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir—Please send us by express at once two (2) dozen Victor League baseballs. It affords us pleasure to testify to the quality of your ball. We have used 7 dozen up to date, this season, and we are happy to state that we consider your ball the best that we have ever used. In weight, size, material, stitch, etc., it is uniformly correct; keeps its shape, and retains its life better than any ball we have ever been able to obtain. Refer to us if you desire.

Truly yours,
E. S. Coyne,
Manager Elizabeth A. C. B. B. C.

G. W. Cole & Co.

Gentlemen—I use your "Three in One" on the finest rifles and pistols made, and can honestly say that it is the best rust preventive I have ever tried. Before I knew of "Three in One" it was my custom to fill the barrels of my rifles with melted vaseline before putting away; now I simply shove a rag through the barrel moistened with "Three in One," then wipe off the stock, lock, barrel, and all, which gives my gun a fine appearance and keeps it absolutely free from rusting.

Truly yours,
Chas. T. Rolf, 10 Platt St., New York.

Mr. E. D. Corwin, Lake City, Minn., speaking of the house advertised for sale on another page, says:

"If a sportsman should purchase this property, he would find, within a radius of 12 miles, both in Minnesota and Wisconsin, all the fish and game desired to make him happy; besides owning one of the handsomest houses in the Northwest, situated in one of the most picturesque spots on Lake Pepin."

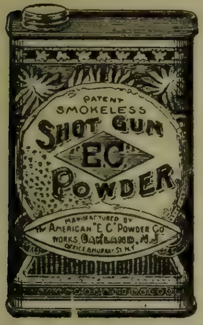
I have often hunted and fished in that region, and can corroborate every word of this from personal experience.

The finest catcher's glove ever made has just been put on the market by the Overman Wheel Company. It is on a par with their unequaled Victor ball. This glove, besides being made of the finest material, has a ready-made hollow palm, thus saving the user the labor and time of breaking it in. It also has a strap to hold the thumb and prevent its being knocked back by foul tips and wild pitches.

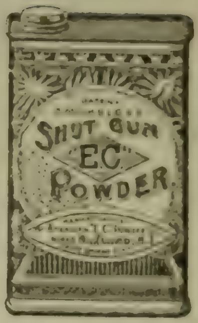
The Daimler Motor Co. has ordered six horseless carriages from Paris, and they will soon be spinning up and down the boulevard. This company is also putting in machinery with which to build these carriages. The bicycle has set the horse away back, and when the new carriage gets fairly on the market the only job he will have left will be that of being made into beef for boarding houses.

Hermann Boker & Co., 101 Duane street, New York, have secured the American agency for the Harnel rifle, which is built on the Mannlicher system. It is of 30 caliber, and uses the new smokeless powder cartridge with nickel mantled bullet. Send for a circular. Mention Recreation.

Mr. A. P. Pentz, a son of Jacob Pentz, is traveling for Spratts, on the territory lately covered by Mr. Ehrmann. Mr. Pentz is a lover of the dog and should find his new field a congenial one. Recreation wishes him a large measure of success.



E. C.



SMOKELESS POWDER

has won the summer season at Hurlingham and the Gun Club nearly three times as much as any other single Powder and far more than all other Powders combined. A proof of its **perfect regularity and great penetration.**

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., Limited,

OAKLAND,

For Sale by all Dealers. BERGEN COUNTY, N. J.

Orange "Extra" Powder.

PATENTED APRIL 17, 1888.

THE BEST BLACK POWDER made for general shooting with shotgun or rifle. Quick and strong, and burns with perfect combustion. **VERY LITTLE SMOKE** which is almost instantly dissipated.

Orange Lightning, Orange Ducking, Orange Special Powder.

"TROISDORF,"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

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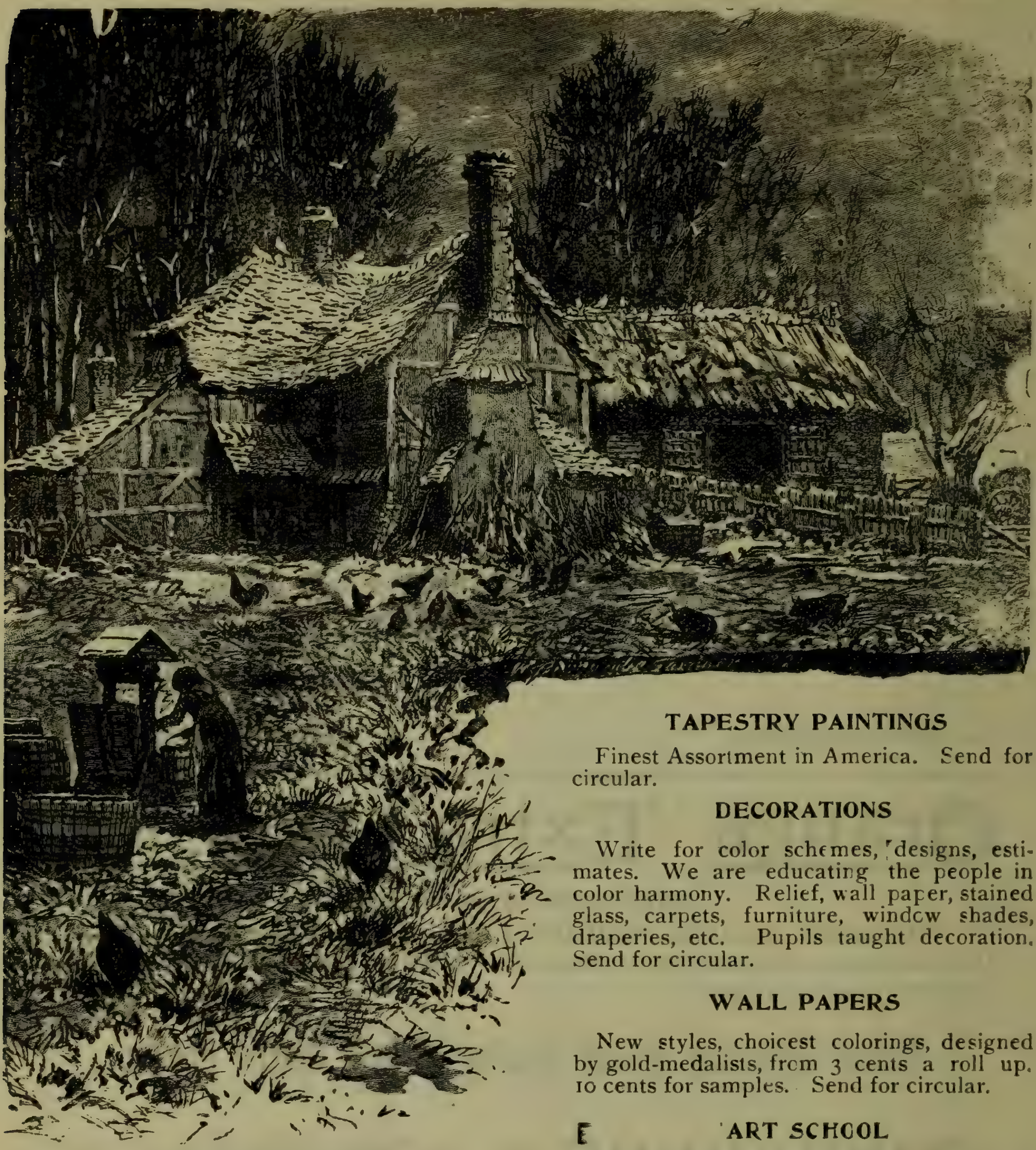
☞Send postal card for illustrated pamphlet, showing sizes of grains of Powder. MAILED FREE.



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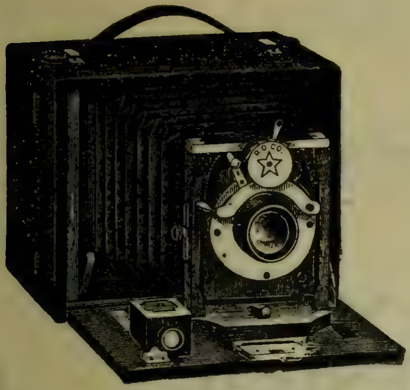

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Owing to its extreme compactness, portability and ease of manipulation, the PREMO, is especially adapted for the use of all Sportsmen. Just think of a complete 4x5 Camera, measuring only 4¾x5½x6½ inches, and weighing but two pounds. The IDEAL CAMERA for Tourists, Bicyclists, Canoeists, Camping Parties, etc.

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Never flatten or become water soaked.

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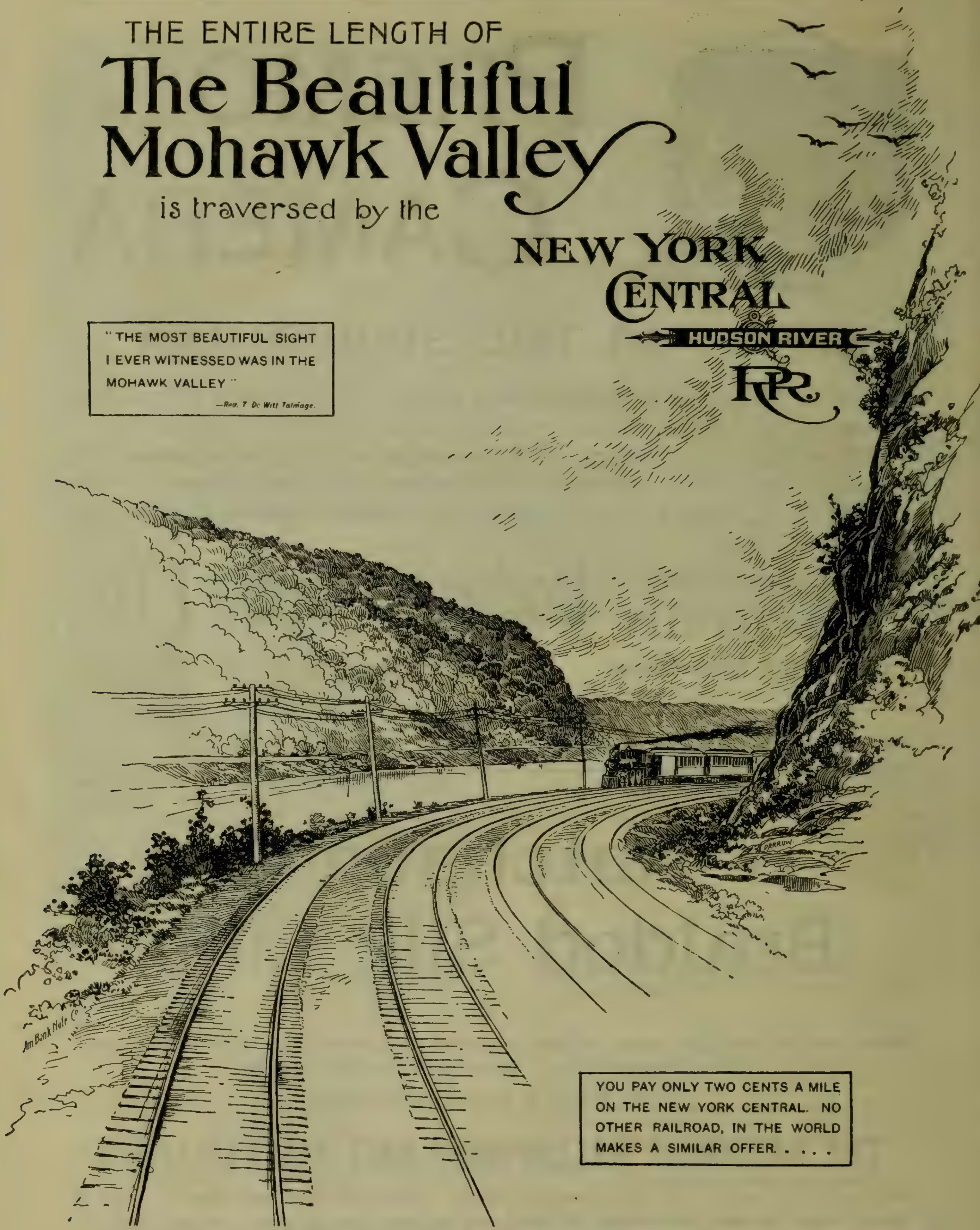

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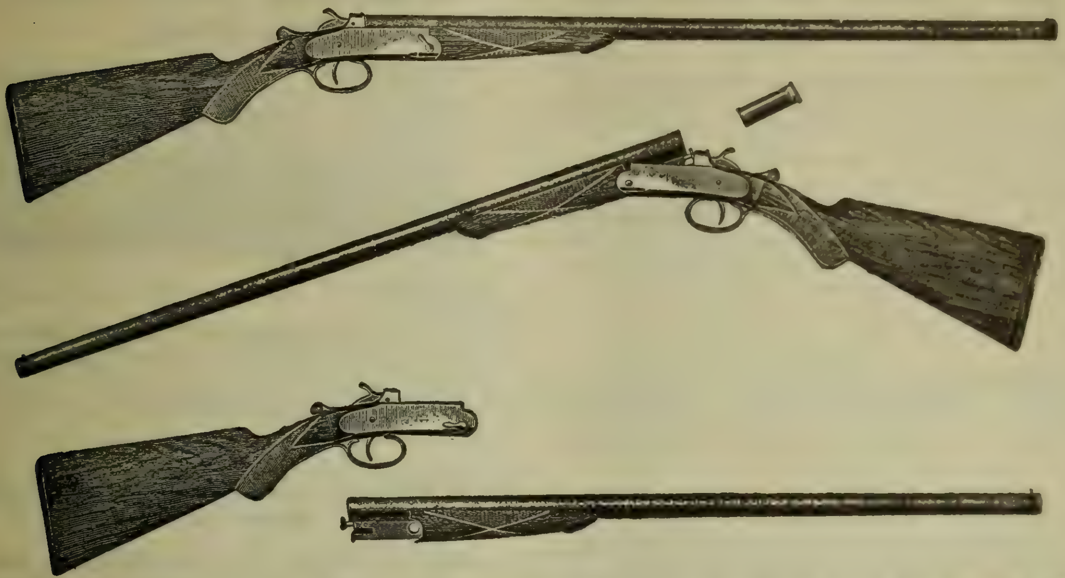
MODEL '94. EJECTOR.



HAS detachable barrel, with heavy lug securely bolted, and having extra strong screw key fastening. Frame either nickel-plated or casehardened, top snap action, rebounding lock, automatic ejector positive in action and perfectly reliable, drop forged steel parts, extra heavy fine steel barrels, 30 inch, carefully choke bored, finely checkered pistol grip stock, rubber butt plate and fancy checkered fore-end. Thoroughly high grade in finish and detail. Furnished in 12, 16 and 20 gauge. Weight, 5¾ to 6½ lbs.

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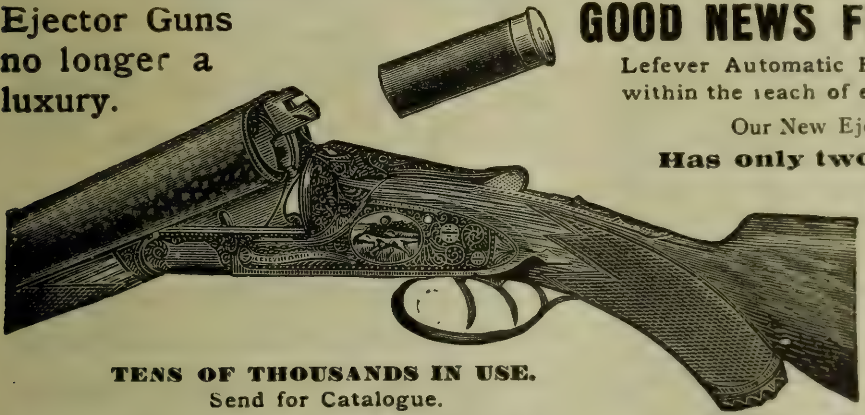
Send for Catalogue. NORWICH, CONN.

Ejector Guns no longer a luxury.



GOOD NEWS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Lefever Automatic Ejector Guns at a price within the reach of every sportsman.

Our New Ejector Movement

Has only two pieces: One in the Hammer, One in the Frame.

We have decided to meet the demand for *medium* price Ejectors, and are now prepared to accept orders for all grades of our hammerless guns fitted with Ejectors.

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[Mention RECREATION.]

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Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION for one year beginning with____________________________number.

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Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT AND SEND IN.

BOOK REVIEWS.

If you would like to camp in the big woods of Maine but cannot; or if you have lived in them at some time and wish to recall memories of them, read "The Aroostook Woods." Its author, Charles C. West, is a thorough woodsman. Every page is replete with the craft of the forests, with minute knowledge of bird and animal life, and with wise suggestions for those who would camp, hunt, fish, trap, or ply the paddle. Every reader will long to imitate this lover of Nature and live among the woods he so enticingly describes. Illustrated. New England News Co., Boston.

"Days of My Life," By John Bickereyke, author of "The Book of the All-Around Angler," etc. Illustrated. $1.75. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

A charming volume of angling stories. Mr. Bickerdyke prefers casting flies for trout, but has taken all kinds of fish, with all kinds of bait, in all kinds of waters, fresh and salt, in England, Scotland, Wales, and even Germany. He gives much information and delightful entertainment in this new book, which all anglers should read.

"An Errant Wooing" is a new and delightful story by Mrs. Burton Harrison, the popular writer of so many New York society novels. It has just finished its course as a serial in *The Century Magazine*, and is now printed in book form, with the addition of about 20 full-page illustrations. The book is a romance of travel, opening in London and continuing in Tangier and Southern Spain. During the course of its serial publication it has received high praise from the critics, and a large sale is predicted for it in book form. The illustrations include photographic reproductions of views of Gibraltar, Tangier, the Mosque at Cordova, the Bull Ring at Seville, the Alhambra, etc. Published by the Century Co., New York.

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GENTLEMEN: I have used many kinds of gun oil, but find yours ahead of all. Can recommend it to all for lubricating and rust preventive, knowing it to be all that is claimed for it. I have shot at trap all day in a pouring rain with a bright, polished gun and cleaned at night with "3 in 1," and never rusts; I endorse it as a long felt want if only tried. Yours truly,
IRVIN HOUPT.

Send 10c. in stamps for sample. Manufactured by
G. W. COLE & CO., 111 B'way, New York.
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IN THE
Perfection Water-Proof Matchbox.

J.R.PAINTER
Man'f'r
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Indispensable to sportsmen who hunt, fish, trap, camp or sail.
Size, 2¾ inches long, ⅞ inches diameter, beautifully nickel-plated. Price $1, postage prepaid. Order at once.
You can fill this box with matches, lay it in water over night, and the next morning they wiil light as if they had been kept in a powder magazine.

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Unless you will consent to be
My wife, and not my Sr."
And Maud consented then and there,
And Charlie Brown then Kr.
—*Halifax Herald.*

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In this preparation are combined the remedies which above all others have been established as invaluable in the treatment of the various forms of digestive disorders—Pepsin, Bismuth and Nux Vomica. The Pepsin used is concentrated and of the highest digestive power. The Bismuth is the purest the market affords. The Nux Vomica is the best English extract. The efficacy of this combination lies in its triple effect—that of the actual solvent action of the Pepsin on all articles of food, the prevention of fermentation and formation of gases by the Bismuth, and the stimulant effect of the Nux Vomica (which is undoubtedly the best known tonic for nervous dyspepsia) on the secretion of the digestive fluids.

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Will Restore Rosy Cheeks, Elastic Step and Happy Spirits.

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Tourists and sportsmen visiting the Yellowstone Park or the Great Hunting Grounds of Wyoming, can find here everything needed in the way of an outfit, at eastern prices with freight added.

All Kinds of Large and Small Game.
Excellent Mountain Trout Fishing.

GUIDES, TEAMS, SADDLE & PACK ANIMALS FURNISHED.

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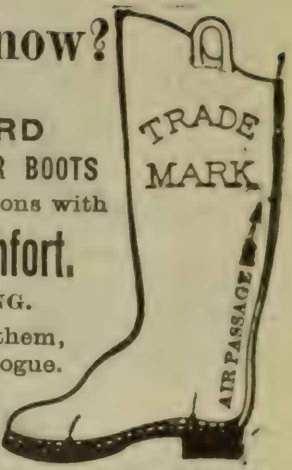

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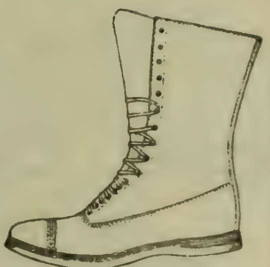

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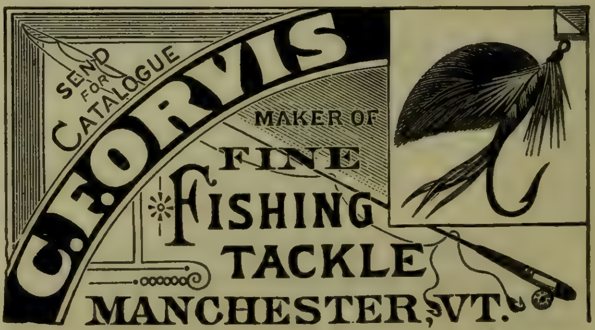

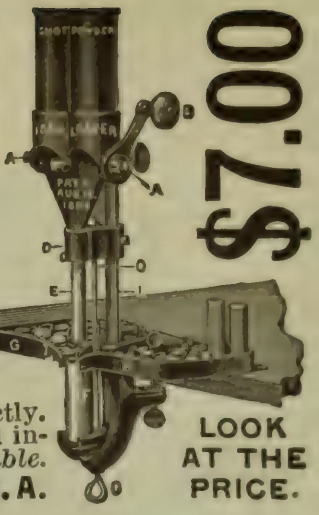

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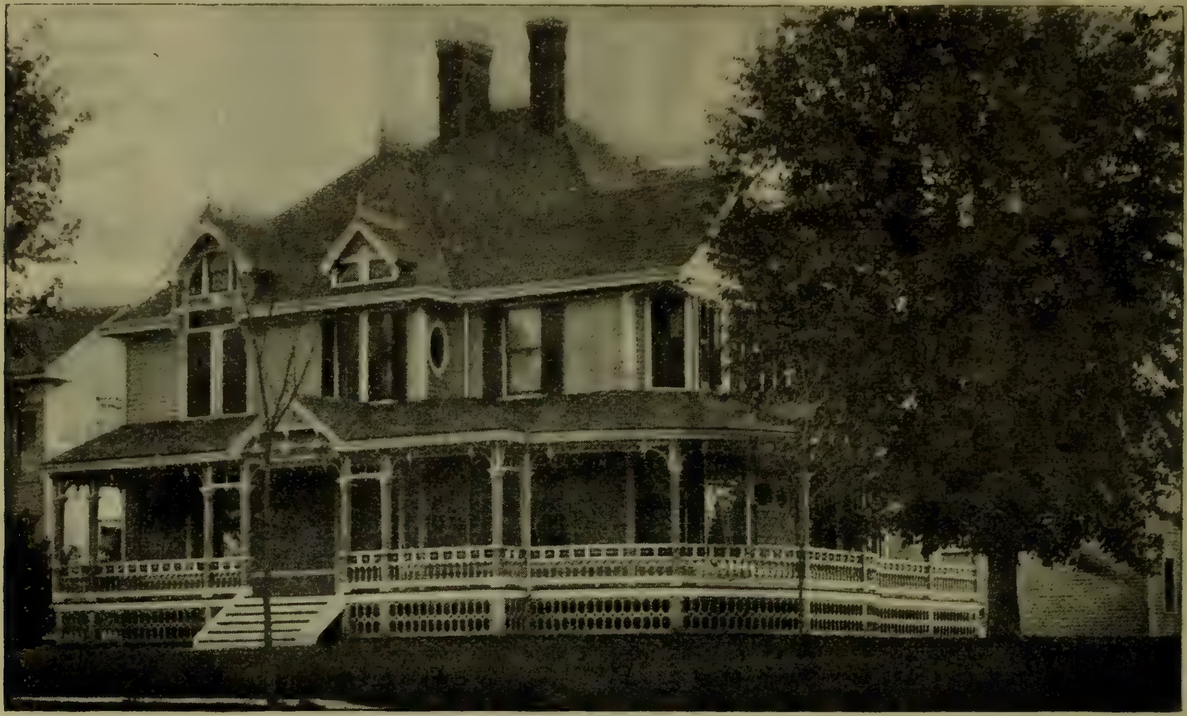

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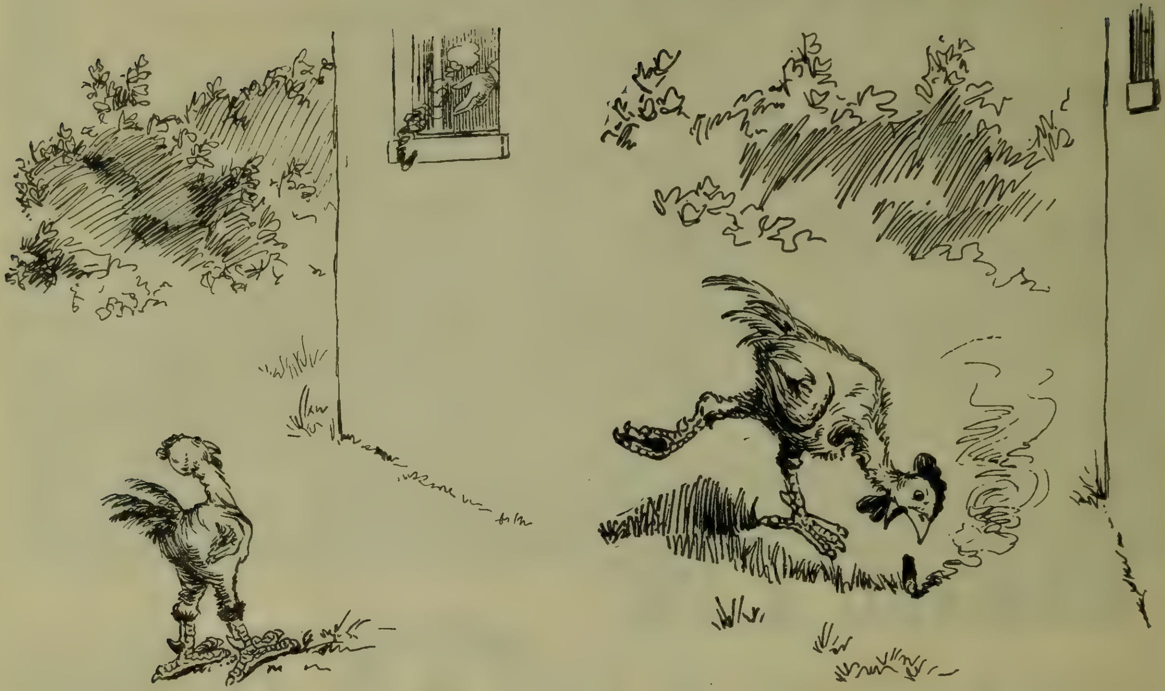

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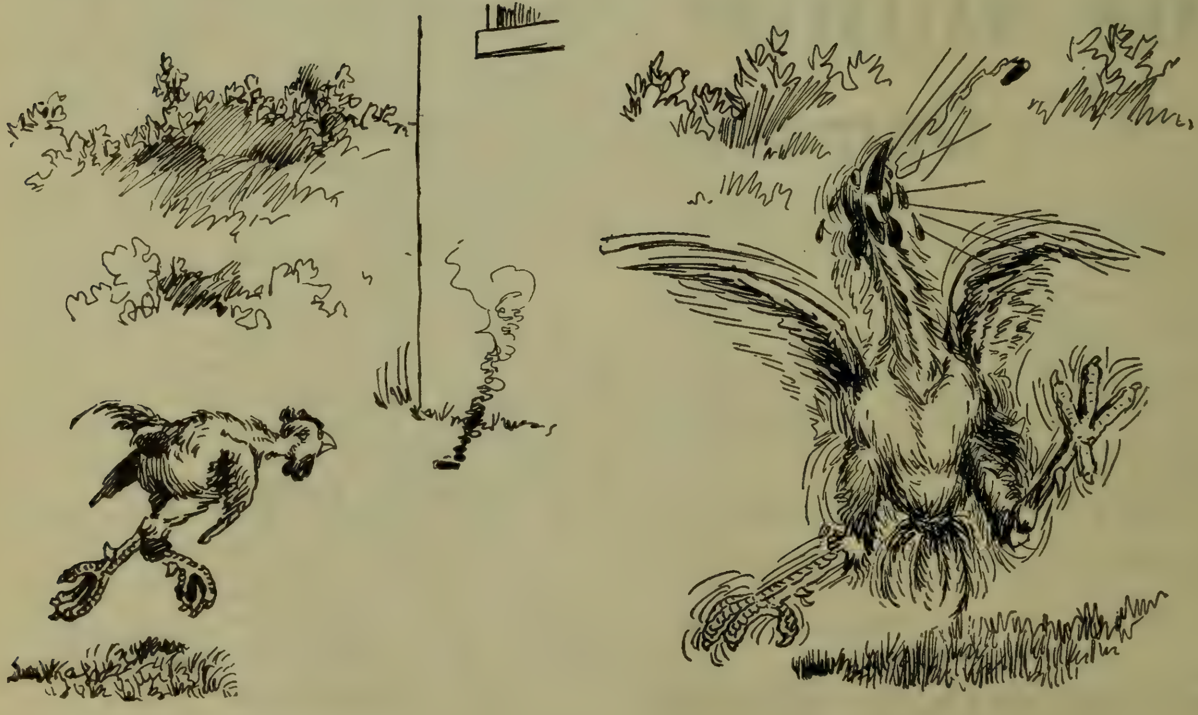

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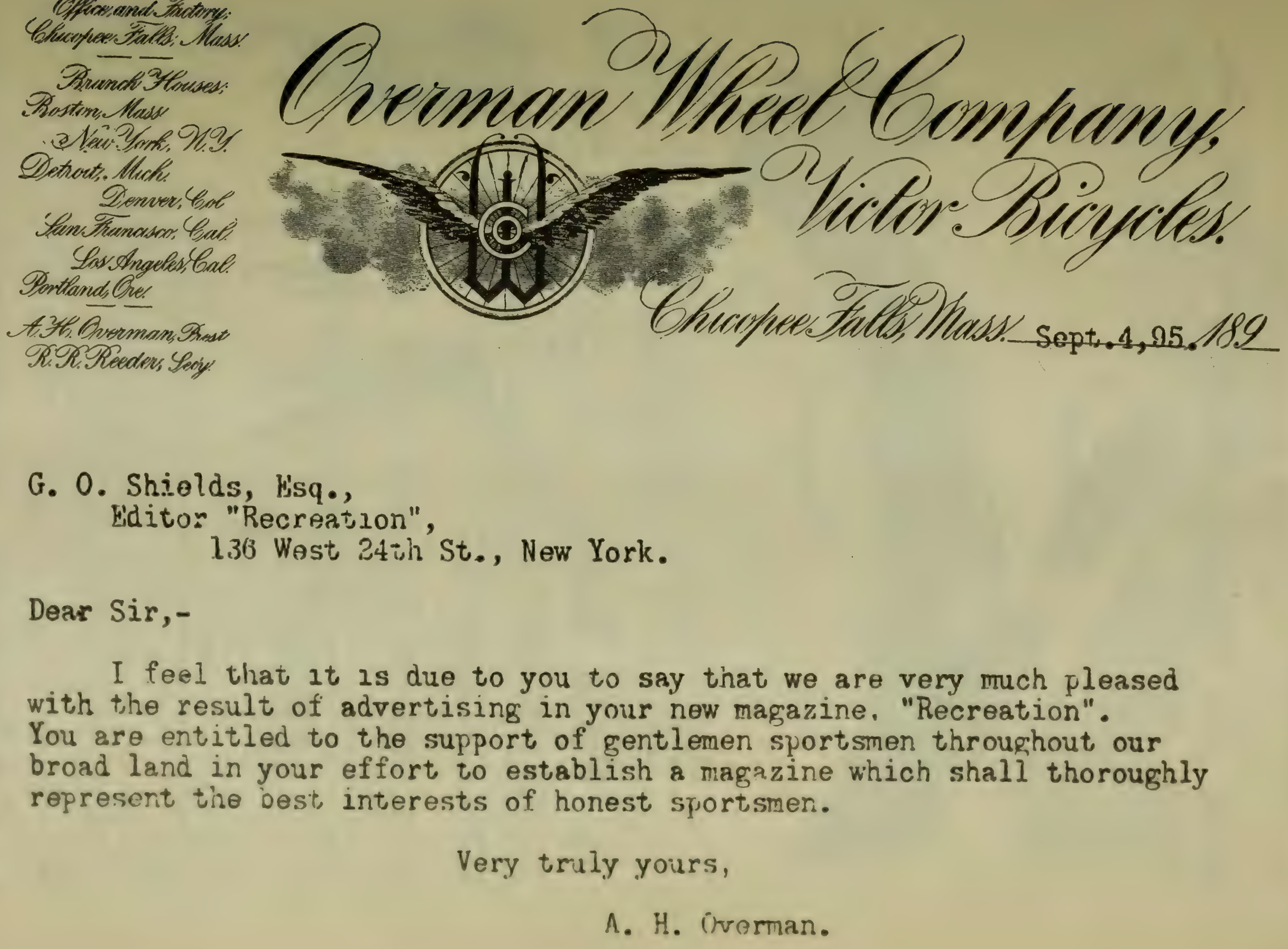

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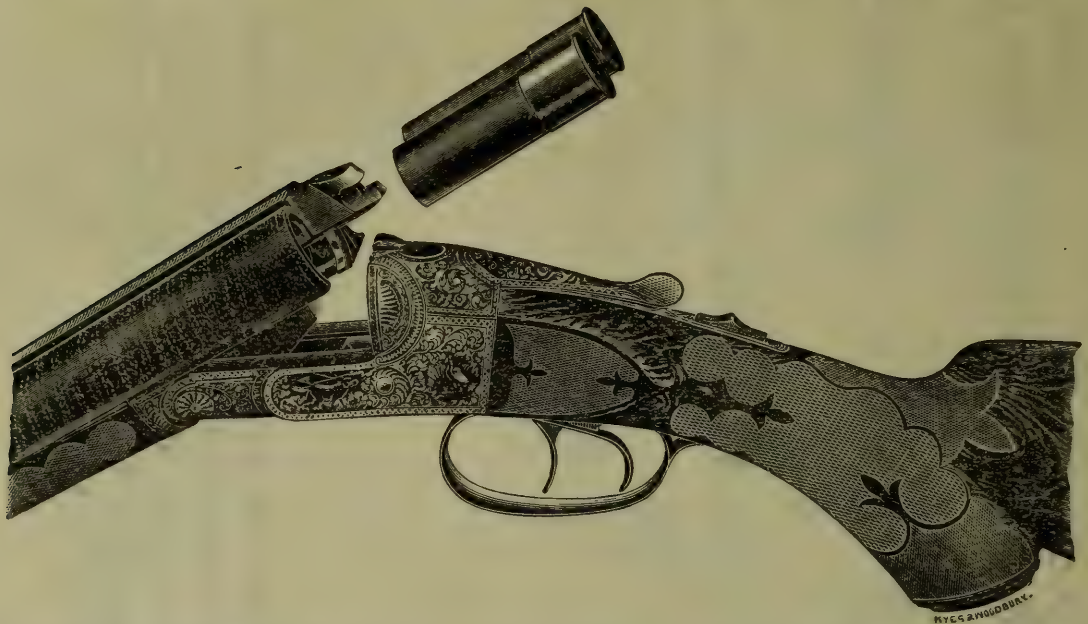

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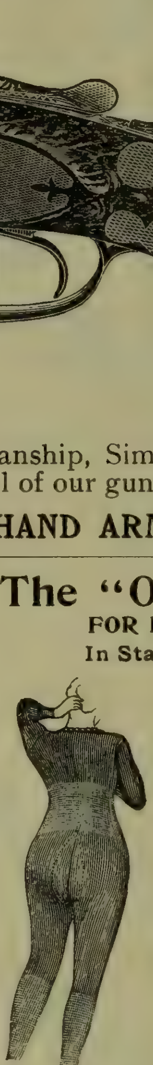

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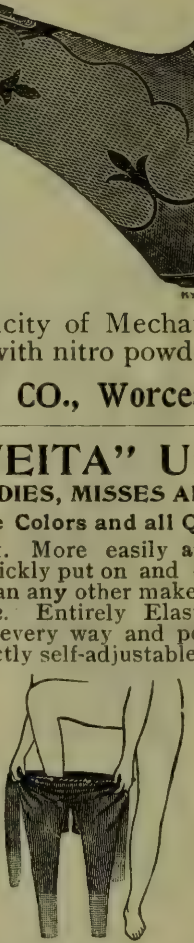

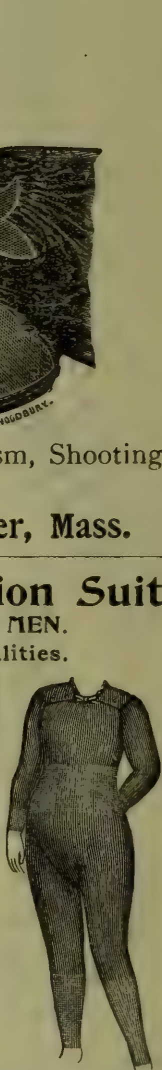

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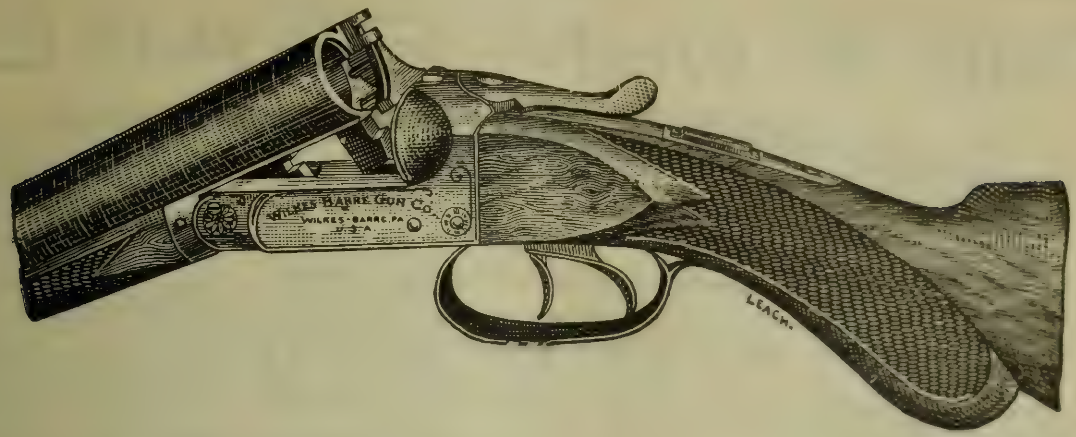
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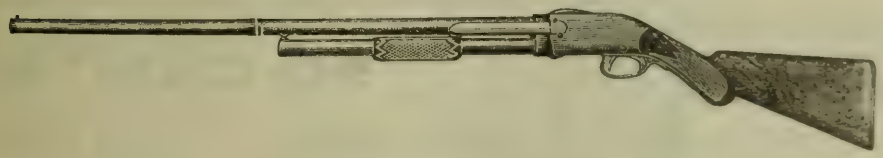

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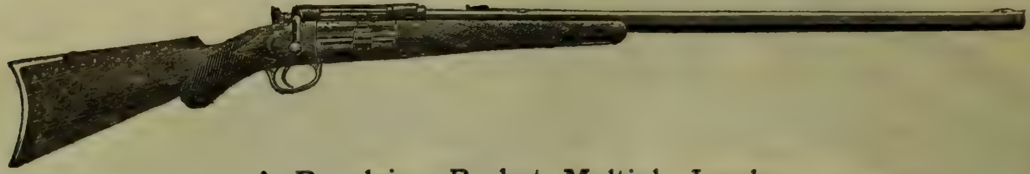

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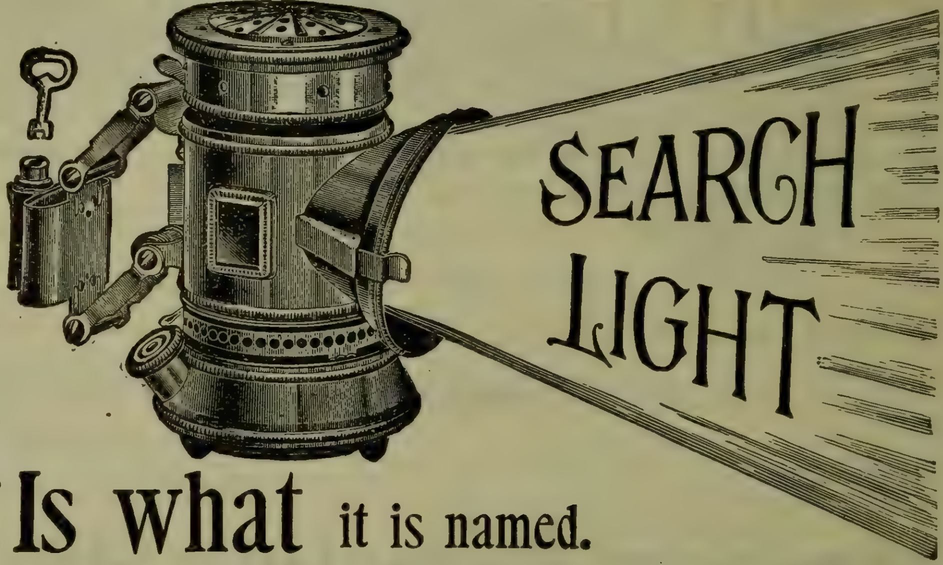

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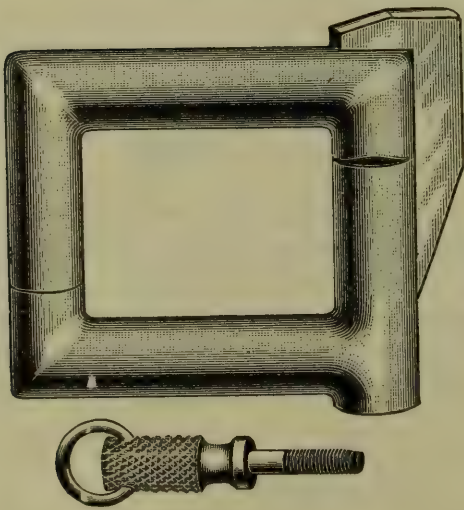

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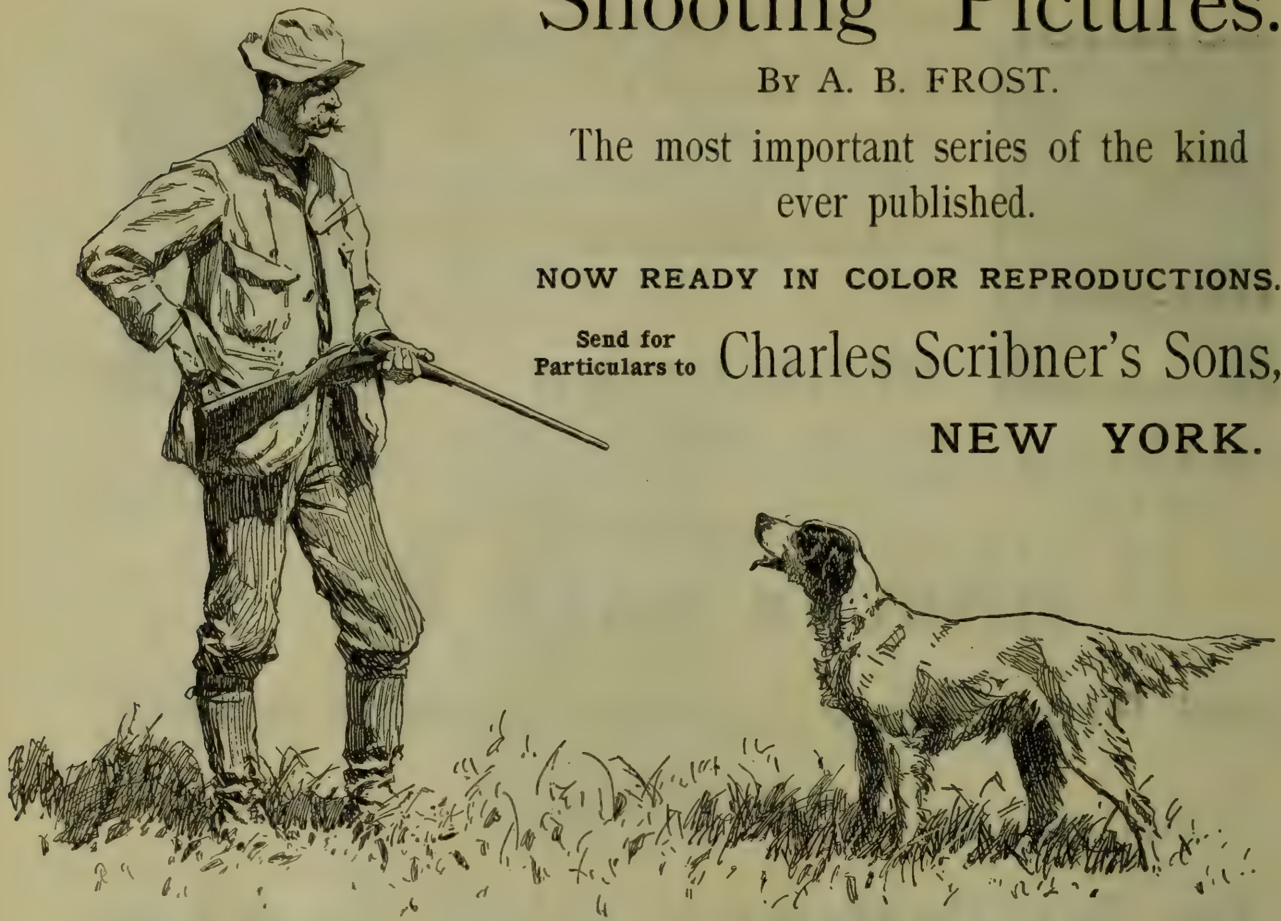

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Editor Recreation:

For months past I have been reading a quantity of "rot" about "protection to the game," and indiscriminate "slaughter" by Indians, until I am surfeited. In the first place, I am certain a majority of those who are so ready to shed "crocodile tears" over the game which they have no chance to kill, and who write with such flippancy anent the Indian, know precious little about him. No doubt these same unselfish (?) protectors of our game have the audacity to accuse the Indian of exterminating the buffalo; also of killing all the game which at one time covered every State in the Union.

Major Schieffelin, in the August number of Recreation, has this to say in reference to the buffalo, and what he saw of them in 1861:

"Buffalo were abundant all along the upper river. At times the plains were covered with them as far as the eye could reach. One morning when we awakened we saw what seemed to be millions of buffalo."

Notwithstanding the great numbers known to exist at that time, and as incredible as it may seem, these immense herds of buffalo were entirely annihilated during the year 1862. Was this wholesale slaughter committed by Indians? No, sir; the white man did it. I first crossed the plains, over the old Santa Fe trail, early in the spring of 1863, and in many places saw acres of ground literally covered with dead buffalo; and the scoundrels who slaughtered them never even took off the hides. Would any true sportsman consider it honorable to ride up to a herd of cattle and deliberately shoot them down so long as his ammunition held out? In this manner the buffalo were exterminated.

To make another quotation: "It was here at Trapper's Cabin," says L. L. Dyche, in April Recreation, "that the boys, as they called themselves collectively, killed between 90 and 100 deer within a quarter of a mile of the cabin's door." Is such dastardly work as this a matter for glorification? It would be equally sportsmanlike (?) and about as honorable for one to take a Winchester and pump lead into a flock of sheep.

Again referring to Recreation: Look at the picture in the August number representing ducks and other fowl wantonly slaughtered; and these gentlemanly sportsmen (?) must use decoys to make their wholesale destruction of game that much greater. In this connection I will state, and without fear of honest contradiction, that no true hunter ever uses decoys for shooting fowl or fire for hunting deer and its kindred species. For more than 40 years I have lived on the frontier, and in that time have killed of every kind of game on the continent, yet I never used, nor saw others use, decoys or fire but—then there may be a great difference between hunter and sportsman. While Arizona was infested with Apache Indians all sorts of game was abundant, but with a few short years of white occupancy, the game has almost disappeared.

It is from the white man's wholesale slaughter that our game needs protection, and not from its hereditary friend—the Indian. Two white men armed with Winchesters or breech-loading shotguns, will destroy, in one season, more food game than a whole tribe of Indians.

Now, Mr. Editor, the worst "pot-hunting" fiend I ever knew never did blow his bazoo half so much about his killings as do some of these gentlemanly sportsmen (?) who have emptied their repeating rifles into a herd of dull, sleepy buffalo. These are facts which cannot be truthfully controverted.

A. F. Banta.

From first page to last Recreation is full of bright, clean, interesting reading, and you deserve the thanks of sportsmen for publishing such a delightful magazine. Calvin Lee, Reading, Pa.

The first copy of Recreation that came to my hands I picked up in a book-stall. It was just what I wanted. I showed it to two friends, and they are both subscribers now.

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Such a magazine as Recreation tends to ennoble the reader, while fiction fails to furnish true recreation to the sportsman.

E. J. Huxley, Carnduff, N. W. T.

Recreation is the best magazine I have ever seen devoted to Nature's healthful sports. W. W. Hilt.

Every line in Recreation is interesting. I only wish it were published semi-monthly, even at three times the present price.

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I have copies of each of your books, and, being an ardent sportsman, I appreciate them thoroughly.
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I would not take a dollar apiece for the copies I have of Recreation. I recommend it to my friends at every opportunity.

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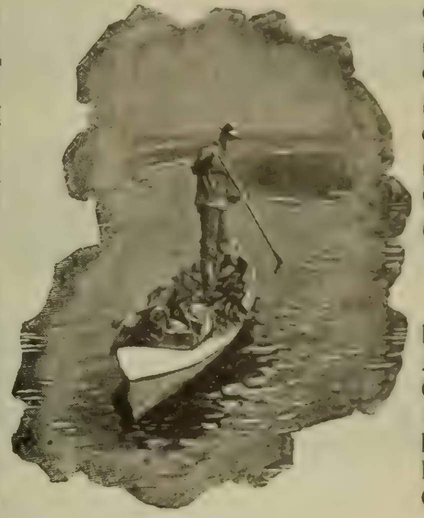

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WM. CLARK, Rock Island, Ill.

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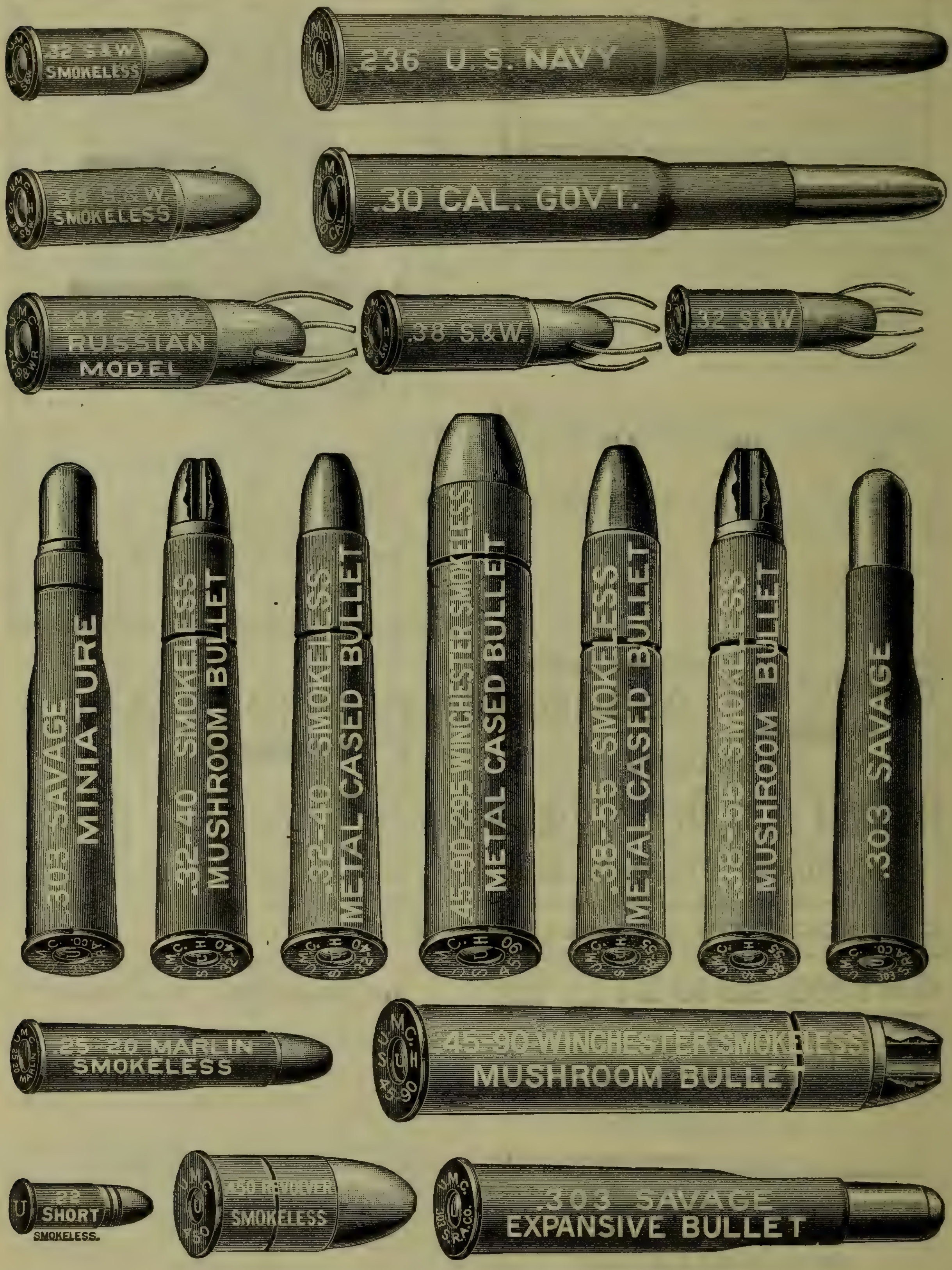
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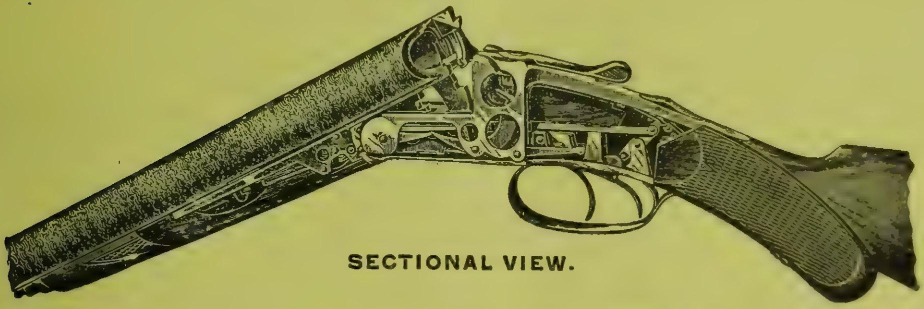

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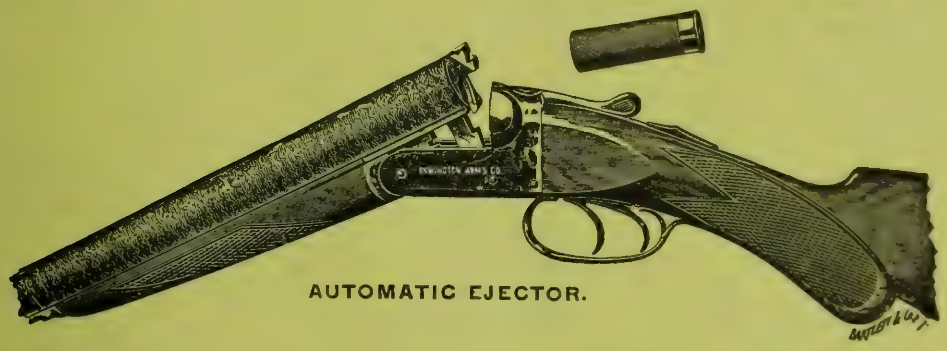
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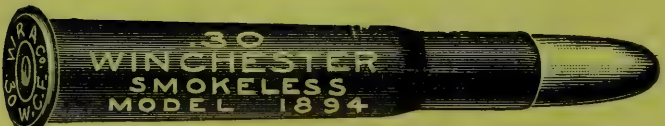

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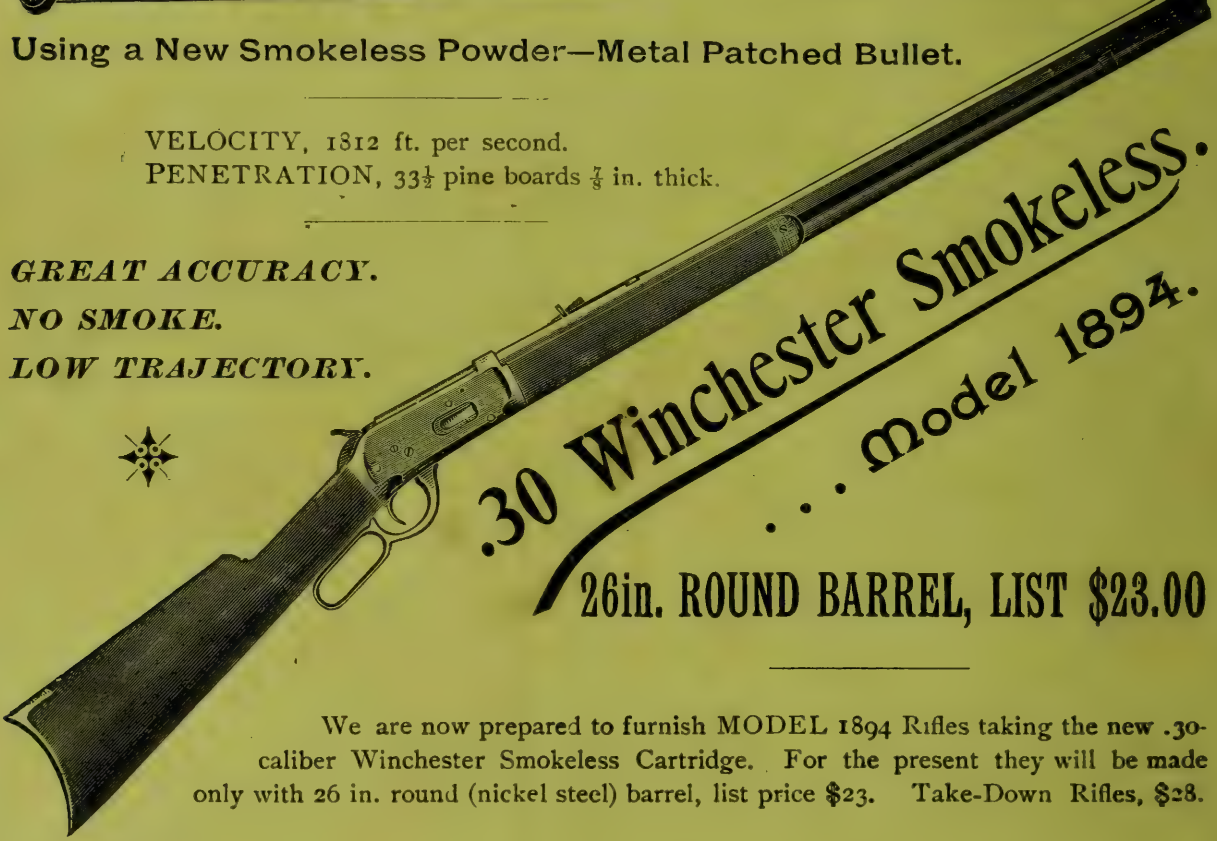

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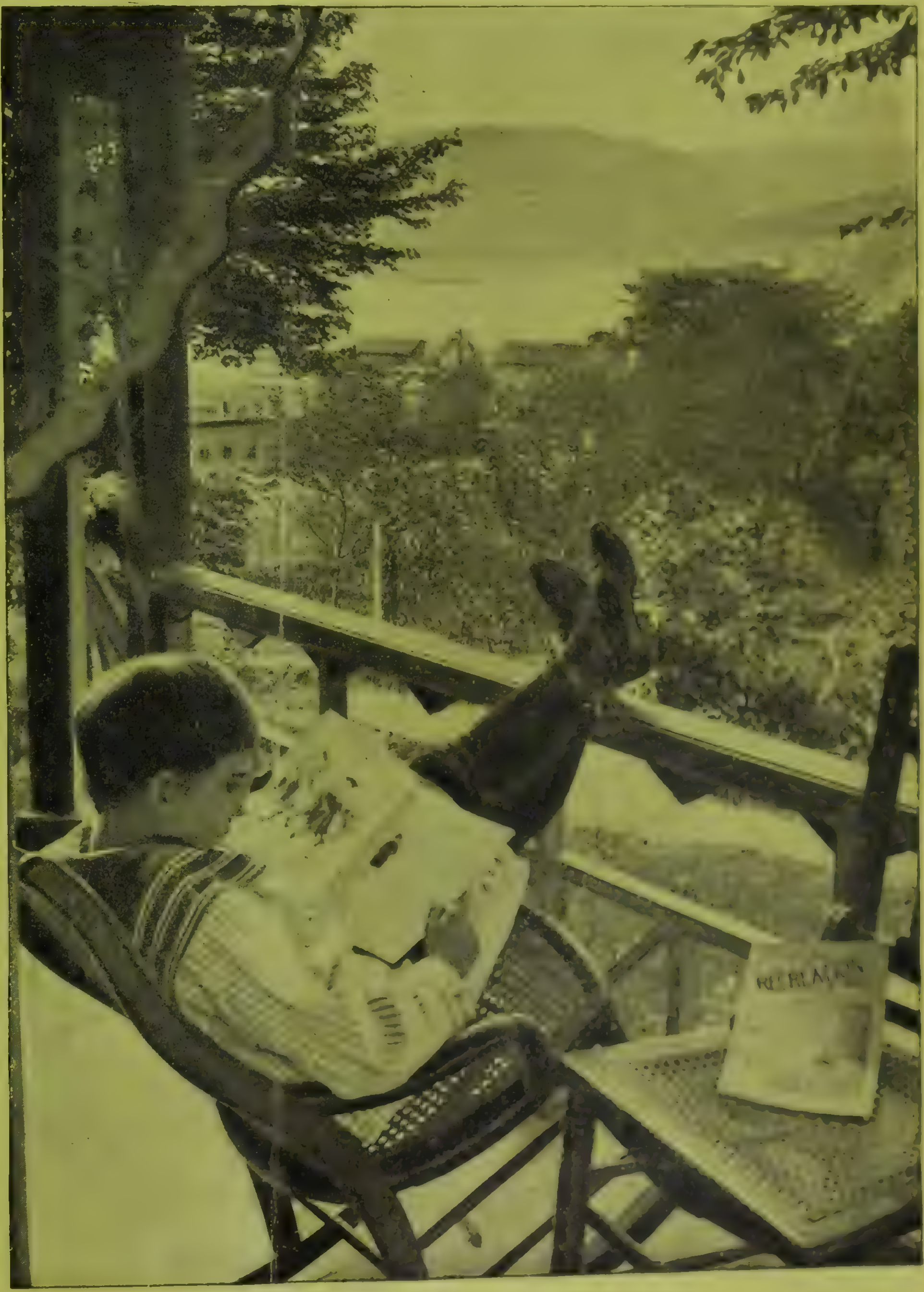

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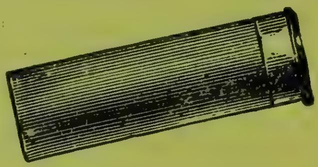

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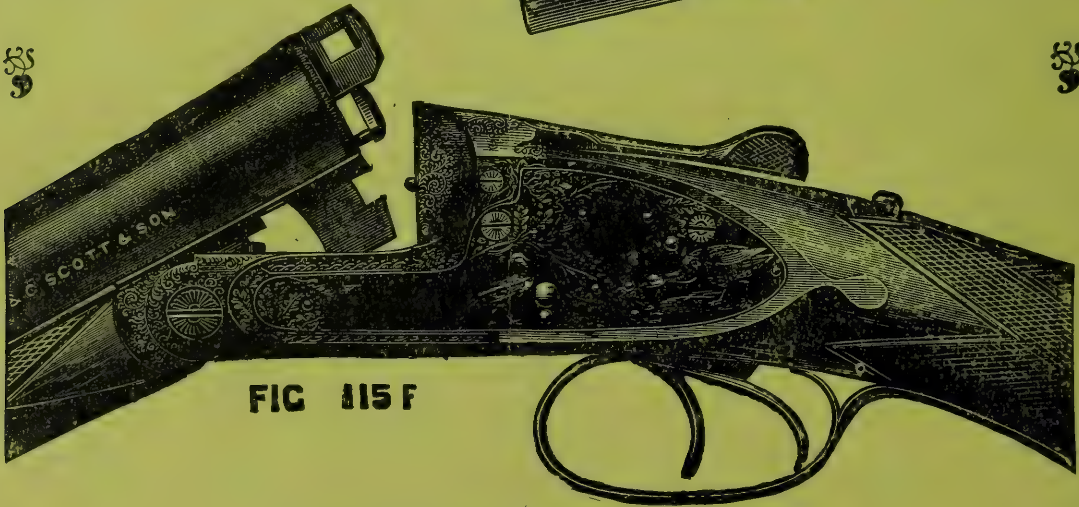

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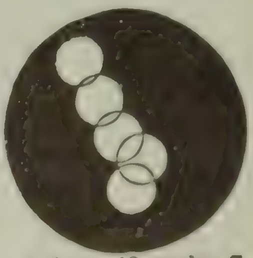

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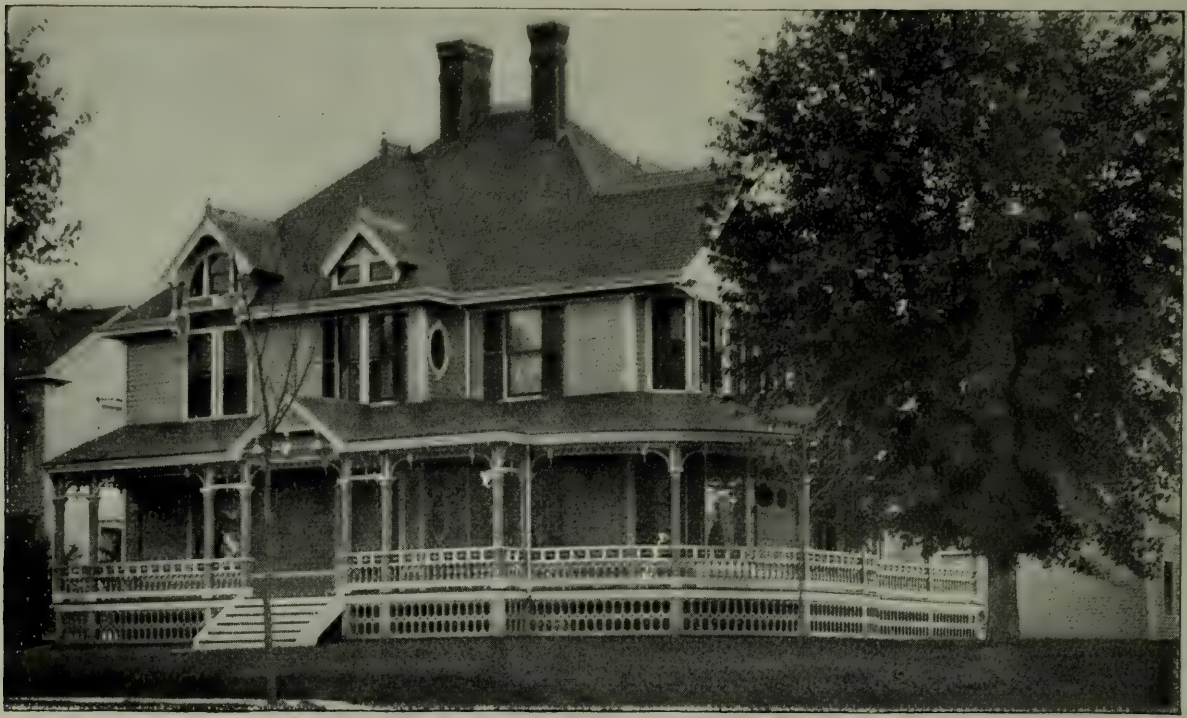

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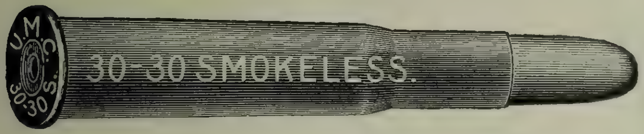
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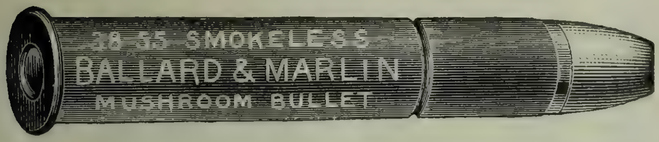

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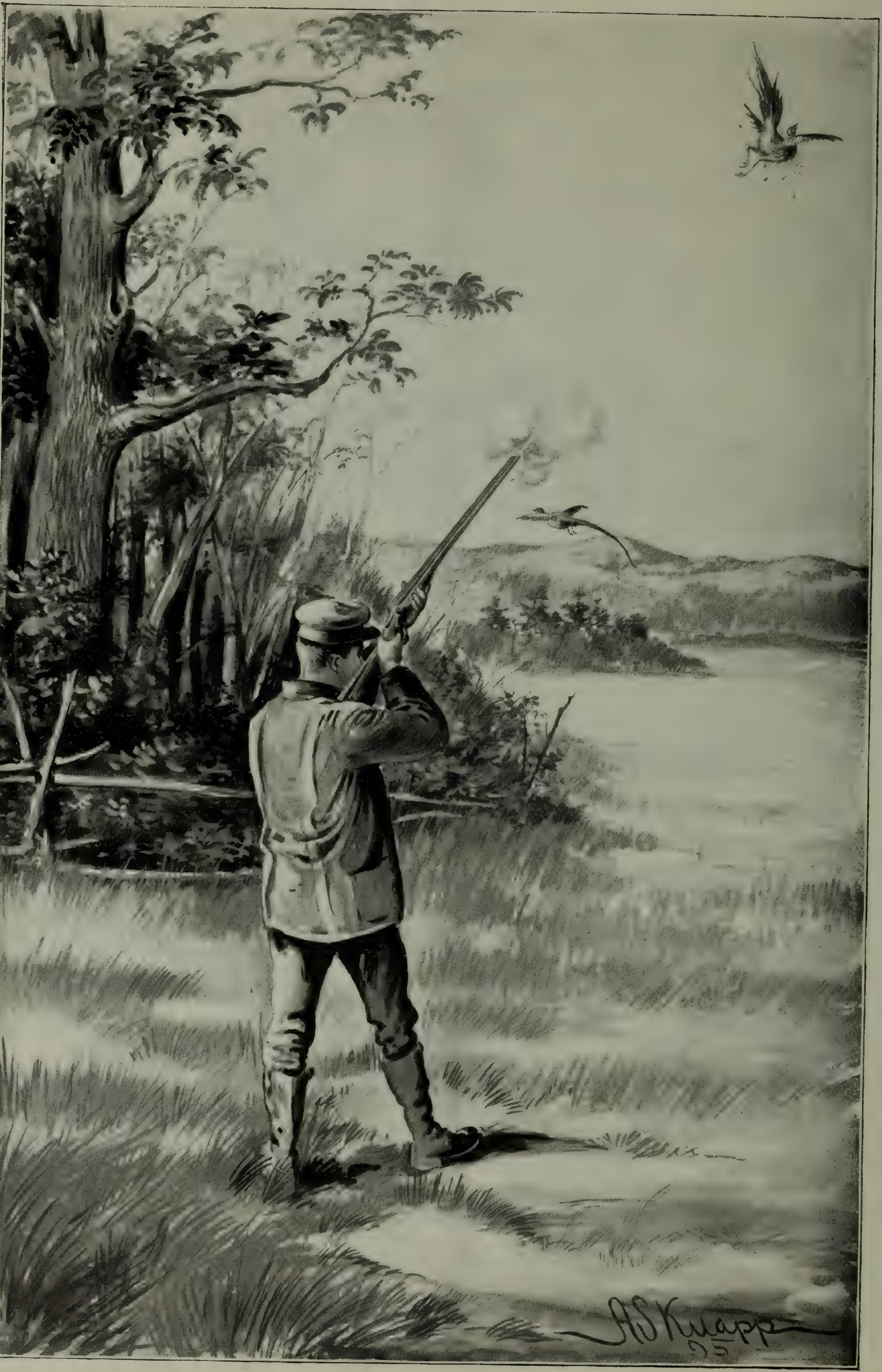

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PHEASANT SHOOTING.

THOMAS G. FARRELL.

FIFTEEN years ago, as nearly every sportsman is aware, a good citizen of Oregon imported from China a number of the beautiful ring-necked pheasants of that land, and liberated them in several counties of this State. Wise legislation and thoughtful sportsmen protected the birds, and now they are plentiful. Throughout the Willamette valley and in the shadow of those mighty volcanic peaks of the Cascades, most excellent pheasant shooting is to be had.

One day William came to me and said :

" What do you say to a trip up to Broadmeads to-morrow ? That last rain must have laid the dust, and a dog ought to be able to find some birds."

I replied that nothing would give me greater pleasure, and that I would not fail him. My old gun was then taken from its resting-place, where it had been since the last duck-shoot, of the previous fall, and shells were loaded. For ammunition, I used Schultze and E. C. powder mixed, loaded in smokeless cases, as I find such a load will produce very desirable results if the weapon is held correctly. Having no dog suitable for pheasant shooting, I borrowed " Paddy," an Irish setter, from a friend.

The weather was almost unbearably warm, yet Tuesday afternoon found me making a hurried march to the station. William was on hand, and we soon had the dog and guns stowed away in the baggage car.

Pulling out of Portland proper, we were shortly flying through the suburbs and crawling around the dangerous-looking bluffs at Palatine Hill and Elk Rock. Far below us the cold green-looking depths of the placid Willamette shimmered in the summer sun.

Rushing past Oswego with its great iron-works, and Sucher Lake with its yellow rafts of cordwood, we entered a stretch of burning woods. Again, we were rolling past well-tilled farms and onion ranches, thousands of acres of hop-yards and vegetable gardens, and then the train slowly crossed the trestle which spans the Tualatin river.

It was dark when we slowed up at Broadmead station, and we set out for the house at a brisk pace. Broadmeads farm consists of more than 3,000 acres of fine, tillable land, and is one of the best cultivated tracts in the State. But little shooting is allowed there, and birds are quite plentiful. We soon reached the farmhouse, where I was surprised at the great barns and the numbers of farm employees. It was in the midst of the threshing season. The manager, Mr. McEldowney, informed us that his crew of 24 men had been working 15 days and the work was yet unfinished.

Early the next morning we started for the fields. Following a lane a short distance we crossed a small orchard and descended into the bottom lands of the Yamhill river, where wheat and oat fields stretch away for miles. " Paddy " ranged wild, and was inclined to notice the meadow larks, but we let him have his way, hoping to wear off the sharp edge of his desire. The grass and weeds were heavy with dew, and our shoes were soon as if they had been dropped into the river. Coming to a low piece of ground which was overgrown with willows, long grass, and cockle burrs, Paddy tore his way into it. Two pheasants arose, and William promptly bagged his bird, while the one I fired at went on to the grain fields.

Beating some other cover without success, we crossed a fence and entered an immense wheat field. The grain was all cut and shocked, making the scene a typical one of harvest time. In the thick, smoky atmosphere of the East, like a mighty disk of copper, rose old Sol. Far away, at the other side of the field, the foreman was steaming up his threshing engine preparatory to the day's work, and the blue smoke floated low beside the giant oaks.

Entering the field by a road at our right, came three or four wagonloads of harvest hands, and the voices of two or three in song floated to our ears. Heavy was the air with the incense of the harvest field, and with the odor of broken ferns. It was truly a scene to be remembered, but as Paddy was quartering a patch of heavy weeds and showing considerable interest in his work, we turned away. We were awakened from our sentimental mood by the whirr of a pheasant, closely followed by a dozen others. We each got in two barrels, with a net result of two birds.

So far our actions had not been conducted with much credit to ourselves, and Paddy looked at us with ill-concealed disdain. With mutual admonitions to "brace up," we went in pursuit of some of the birds which we had marked down. Crossing a piece of bare stubble, a young cock got up in front of me, and I neatly stopped him.

Taking Paddy, who had now settled down to business, I wandered toward a likely looking corner, while William beat the stubble field. In one corner grows a great oak and several ash and cherry trees. The grass remained untouched about these trees, and I felt sure the cover must contain a few birds. Paddy worked up to the place rapidly, made game, and slowed down to a point. Walking up, I flushed two birds, and one of them became my victim. At the report of my gun several others took wing from the other side of the cover, but, sending the dog in, I was rewarded with a fine point. The bird proved to be a royal old cock, and on flushing, he soared right up and off in a bold break for the open field. Away he went, his long tail-feathers fluttering gayly in the sultry air, and, feeling sure of my victim, I covered him and watched his gamy flight. Feeling that he was approaching the extreme range of even such good shells as my gun held, I pressed the trigger. At the report of the nitro, something broke, and the beautiful mass of vari-colored feathers came tumbling gracefully to earth.

Rejoining my companion, who had found no birds, we beat a large field without success, and crossed over to where the threshing machine was at work. The boys told us that birds were frequently found near a vegetable garden not far distant, and we went in that direction. William took the dog, while I went off to find my own birds. Walking along beside a ditch, I stopped to watch William, when a pheasant arose from almost under my feet and offered me a fine chance. I availed myself of the opportunity, but not of the bird, for with a flirt of his long tail he disappeared beyond a grove of scrub oaks. William got a bird with the assistance of the dog, and we then crossed the road and visited another part of the great farm. We were told that birds would surely be found. Although we cautiously worked over the blistering stubble and carefully investigated all covers, we saw not a feather. With the thermometer at 90° in the shade, such luck was not calculated to put us in the best of humor, and, getting a drink of cold well water, at a farmhouse, we re-

MONGOLIAN PHEASANT IN FLIGHT.

turned to the scene of our early morning shooting. Working along a vine-grown fence, the dog made a point, and William flushed two birds, of which he got one. We then returned to the house for something to eat.

After dinner Mr. McEldowney reported a pheasant in the garden patch, and we were soon out among the luxuriant corn and pumpkins. There were two or three birds in the patch, but they were too sharp for us, and, flushing wild, sailed away in the distance. Garden patches are great resorts for the insectivorous Mongolian pheasant, and some good shooting is sometimes to be had in such a place. McEldowney kindly volunteered to go out with us, and we were soon on our way to the fields. Nearing the spot where we killed our first bird, Paddy was sent into the thick cover, and before we quit shooting we had three birds down. Another clump of willows yielded two birds, one of which escaped my fire only to run against a a charge from William's gun. We crossed the road again, and this time the great wheat stubble produced five or six pheasants. The killing of one of the large cocks was remarkable. William had crossed a little creek and was beating the brush and hillside. Hearing a peculiar croaking noise and the discordant calls of several bluejays, I made my way in the direction of the tumult. I found that the sounds emanated from the thick brush a short distance up the hillside, and, believing that William would hear the noise and investigate, I for some minutes stood still and awaited developments. Finally, I heard William making his way through the brush, and in another minute the jays ceased their calls. With a cackle of defiance a great cock pheasant came threshing through the tree-tops. I had been anticipating some such move, and, catching a snap sight of the meteor-like form among the upper boughs of some alders, I pressed the trigger. I could not see the result of my shot, but had an intuitive feeling that I had not missed, and, listening, I heard the bird crashing through the brush. Calling to William, we both spent some time before we found the bird, for the brush was almost impenetrable. William had taken the strange noises made by the pheasant for the bleating of a lamb, and, believing the jays were worrying a stray, he started to investigate. I have an idea that the old bird and several bluejays were having a battle of words, if not of blows, when my snap shot suddenly terminated the row.

Returning again to the productive willow swales, we secured a few more birds, and then went back to the great farmhouse. The next morning we flagged the train and returned to the hot and dusty city.

THE OTHER KIND.

BRAD L. HUBERT.

From the altar in a little brown church,
The pastor spoke, on a bright summer day,
While the birds sang from the sweet-scented birch
With its wide-spreading limbs o'er the way .
" There is joy in heaven this day," he said,
" Angels are singing a grand jubilee."
No birds, no flowers, no green mossy bed?
That would not be heaven to me.

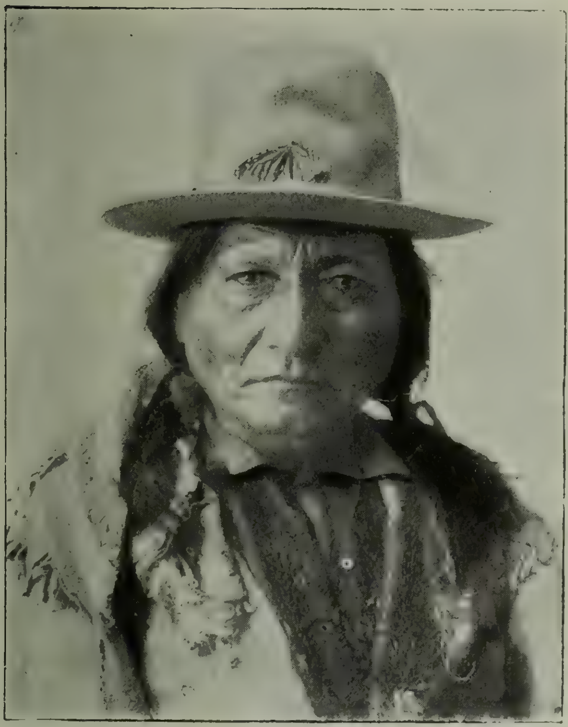
As slowly he came down the long church-aisle,
He said, as he languidly grasped my hand,
And over his face played a feeble smile,
"There is joy this day in the heavenly land ;
Praises are wafted to the great white throne ;
Angels are singing by the jasper sea."
With no forest retreat, singing alone ?
That would not be heaven to me.

I wandered off, o'er the gay green field,
Where the bright sun chased the shadows away ;
Where all nature seemed vieing to yield
Endless praise on this calm Sabbath day.
I wended my way through the shady woods,
Where birds were singing from each leafy tree,
And thought (all have heterogeneous moods),
" This is more like heaven to me."

I sat by the brook with moss-covered banks
And mused, as it blithely rippled along :
" It speaks the Maker a burden of thanks,
In its musical, murmuring song."
As I stopped to pluck the sweet-scented flowers
That grew in beauty by the way,
I whispered : " This day, this day, is ours,
And this would be heaven to me."

SITTING BULL'S LAST MEDICINE.

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS.



SITTING BULL.
Photo. by Scott.

ON a wind-swept plain above the Missouri river and far across the Dakota prairies, Uncle Sam placed a Government post, nearly 20 years ago, for the protection of white settlers and travelers.

It was named Fort Yates, presumably in memory of Captain Yates, killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876. It lies 58 miles south of Mandan, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. From here the post can be reached in eight to nine hours, by army ambulance, with four good mules.

Scarcely a house is seen after leaving Fort Lincoln, seven miles south of Mandan, until within three miles of Fort Yates, where the road leads through a small Indian village. Occasionally one catches a glimpse of the winding Missouri; otherwise the ride is lonely, dreary and monotonous.

At the post gates is the "Standing Rock Agency," which receives its name from an upright rock that the Indians say is a petrified squaw. This agency is the supply station of the Government for the Sioux occupying the northern strip of the great reservation.

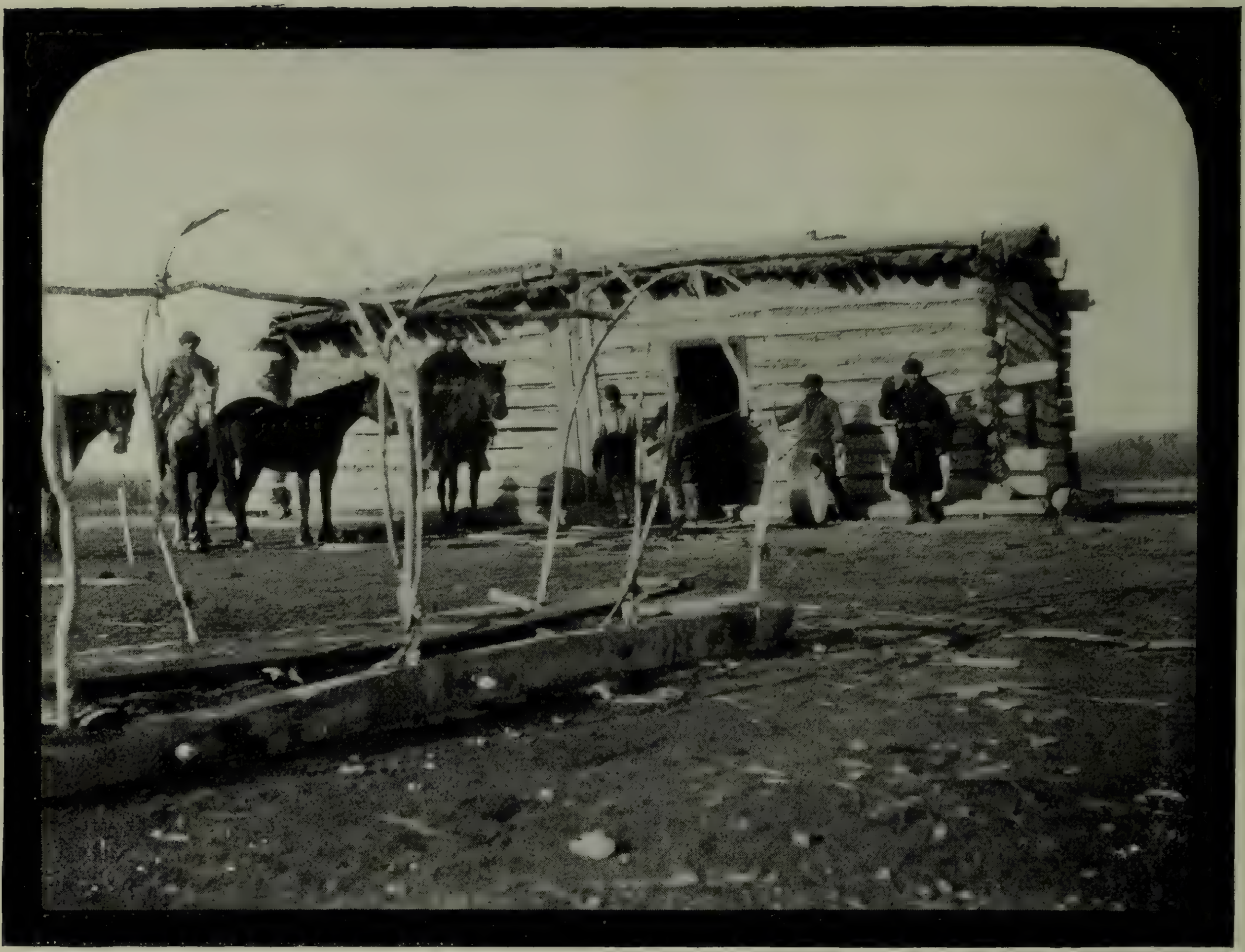
During the winter of '90 and '91 the post was garrisoned by two troops of the 8th Cavalry and three companies of the 12th Infantry, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Drum, of the latter regiment; in all, about 275 men, women, and children. At the agency the whites numbered only 18 or 20, while the Sioux, in this northern half, aggregated 5,000.

The Indians had been peaceable during the several preceding years. Their agent was an honest, upright man, fair in all his dealings with them. They respected and liked him, as well as his wife, who acted as interpreter and personally aided many in sickness and sorrow, often going 10 miles or more across the wild, snowy land, at night in midwinter, to aid the sick and suffering.

The Indians had never seemed more content. They were well fed and well clothed; their children were receiving good educations at the agency school, under the direction of 14 Catholic Sisters, as well as at the half-dozen or more sub-agency schools in different parts of the reservation; while others were in the East, at Carlisle or Hampton Road.

Suddenly, in the early fall of 1890, a strange rumor spread through the Sioux nation, telling of the coming of the Messiah. Little more than a whisper at first, it gradually gained credence and assumed vast proportions, resulting in overwhelming demoralization of the Indians. Several months later it required the massing of the greater part of our northwestern army to bring the red men from the warpath.

The story had come from the distant Northwest, where the Messiah



SITTING BULL'S CABIN; SCENE OF THE FIGHT.

Photo. by Scott, Lander, Wyo.

was supposed to be, whence it had travelled by the aid of runners and visiting Indians. As it reached the Sioux, it brought up wonderful visions for future years and memories of old-time wars. The Messiah was on earth, ready to aid his followers. Now he was herding buffalo, making spring-wagons and money—so the queer tale ran—and all for those who obeyed his wishes and followed his teachings. The white people, in the spring, would be covered by a "sea of mud," and once more the red men would rule.

Who should be one of the first to pretend to accept the belief, but the crafty, cunning old medicine-man, Sitting Bull, he who had been so great among the Sioux not many years before? Now, in his old age, he found himself almost alone, his band having, one by one, joined those of other and more progressive chiefs. No longer a prophet, no longer an authority, bereft of all the prestige of his younger life, his wily nature exposed by honest Indians, he was eager to grasp anything that might restore him to his old power In the Messiah craze he saw his opportunity. He heard the tale, professed to believe it, then retold it, exaggerated and dwelt upon it with all his savage eloquence.

Could he but once again make himself a prophet, he knew some of his band would return to him. He first told the Indians it would be an open winter. Fortunately for him, the snows were late in coming, and the winds were mild far into the winter season. Then he quickened the blood in the veins of his people as he related, again and again, with cunning rhetoric, the pleasures of the hunt for the beloved buffalo; how they, the red men, could go to

JOHN GRASS, CHIEF JUSTICE AND LEADING STATESMAN OF THE SIOUX.

war when they chose if the buffalo returned, as the Messiah had promised.

Sitting Bull then held up before their mind's eye the spring-wagon, knowing that, next in desire in the Sioux Indian's heart, is this same modern vehicle, many of which are given to deserving ones by the Government. Finally, he pictured the money, heaps and heaps of it, money without limit, in process of manufacture by the Messiah, and all for them, if they followed his teachings.

Now comes the point from which the old chief expected gain for himself. He told the Sioux they must be prepared to go to the Messiah in the spring ; they must go peaceably if possible ; if not, then forcibly. He knew that if an attempt should be made by the Messiah adherents to quit the Sioux lands for the north, an Indian war would result, and in such a war lay his only hope of restoration to power; for he was a warrior as well as a medicine-man.

The old chief had received word from various tribes of the West regarding the prospective uprising of their people with the return of spring. He seemed to have no fear of punishment for inciting the Sioux to disobedience of the laws, for he had always escaped before and hoped to be equally fortunate now.

He lived about 45 miles from Fort Yates, and his cabin was headquarters of the ghost dancers of his tribe. Men and women, old and young, even little children, joined in the dance, which they performed by all holding hands and dancing around in a circle, in the centre of which they had placed one of the "ghost shirts" on a high pole. This was a white cotton garment, rudely painted and fringed, and it was supposed to render invulnerable any person who was so fortunate as to wear it.

The Sioux nation had become sadly demoralized. The army women and children no longer were allowed to walk outside the garrison. The agent at Standing Rock ordered the leaders to have the ghost dance stopped, but they refused to obey. Many of Sitting Bull's old followers had returned to him, led on and on by his alluring promises regarding the Messiah; by the fever of war, and by the prospect of the wiping out of the hated white people.

EAGLE-MAN, PROMINENT IN THE BATTLE ON GRAND RIVER.

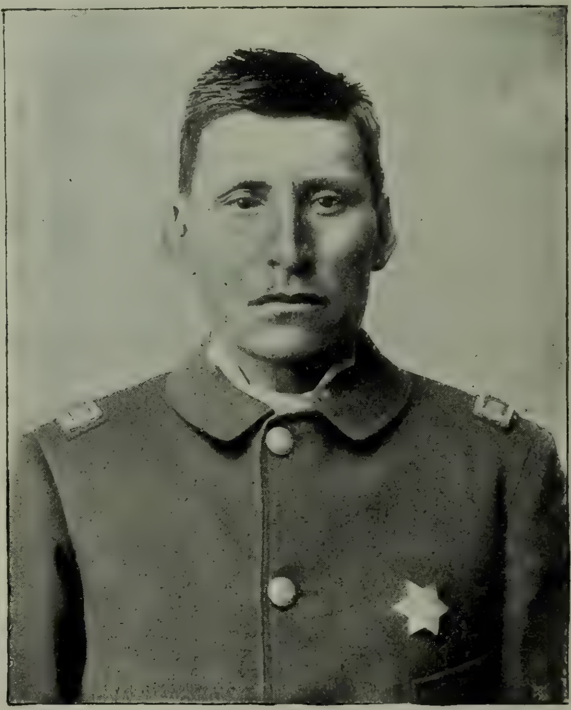
Photo. by Scott. Lander. Wy

A feeling of terrible uncertainty had spread over the western portion of the Dakotas, north and south, and the settlers in isolated farmhouses were terror-stricken.

A detachment of cavalry, sent out from the post across the river, brought back startling reports. The Messiah story was known all over the land, and the Sioux grew bolder and bolder, intimidating and threatening the whites. They told the farmers, among other things, that their houses and fields all would belong to the Indians in the spring, when they, the whites, were killed. The cavalry had met many families of whites on the roads, fleeing from their little homes and carrying their goods with them.

By the second week of December, Sitting Bull's band had reached the limit of Government endurance, in disobedience of orders and in defiance of all laws. A number of Sioux who were in Government service, as policemen on the reservation, were ordered to carefully watch Bull's movements. Suddenly, one morning, they discovered that he was preparing for flight to the south, to join the Indians of the lower Dakota agencies, who were also making ready for war. He realized that his work of exciting the Sioux to the breaking of laws would no longer be tolerated, and he had decided to quit his village before being arrested. Couriers carried this news to the fort and to the agency. For a week past the post-commander, a wise and careful soldier and officer, had had orders to secure the person of Sitting Bull. The plan had been to quietly arrest him in his village the next ration day, while many of his band would be at the agency drawing supplies; but when the news reached the post that he intended flight, it was decided to take him at once. Lieutenant-Colonel Drum, commander of the post, and Indian Agent James McLaughlin, planned to have Sitting Bull arrested by the Indian police, hoping this course would cause less alarm among his followers than sending the cavalry to make the arrest; though later developments showed that perhaps it would have been better to have sent the troops, as the hostiles doubtless would have allowed Sitting Bull to be taken peaceably by them rather than precipitate a fight.

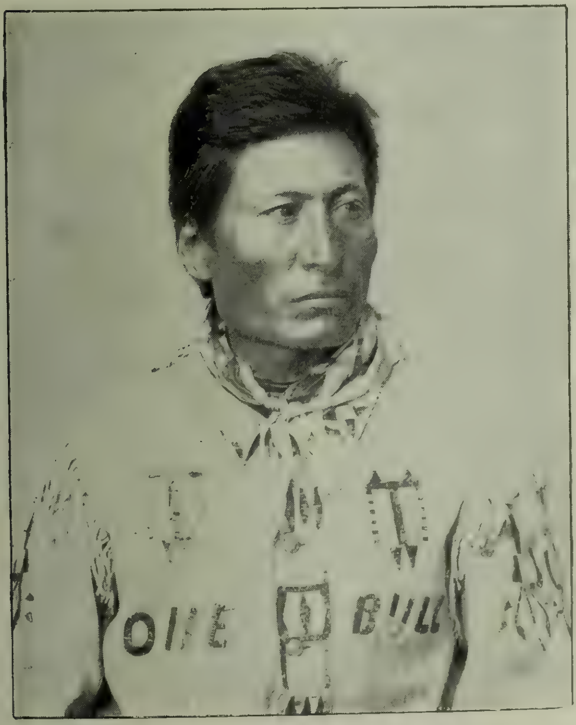
A body of Indian policemen was dispatched from the agency at nightfall to join those patrolling the old chief's land at Grand River, with orders for his arrest. The cavalry was ordered to march at midnight, meet the policemen when returning after the arrest, receive Sitting Bull from them and bring him to the agency—this, to prevent his rescue, should such an attempt be made.



RED TOMAHAWK, WHO KILLED SITTING BULL.
Photo. by Scott.

The greatest secrecy was observed, lest Bull should hear of the movement. The policemen arrived at Bull's house at early dawn and arrested him in the name of the United States Government. He agreed to go with them. Then they let him dress, aided by his two wives. A great deal of time was thus consumed. Suddenly one of his sons, who was in the room, a deaf and dumb boy subject to epileptic fits, uttered one of his strange cries. This aroused Bull's followers, who were sleeping in the surrounding tepees, and they dashed to the house as he and the policemen were leaving it. Crow Foot, a young man of 19, and another of Bull's sons, taunted their father with allowing himself to be taken. They repeatedly asked him if he would go. Sitting Bull, stung to action, then refused to go, saying, "I will die first."

At this one of his band, named Catch-the-Bear, fired at the policemen, the bullet wounding Bull Head, the first lieutenant of police, in the leg. The hostiles had fired the first shot, and the policemen, seeing that nothing now could prevent a fight, and fearful lest Sitting Bull should escape, were ready for action. Bull Head, who was on Sitting Bull's left, and whose thigh was broken, as well as Red Tomahawk, the first sergeant, who was on his right, fired at the medicine man simultaneously, and the old chieftain, the hero of many wars, fell dead.



ONE BULL, NEPHEW OF AND SUCCESSOR TO SITTING BULL.

Then a fearful fight followed between the 43 policemen and Sitting Bull's band of about 125 warriors. Both sides were poorly armed, and when the guns would fail to discharge they used them for clubs. Many guns were found broken, lying about on the scene of battle in the morning.

The fight continued with terrible fierceness until the brave little band of policemen routed the hostiles and drove them out of the village. So intense was the feeling of honest, progressive Indians against Sitting Bull that even his own relatives showed no pity. Grey Eagle, who was not a policeman, but a judge of the police court, and who had volunteered to go on the expedition, was a brother-in-law of Bull. He was appealed to in the thick of the fight by Crow Foot, his own nephew and a son of the chief, to save him; but Grey Eagle would not intercede for the young hostile and he was killed.

Meantime the cavalry had orders to proceed to Oak Creek, a point 25 miles from Fort Yates, and it quietly marched out of the post at midnight of December 14, 1890. There were two troops of the 8th Cavalry officered by Captain E. G. Fechèt, First-Lieutenant E. H. Crowder, Second-Lieutenant E. C. Brooks, of "G," Troop, and First-Lieutenant S. L. H. Slocum, Second-Lieutenant M. F. Steele, of "F" Troop, Assistant-Surgeon A. R. Chapin and two agency guides, all under the command of Captain Fechèt. Arriving at Oak Creek before daybreak and not finding the courier whom they had expected, reporting the receipt of the orders carried by the detachment of police who had left the agency on the preceding twilight, the cavalry pushed on to within four miles of Sitting Bull's village, fully expecting to be fired upon from each clump of trees, or sheltering rock, by hiding hostiles.

Suddenly along the road, through fog and rain, appeared an Indian policeman with pale face and wild eyes, full of intense excitement, who told of the killing of all the policemen but himself. The command, stopping only long enough to dispatch the messenger on to Fort Yates, nearly 40 miles away, dashed on.

Half a mile farther they met a second policeman, whose story brought hope with it. He told of Sitting Bull's arrest; of the resistance by the hostiles; of the death of the old chief and the fearful fight that ensued. Many policemen were killed—how many he could not say—and a number of hostiles. Dispatching him also to the post, the cavalry pushed on at a rapid trot, with the Hotchkiss and Gatling guns ready for action at any moment.

RAIN-IN-THE-FACE. PROMINENT IN CUSTER MASSACRE.

Halting on a high plateau overlooking Sitting Bull's village about 2,000 yards away, they could see figures moving about near the houses. The lieutenant in charge of the Hotchkiss aimed to the right of a cabin, where he saw puffs of smoke coming from the brush, and fired. Learning from the agency guide which was Sitting Bull's house, and supposing it to be the hostiles' stronghold, he sent in another shell, which struck and exploded a little to the right, killing two ponies. Then the cavalry on the right began firing with carbines. A number of figures that the troops had seen lying on the crest of some low hills, and whom they supposed were the policemen, started to run, and the situation was quickly taken in. Accepting the last messenger's story, they had supposed the hostiles were in the village. Several more shots, now directed to the uplands, sent the band fleeing in all directions.

A line of men filed out of the house, and one of the guides, hearing his name called, said:

"Listen! They're calling—'It's us! It's us!'"

Then these policemen lined up in military fashion and two came up on horseback from the valley to meet the troops, carrying the ghost shirt in front of them.

The whole command returned to the village, where a pathetic sight met their eyes.

The cavalry had come none too soon, for, while not nearly so many were killed as told by the courier, yet the survivors were in a sad plight. Almost out of ammunition (excepting some that would not fit the guns, and that had been hurriedly given to the men at the agency), nearly worn out with the fight, they could have illy withstood the hostiles, so much stronger than their own band, had they attacked the police later in the day.

The timely arrival of the troops saved the day and the ghost dancers fled in wild confusion. They were not pursued, and later, when the village was deserted, they returned for their belongings and fled to the south.

In a log house in the village lay seven policemen, four dead, two mortally and one seriously wounded. They were brave beyond words, those dying Sioux; every soldier honored them. They never murmured when the post surgeon probed for the bullets, though the pain must have been almost unbearable. They said they were glad to die thus, having performed their duty to their Government and their children.

FUNERAL OF POLICEMEN KILLED IN SITTING BULL FIGHT. STANDING ROCK AGENCY AND FORT YATES IN THE BACKGROUND.

Photo. by Scott & Lander, Wyo.

The most tender care was given them by their brethren and by the troops, and these men, used as they were to great courage and to acts of bravery, marvelled at the heroism shown by these simple-minded red men when their lives were fast ebbing away.

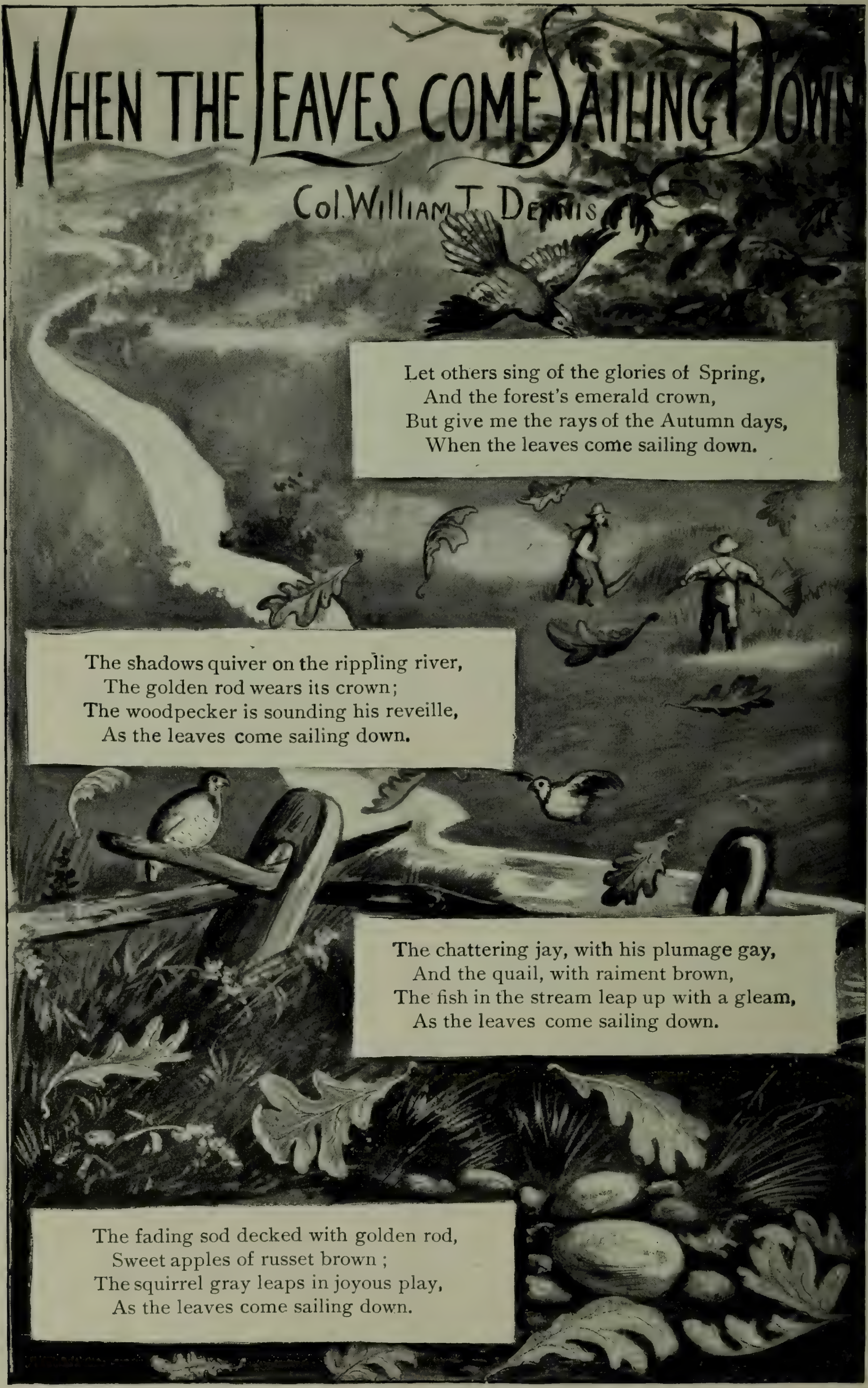
The village was searched, and one officer with a squad of men made a tour of the houses and tepees. In one of the former, two Indian women were found, sitting on a bed crying. John Eagle Man, a policeman who had been through the morning's fight, told the officer he thought there were hostiles near. The squaws were ordered to rise, but refused, and were finally led across the room. The bedding was raised and underneath were hidden two Indian lads of 14 and 18. They were taken prisoners, later conveyed to the agency and then released. Had they fallen into the policemen's hands that morning they would have fared rather worse, as one was a nephew of Sitting Bull, who had brought such sadness to their brave little band and to the Sioux Nation at large.

In the early afternoon the return march to the post began. The wounded were driven with all speed to the agency hospital, where they arrived at midnight.

The dead policemen were placed on a wagon, with the body of Sitting Bull, and taken away.

The command camped that night at Oak Creek, where the infantry, under Colonel Drum, met them, and the next day the dead and living reached Fort Yates and Standing Rock once more. Poor Shave Head died that night, though everything possible had been done to save him. The dead Sioux, including Sitting Bull, were buried in the agency cemetery.

Thus ended the life of the aged chief of the Uncapapas, and Tah-tank-ah-Yo-tah-kee, as he was called by his people, had made his last medicine. The brave cavalrymen killed in the battle of the Little Big Horn were avenged by the very Sioux who had slain them.



WHEN THE LEAVES COME SAILING DOWN

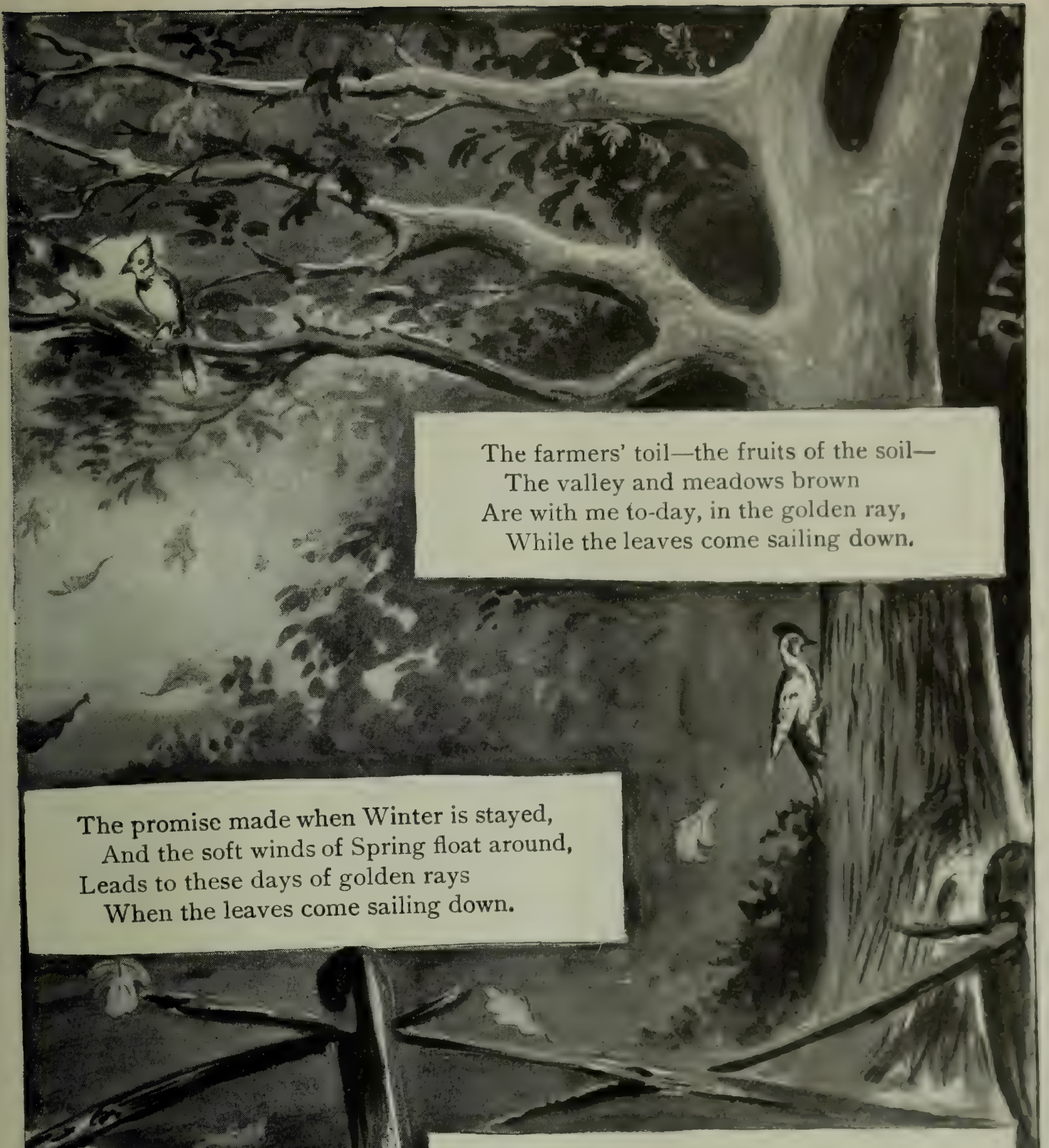
Col. William T. Dennis

Let others sing of the glories of Spring,
And the forest's emerald crown,
But give me the rays of the Autumn days,
When the leaves come sailing down.

The shadows quiver on the rippling river,
The golden rod wears its crown;
The woodpecker is sounding his reveille,
As the leaves come sailing down.

The chattering jay, with his plumage gay,
And the quail, with raiment brown,
The fish in the stream leap up with a gleam,
As the leaves come sailing down.

The fading sod decked with golden rod,
Sweet apples of russet brown;
The squirrel gray leaps in joyous play,
As the leaves come sailing down.

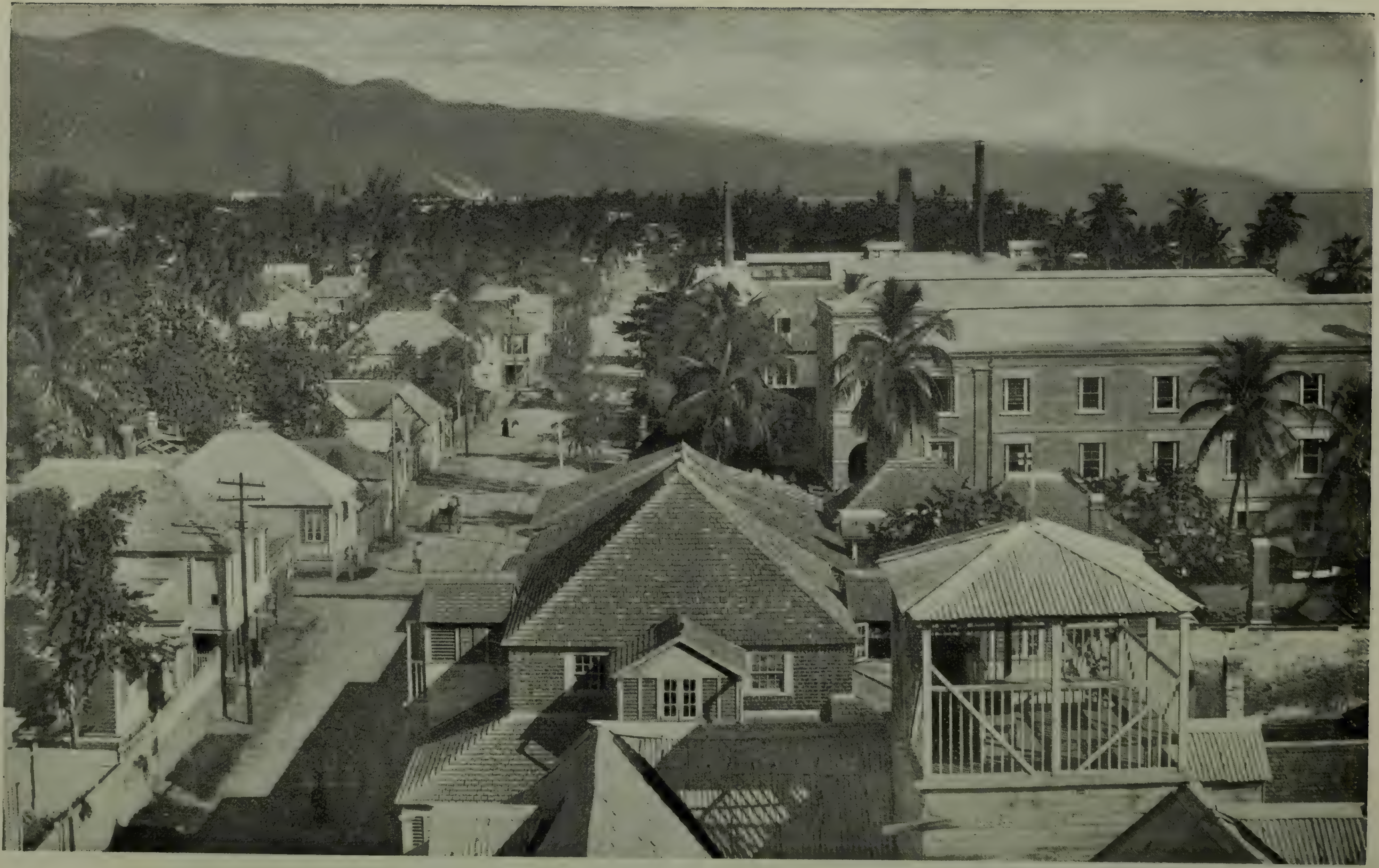


The farmers' toil—the fruits of the soil—
  The valley and meadows brown
Are with me to-day, in the golden ray,
  While the leaves come sailing down.

The promise made when Winter is stayed,
  And the soft winds of Spring float around,
Leads to these days of golden rays
  When the leaves come sailing down.

The goddess of Spring, with budding wing,
  And her fragrant blooming crown,
Must close her eyes to the Tyrian dyes
  Of the leaves that come sailing down.

Then let genial Spring her blossoms bring,
  Let Summer wear her crown,
Yet they are cast in the shade by the nut-
    brown maid
  When the leaves come sailing down.



A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.—KINGSTON, HARBOR STREET LOOKING EAST.

A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.

S. B. Hopkins.

At nine o'clock, on a bright December morning, we boarded the comfortable steamer "Alene," of the Atlas S. S. Co.'s line, at its pier in New York, and sailed under sunny skies; but when off Cape Hatteras, dark stormy weather made us feel dull and spiritless, although we were a jolly company of health and pleasure-seekers. The next day, however, this cloud on nature's face passed off, and we sailed into warmer waters.

Nearing the Bahamas, great flights of flying fish rose about us, chased by some enemy. Their silvery sides flashing in the sunlight made spirited pictures. Great reaches of water here and there seemed carpeted with yellow moquetrie, which proved to be sea-weed floating on the surface in great masses, through which we plowed our way. The screws became entangled in it once, and the engines had to be stopped until it could be cut off. Soon after we entered a group of low-lying summer isles, punctuated by numerous lighthouses, telling of the watchful guard which the Government exercises over all mariners.

The fifth day brought the island of Cuba in sight, and we rounded the eastern end, leaving Hayti and San Domingo in the distance, on our left.

We were told that we would see the blue peaks of Jamaica in the early morning. This gave zest and expectancy to our slumber, and, at daylight, we were charmed with the sight of crumpled hills, and cocoa palms, fringing the shore. Little sails dotted the coast waters, set by

A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.—NATIVE FISHERMEN.

A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.—FALLS OF ROARING RIVER.

fishermen, who go out at midnight, returning at break of day, with their catch of fish or lobsters. We secured a good photograph of a typical fishing boat and its occupants.

As we neared the dock at Kingston, the ship was surrounded by small craft of various kinds, occupied by a medley of nationalities, and enlivened with speech in many strange tongues. All were anxious to sell us something or serve us in some way, in order that they might possess our small change. Though glad to be at the end of our voyage, we left the "Alene" with feelings of genuine regret, for she is a delightful craft, and her officers are ever courteous, and attentive to the wants of passengers.

Finally, as we walked down the gang plank, we were saluted with a din of "'Bus, sir! Take a 'bus, sir!"—all from negro drivers. We selected one of the staunchest looking of the rickety little traps, which was drawn by a pair of woolly ponies, and for 12 cents each, were driven to our hotel near the beach. We were told that for 75 cents each we could be taken to the large hotel in the mountains, 6 miles away. As we afterward learned, by sampling, both houses are excellent, and their rates are low. Everything one needs is cheap in Jamaica.

After a cursory examination of Kingston and its lake-like harbor, we were invited by a gentleman to visit his sugar plantation, 80 miles away. An early train took us through a level plain 14 miles wide, and then the iron horse climbed the hills, which were fringed with bamboo, whose graceful plumes waved joyfully in the tropical breezes.

Houses are few and far between. Here and there a peasant's hut is seen, standing on an acre or so of cultivated ground; then a herd of cattle, or a few sheep or horses. There are green pastures of tall grass, banana plantations, and a variety of trees and birds indigenous to a tropical climate.

The journey of four hours ended at the terminus of the railroad, where we were met by a light carriage drawn by a pair of wiry little nags, corresponding to our Texas mustangs. These took us over a good road, at a rapid gait, six miles to our destination. The "great house," or proprietor's residence, stands on a hill. It is one-storied, with high ceiling, allowing ample space for ventilation. The kitchen and servants' apartments are in a separate building across the courtyard. The mill is under the hill, and is overlooked by the foreman's house, which is on another hill opposite.

This plantation of 4,000 acres produces a fine grade of rum, which is contracted for before it is made, and on its production the proprietor depends for his principal revenue, as sugar-growing on the island is not a profitable industry.

Thanks to the well-known hospitality of the people, our visit was one of intense pleasure and interest. With a view to gratifying our love of sport, our genial host arranged a shooting expedition to the Bread-nut valley, so called on account of the large number of trees there, bearing that name. These, growing to a height of 100 feet or more, are crowned with leaves and berries, forming a breakfast table for the wild pigeons, which flock to their morning meal in great numbers.

Starting about five o'clock, a short ride placed us in the grove, and we awaited their coming. A good shot will easily bag a dozen brace in an hour. The ringtail pigeon is said to be the finest of all. They are protected by law four months in the year, and although the mongoose—an animal imported into the island from India, to kill rats—has thinned the birds out along the coast, yet in the interior they are plentiful.

Other varieties of the pigeon family found here are the lapwing, white belly, ringtail, blue pigeon, pea dove and blue dove. Then there are quails, pheasants, parrots, paroquets, hopping dicks and glass-eyes.

After enjoying the shooting for an hour, we lunched beside a beautiful waterfall, and then returned to the great house.

On a certain windy morning, we started for a swamp, expecting that a previous "Norther" had driven over from Florida, as usual, flocks of wild ducks, plover, etc. We found these, as well as snipe, abundant, but not having a retriever, we only bagged about a dozen.

Another day was spent in alligator hunting. These saurians are small in Jamaica, and the method of shooting them there differs from that of any other country I have been in.

A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.—LOCAL TRANSPORTATION COMPANIES.

A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.—A GRACEFUL BRIDGE.

The hunter there takes a pig, ties it at the edge of some water known to be the haunt of the 'gator, and then, secreting himself, waits for the game to come after the bait. Presently the saurian comes slowly to the surface, some distance from the shore, puts his nose and eyes out, sniffs and looks. Seeing the porker, and no one else being in sight, he swims slowly to land. As soon as he emerges from the water, the shooter loads him up with buckshot. Then he takes his 'gator and his pig and returns home. This method requires a good deal of patience, and does not furnish any great amount of excitement. We stayed long enough to bag two 'gators.

We spent another day fishing, in a creek, for mountain mullet, and enjoyed the sport immensely. This is one of the finest fishes I have ever eaten. They are very shy, and it requires an expert fisherman to capture them.

Land turtles are also plentiful on the island, but their capture was not sufficiently interesting to induce me to look for them. I preferred bird shooting to any of the other sports.

The native blacks are a queer, picturesque people. Their habits are exceedingly primitive, and their wants few and simple. They have little use for wheels, preferring to pack everything on donkeys, or on their own heads or backs.

On a country road, or in a city street, you will often meet the women leading their patient little beasts, bearing great panniers laden with vegetables, fruit or firewood—all headed for the market place.

The roads on the island are generally smooth and hard, affording the most delightful drives everywhere. At one point of our explorations, we crossed the most beautiful stream of the island, on a queer, yet graceful old stone bridge, of one span. A mile lower, at an expansion of the stream, is a novel and primitive ferry, for foot passengers only.

The climate in that part of the island called the Santa Cruz District, is delightful. The air is almost entirely free from humidity, and the thermometer seldom rises above 80°. The railroad is being pushed into the interior by an American syndicate who bought out the Government interest of the few miles then in existence, opening up thousands of acres of abandoned and virgin land.

The Colonial government gives careful attention and liberal support to the public parks and gardens. There are seven of these in and near Kingston, all of which are delightfully interesting.

The Botanic Garden, Castleton, is in the parish of St. Mary, on the Junction Road connecting Kingston with Annotto Bay, 19 miles from Kingston and 10 miles from Annotto Bay. This garden contains a large collection of native and foreign tropical plants. The chief features are the palmetum and a collection of economic spice and fruit trees.

The Hill Garden and Government Cinchona Plantation is in the Parish of St. Andrew, on the slopes of the Blue mountains, about 21 miles from Kingston, by way of Gordon Town. These plantations consist of 143 acres under cinchona, with smaller areas, amounting in all to about 7 acres, under tea, and nurseries for timber and shade trees.

The Hope Garden, of about 220 acres, is near the foot of the hills in Liguanea Plains, five miles from Kingston. It is the chief botanic garden of the island. Until lately only about 13 acres were cleared, and of these 7 acres were planted with teak, the remaining 6 being under cultivation with varieties of sugar cane, nutmeg, cocoa, etc.

The ground has been, to a great extent, cleared of bush and trees. The inner portion is being laid out as a Geographical Botanic Garden, but it will be some years before much advance can be perceived. Carriage drives of a total length of more than two miles have been laid out in this portion of the garden. There are large nurseries containing about 40,000 plants, such as cocoa, rubber plants, nutmeg, clove, black pepper, mango, vanilla, cardamon, sarsaparilla, cinnamon, Liberian coffee, etc.

Kingston Parade Garden is the

A WINTER TRIP TO JAMAICA.—A PRIMITIVE FERRY.

public pleasure garden of Kingston, and is kept up with shade and ornamental trees, flowering plants, tanks and fountains.

Botanic Garden at Bath is the old botanic garden of the colony, established in 1774 ; still maintained for the sake of its valuable trees and palms, though much reduced in size.

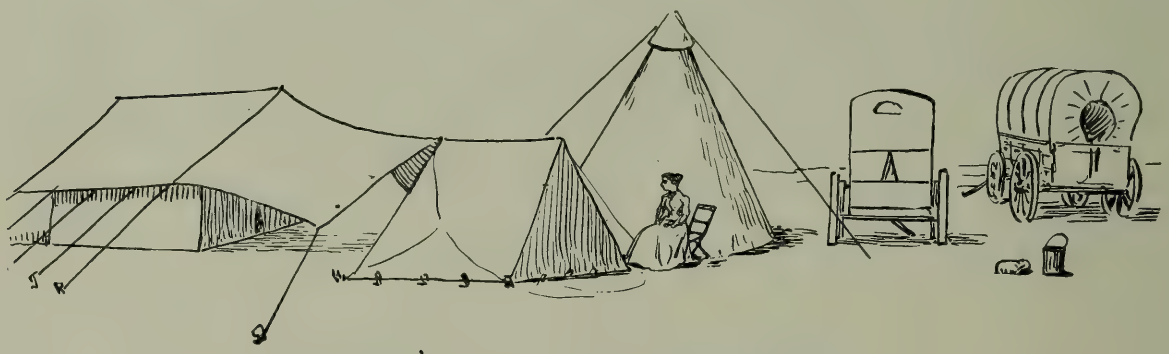
King's House gardens and grounds contain about 177 acres, of which about 20 acres are kept up as an ornamental garden attached to the official residence of the Governor. Many valuable economic plants and fruit trees are also under cultivation, as well as the rarer tropical palms.

The Palisadoes Plantation occupies the long narrow strip of land inclosing Kingston Harbor, about 5 miles long, planted with about 23,000 cocoanut palms. This plantation is now leased.

After a most enjoyable season of rest and recreation in this delightful island, we sailed on one of the Plant line steamers for Tampa, thence by rail home.

CROSSING THE PLAINS THIRTY YEARS AGO.

Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.



GIBBON'S CAMP ON THE LITTLE BLUE.

Gibbon's Camp on the Blue.

"June 19, 1860.

"The above sketch was made on the spot by our special artist. It represents with great accuracy the position of our tents, ambulances, etc., with a correct likeness of Mrs. G. in the foreground, reposing after the labors of the day in the shade of Mrs. M.'s tent. At first sight she appears to be seated on a chair, the greater part of which is seen behind her, but this is an optical delusion resulting from her hoops (now far below par) concealing the chair on which she is in fact seated, the one seen in the picture being to the right and rear.

"Yesterday and to-day we made marches of about 18 miles each, passing through the first real prairie we have seen. It was a dead level for several miles, and as far as the eye could reach on every side, nothing was to be seen but a green plain in the midst of which marched our train. At the end of the march we again came in sight of the timber of the Little Blue, on the bank of which we pitched our camp, with plenty of wood, water and grass. We hear that four or five miles from our road plenty of buffalo are to be found, but as yet we have seen none and do not expect to see any this side of Kearney. The emigration along this route is so large that all game is scared out of the country. A large ox-train belonging to the contractor is now traveling along the road. Ten or twelve, in some cases fourteen oxen are yoked to each wagon, and we pass them every day on the road. They usually start before us in the morning and camp beyond us in the evening, but their gait is much slower than ours and they are all day in making their marches. Many of them look in very poor order and as if badly prepared for a march of 1200 miles. I am officer of the day, to-night, and am trying to sit up till twelve o'clock in order to visit the sentinels, as it is now necessary to have them well instructed in their responsible duties, to be ready for the Indian country which we are approaching. For the first time the order is given for the officer of the day to stay with his guard in the rear during the march; so that I shall have to send my family ahead to-morrow and come on behind with the men.

"On the Platte, 10 Miles below Kearney,
"Friday, June 22.

"I gave Sullivan the reins of my ambulance, while Lieut. D. volunteered to drive Mrs. M. It was hot and dusty, and as I was a good deal delayed picking up stragglers, I did not reach camp until after one o'clock, more than two hours after the command. It was heavy work and the men suffered a good deal from the heat, dust and sandy roads. I had them take off their shoes and stockings and bathe their feet, which helped them very much. The march to-day was the longest we have yet made. 21½ miles. Colonel May* passed camp in the stage on his way to attend a court at Leavenworth. He brought two New York Heralds, and the news of the death of General Jesup and Colonel Plympton. The Heralds gave us the only news of civilization we have had for the past two weeks, and were appreciated accordingly.

"Yesterday I resumed the reins and drove all day, but at the end of the march was obliged to declare myself beaten and go to bed. We had no wood last night, but excellent cool water from a well close by our camp. Buffalo were again reported within four or five miles of us, in large herds, and once when at a high point we thought we could see, at a great distance, with our glasses, a large number of them on the top of a hill.

"We had a cool, pleasant day for marching, to-day, passing through pretty much the same kind of a high rolling prairie as usual, but without seeing any timber or much water until we struck the valley of the Platte. The course of the river is marked out by large timber, and as we ascended the hills, bounding the valley on the south, a number of emigrant wagons were seen away off to the right, winding their way along the road from St. Joseph. As we turned off the road toward the river, to encamp, several dark objects were seen in the distance apparently approaching at speed. These proved to be six buffalo, pursued by Lieut. Villipigue, on a mule. He could not, however, induce his mule to close on the chase and soon gave it up. As the buffalo were running directly towards the column, they soon had other horsemen after them; but they made their escape, although one was afterwards reported killed by one of the emigrants on the road. The chase was exciting and made me all the more anxious for my first experience in buffalo hunting.

"We are camped on a fine large branch of the Platte, with any quantity of mosquitoes near the bank, but comparatively few where our tents are, and nothing but buffalo chips for fuel. Two nights ago I undertook to roast a beef head in the ground, but they did not use fire enough, and the head had to be brought on to camp last night to finish cooking it, and after our arrival to-day I opened it and found it very good. The skin is left on and tied around the neck so as to exclude the dirt; the horns are knocked off, and a hole large enough to contain the head is dug near the camp fire. In this a fire is built until the earth gets well heated. The coals are then shovelled out and the head

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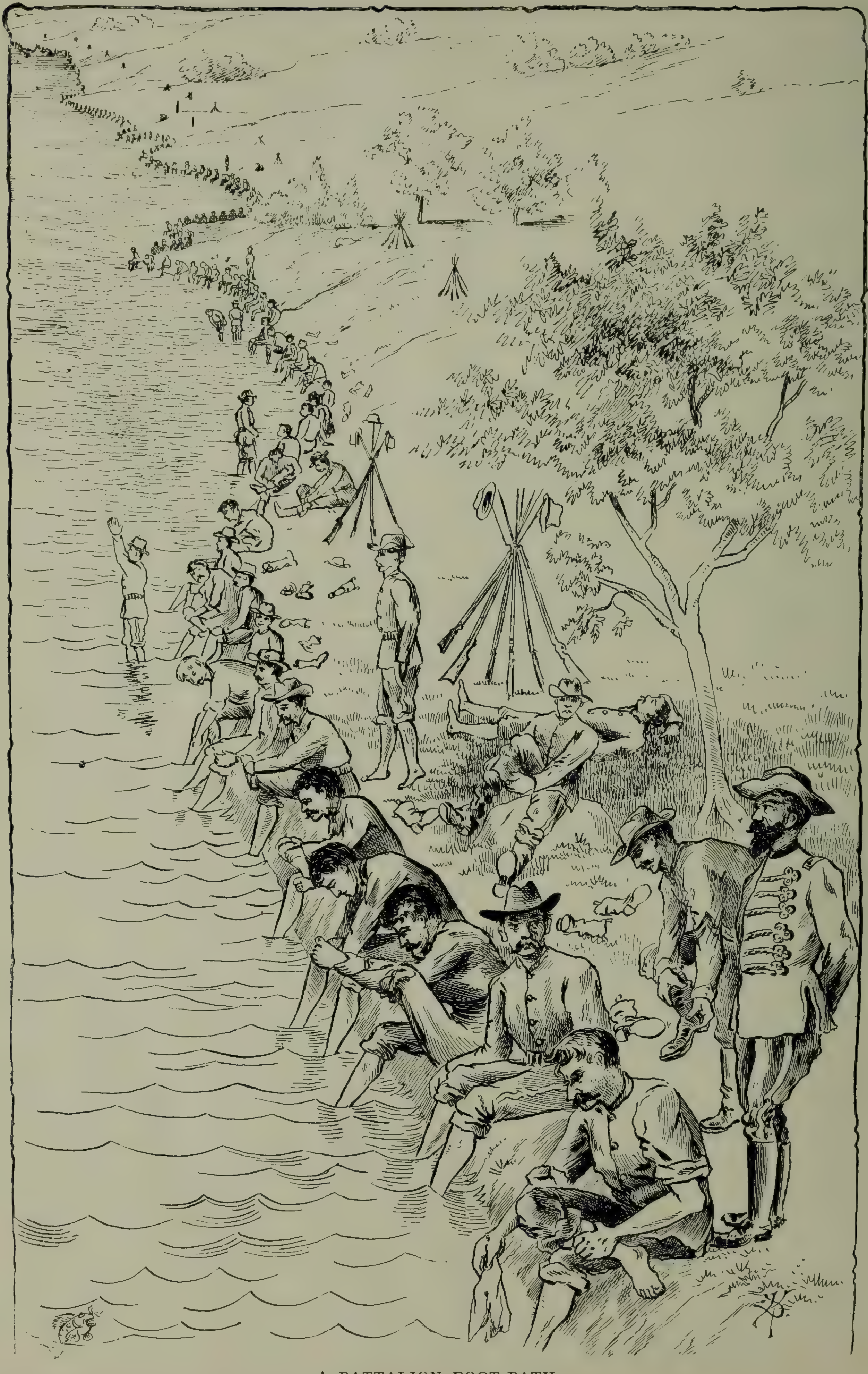
*Bvt. Col. Charles May, of Mexican War fame. He was commanding at Fort Kearney.



A BATTALION FOOT-BATH.

thrown in, covered with three or four inches of earth and the camp fire built over it and kept up all night. In winter, and where there is plenty of wood, the head is well done by morning; but as we have now warm weather and no great abundance of wood, it took two nights to finish this one. As I was sick and unable to attend to it in person, I found the soldiers had not buried it deep enough and had burned off part of the skin, allowing some dirt to get in. The meat is soft and tender and the tongue like marrow.

"We are within 10 miles of Kearney, having marched to-day 22 miles. Lieutenant Berry, 2d Dragoons, rode into camp soon after our tents were pitched and is giving us all the news of the country. He called in, just as we were going to dinner, to invite us to to take possession of his quarters on our arrival at Fort Kearney to-morrow. I accepted his offer on sight, as I have no doubt we will find a house a very agreeable change and an advantageous one for three days, which will probably be the length of our visit.

"Fort Kearney, June 24.

"We reached here early yesterday morning. We find Fort Kearney an open square surrounded by mud and frame buildings, standing out in the flat open prairie with no sort of artificial defenses, and people sleeping soundly with doors wide open. From this may be inferred how little regard is paid to Indians in this part of the country. A band of Cheyennes, who were on a war expedition against the Pawnees, came in yesterday, all dressed out with their lances and rifles and riding on horseback. We all went out to inspect, and it was amusing to see them lean forward and look at little Fannie, who is now burnt almost to the color of one of them. I suppose they were speculating as to what kind of a squaw she would make. She did not seem to take to them quite so readily and stood by, holding my hand as if not exactly at her ease; while Katie, who does not know what fear is, walked boldly up and stood staring at them with great apparent satisfaction and curiosity.

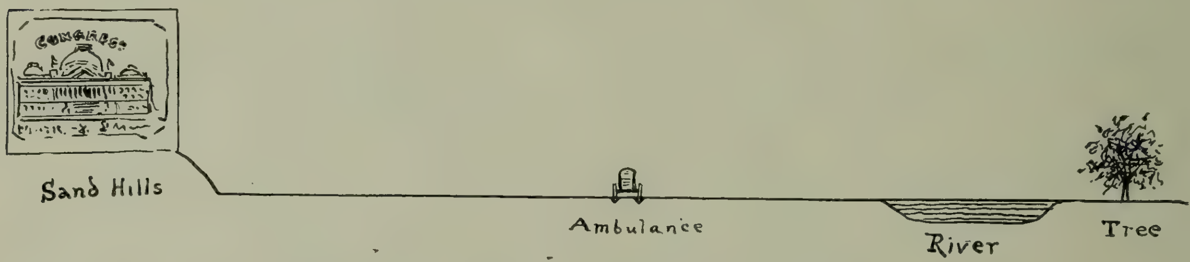
"One naturally associates with a fort the idea of some prominent strategical point; but Fort Kearney is an exception to this, for as far as its military position is concerned, it may as well have been placed 100 miles above or below where it is. Aside from a flagstaff in the center the only other prominent military objects consist of 12 24-pounder field howitzers, standing on one side of the Square, mounted on carriages for flank casement defence. It is difficult to imagine how these fish-out-of-water looking carriages could have wandered so far from their legitimate positions, unless our authorities in Washington have been as much misled by the term *fort* as more ordinary mortals. Possibly my estimate of the place was lowered from the fact that I here learned that my battery has been broken up by Colonel Smith, commanding in Utah, and sent off as dragoons after Indians 600 miles west of Camp Floyd. It is difficult to say what could have been the circumstances which would justify such a course, by which the services of an indifferent company of dragoons is obtained in exchange for an almost total destruction of the only artillery within reach. It is thought the company will be back and remounted by the time we reach Camp Floyd.

"We left Fort Kearney on Tuesday the 26th (June), and have ever since been travelling along the valley of the Platte, or Nebraska, river. The valley is a dead level, in the middle of which flows the river, now rapid and muddy as if from rains, and nearly up to the top of its banks.

"I amused myself as we rode along fancying the time when from the crowded population in the East this country will be thickly settled, this valley cut up into beautifully cultivated farms with fruit and ornamental trees in abundance, and the sand hills on the left crowned with fine country residences. That this time will come, I have but little doubt. All the country wants is fuel, and no doubt coal beds will be discovered after a while, or in case they are not, railroads will be built communicating with the wooded districts which are in some places not over 30 or 40 miles distant from this river."

This semi-sarcastic prediction has been more than realized in the 31 years since it was playfully written to amuse the "old folks at home." A great transcontinental railroad now runs along the valley divided into beautiful cultivated farms, "with fruit and ornamental trees in abundance." The trains on this road carry thousands of passengers every year, and thousands of tons of coal from the coal beds of almost unlimited extent that have been discovered farther west. Not only are these things true, but along the valley are thriving towns and villages which have sprung up since the road was built, and are calculated to remind one of the experience of an Indian which I heard related once as coming from the mouth of a chief who was one of a delegation visiting the East, from one of our western tribes.

A large delegation of Indians was brought from the West, and after visiting Washington, they were taken to New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities. At Philadelphia a number of those friendly to the red men got up quite an ovation for them in the Academy of Music, The house was densely crowded and on the stage were seated, beside the Indians, many prominent men of the country, who made speeches in favor of justice being done to the Indians. In the midst of the proceedings Mr. Wm. Welsh, well known for his prominence on the Indian question, noticed one of the chiefs seated on the rear of the stage looking very sad and despondent, and Mr. Welsh tried for some time to draw from him the cause of his sadness. At last he was induced to tell his story, which was this: Some years before a delegation from his tribe had gone East. They returned with such wonderful stories of what they had seen regarding railroads, steamboats, houses, etc., but especially in regard to the number of whites, that the tribe said the white man had put "bad medicine" in their heads and they could tell nothing but lies! The man who told the story was then a young and ambitious chief and made a speech, telling the tribe that he knew just how the white man fooled the red man in regard to his numbers; that they crowded in front of them and then, when the red men started ahead again, the white men slipped around the hills and got in front, so that the Indians counted them over and over again, and that the next time a delegation was sent East the tribe must select him to go and when he came back he would tell them the truth. In a few years another delegation was called for, and the tribe, remembering what he had said, selected him to go. He then determined he would keep an account of every white man he saw, and when he left his camp took with him a stick upon which he notched down every one he came across. This was easy for a while, but when he began to enter



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE PLATTE VALLEY.

the settlements the men became more numerous, and the ranches closer together, with two or three men to each. So he decided to notch down the ranches instead of the men, and allow so many whites to each one. After a while they came to the railroad, and found a white man's village where there were more tepees in one place than he had seen in his whole trip. Then they got on the cars and every few miles passed one of these villages, each larger than the other, so that he had to commence keeping an account of the towns on his stick. Then they reached Omaha, where he could not see from one end of the town to the other. Then Chicago, Washington, New York and Philadelphia, where they rode for miles and miles through solid blocks of houses, the streets all filled with people. Now he had found out that what former delegations had told them was true, and that he would have to go back and tell his people the same old story. They would say of him, as they had said of them, that the white man had put bad medicine in his head and he could tell nothing but lies. That was what made him so sad.

Now, which ought to have been the most surprised, this Indian, who traveled from the wilderness in which he lived, to the civilized land of the white man, or the white man who, having seen the wilderness 30 years ago, goes back and finds a country which he then saw filled with herds of buffalo and savage Indians, transformed into a rich agricultural country with fine farms, flourishing towns, and railroads in every direction?

The journal continues; "The second day out from Kearney we met with a great loss in being obliged to sell our cow at a sacrifice. She was a fine animal, cost $35, and I expected good service from her in Utah, to say nothing of the journey. But she took sick after the loss of her calf, and became so weak as to be unable to travel. One of those numerous characters ever on the lookout in a country like this for a bargain, saw her, admired her, and offered me $15 for her. Had his offer been $5 instead of $15, I should have been obliged to accept it, as she could not travel, and under the circumstances I rather think the fellow had some liberal ideas about him. As it was I lost our cow, and $20 by the bargain, besides being deprived of fresh milk on the road. We get it now from the cows in the herd, but in very limited quantities."

In this region where we so pitifully deplored the loss of a single cow, there are to-day immense herds of domestic cattle, almost as numerous as the buffalo were then. In the month of June, as he glides along in a Pullman car, the traveller may see the whole surface of the country, for miles, covered with these herds, rounded up by the cowboys that each owner may claim his own, and brand the calves which have been born since the mothers themselves were branded, two or three years before. Those who have never seen the operation may wonder how it is that a man can recognize a calf as his property which he has never set eyes on before, and they will perhaps feel surprised when they learn that the mother of the calf gives the owner, or his cowboy, the information. When the herd is all concentrated with a cordon of cowboys around it, the process of cutting out commences. A boy sees a cow bearing his brand and immediately proceeds to cut her out by forcing his horse into the herd and running her out on to the prairie. The poor cow begins to bellow for her calf. The little one responds and joins his mother. In the mean time other cowboys are cutting out other cows with different brands, and other calves are rushing out to join their mothers, bellowing as they go. The racket is kept up until the great herd is divided up into half a dozen smaller ones, each of these distinguished by a particular

ON THE ROUND-UP.—HOLDING THE HERD.

brand. Each is surrounded by herders who prevent the brands from intermingling again, and who drive them to a corral, where the calves are thrown and branded. Very few escape without a brand, but some do, and when the next year an unbranded yearling is found, it is known as a "maverick." The origin of this name is curious. Cattle raising in large numbers first commenced in Texas, and it was some time before the system of herding and branding was perfected.

The story runs that a shrewd fellow named Maverick always "recognized" and claimed as his all unbranded year-old calves and stuck his brand on them. It is presumed, that when he began to get larger herds than his neighbors, their eyes began to open to the fact that Maverick was a first-rate "claim agent," and that he claimed every-

ON THE ROUND-UP.—"BRING ME THOSE TRADE MARK."

thing that nobody else could swear to. Be this as it may, his name has been handed down through all these years, but no one is now permitted to follow his example ; for whenever an unbranded animal is discovered, the "maverick" is taken up, sold at public auction, the buyer's brand put on it, and the amount credited to the Cattle Association which governs in that section of the country.

ON THE ROUND-UP.

The journal continues: "June 30th. We have to-day camped on the bank of the river about 100 miles west of Kearney, at a point where the sand hills have assumed a more broken appearance and are nearer the water. At our camps for several nights past it was only necessary to walk through the high grass to raise myriads of mosquitoes, which would buzz about our ears, cover our clothes, and attack with their sharp bite every exposed part of the face and hands. A brisk breeze has usually sprung up to drive them off, but last night they got into the tents in considerable numbers and to-night we think of looking to our bars for protection.

"We have seen but eight or ten buffalo since leaving Kearney, although the valley is crossed by deep tracks worn by them as in times past they followed each other in single file from their grazing-grounds to their watering-places. These tracks are now overgrown with grass and remind one, like the grass-grown streets of some deserted city, of the vast population which has passed along them. They are rather forcibly brought to one's mind, even when unseen, by the bumping of the ambulance, as its wheels go over them.

Sunday, July 1st. We are encamped in a beautiful position on a fine stream of running water called Fremont's slough, within sight of the Platte, and half a mile from the camp of about 150 Sioux, with women and children, some of whom were in Gen. Harney's last battle. They are a wild-looking set, and soon overran our camp prepared to beg anything or everything; but the Colonel sent them off. Later in the day, while I was off on a hunt, they came into camp, when F. and the children had a good look at them, and little Fannie exchanged a piece of hard bread for a bird, shot with an arrow, by an ugly little urchin dressed in the minumun amount of rags usual among them.

"We are now getting into a more

broken and interesting country. The hills rise higher and steeper on both sides the river; we have been gradually rising all day, and begin to appreciate the fact that we are getting well on our road to the Rocky Mountains and that we are rising in the world. I shot a large long-billed curlew this evening, and saw two prairie chickens and a number of ducks which were, however, too wild for me to get a shot at. We are getting into a better game country. This feeling was increased by Mr. D. sending us some fine slices of venson, killed to-day by the Indians.

"We meet every day trains coming in from Pike's Peak, the wagons mostly drawn by oxen, and filled with men who look as if they had had a hard time of it out in the gold diggin's. They are ragged and dirty enough to have been away from water and their wives for the last six months. Now and then a woe-begone woman is seen in the wagons, and everybody looks at us as we pass as if glad to see a face just from 'the States.'"

The travel described in this paper from Fort Kearney up was all along the main Platte and its South Fork. In the next paper we shall cross the South Fork at a ford, in the midst of great excitment, and turning up one of its branches, Lodge Pole Creek, cross over to the North Fork of the Platte, follow up that, and in the next succeeding paper reach the far-famed post of Fort Laramie.

EDWARD RICHARDS.

THIS IS a correct likeness of Master Edward Richards, of California, aged 17 years, who, at Stockton, Cal., on August 5 last, using American E. C. powder, broke 98 targets out of a possible 100, making the record of his State for a youth of his age, if not the best record on targets ever made by a resident of California. He is a good shot on live birds, both at the trap and in the field, and in the tournaments in which he has participated this year, has made the older trap shots of the Pacific coast hustle for their laurels. Master Richards shoots a steady, even race, one day with another, keeping well up with the best scores made in any event. His friends confidently expect to see him wear the State championship badge within two years.

An old farmer up in Cayuga county has a corn-crib built in the shape of an L. In the angle thus formed he teaches his bull pups to chew each other. He calls it his Corn L College.

Artist—I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door.

Dealer—Well, I'd advise you to hang it on the knob, where the wolf can see it.—*Tit-Bits*.

Now come the days when maidens all,
  Without a law to hinder,
Drag stacks of red leaves from the woods
  To throw them *out* the winder.

A MOUNTAIN LION HUNT BY NIGHT.

Robert Meade Smith, M.D.

There is a great difference of opinion as to whether the animal known in the West as a mountain lion, will attack man, even when cornered. I heard one man say that he had killed, without much of a fight, a lioness and three cubs, with a club, when brought to bay by a small dog; but as this man had a silver mine which he valued at $250,000, and which his "friendship" for me (I had known him a week) induced him to offer to me for $10,000, my modesty inclines me to think that perhaps he was not strictly reliable. Nevertheless, the general opinion in Arizona and New Mexico, where I have spent considerable time in hunting, is that the mountain lion, in these parts at any rate, is a cowardly brute that may be treed by the smallest barking cur, and that will not make much of a fight even when "peace with honor" is impossible. I know that in the Northwestern states and territories a different opinion prevails, and have heard many stories of lions attacking people, even in broad daylight. Of my own experience, I know that a mountain lion may have a beautiful drop on a man and not take advantage of it.

A few years ago, I was hunting in Southwestern New Mexico, making head-quarters at a little mining camp called Kingston, and was asked by a ranchman, living about three miles from town, to come out and help him kill a mountain lion which was killing his Angora goats. Every evening the goats were driven into a corral, with a solid stockade around it at least six feet high; yet, nearly every night, a lion would jump this fence, kill a goat and then, with the goat in his mouth, again clear the stockade. The power of the cougar is enormous. I once tracked one through the snow nearly a mile from where he had killed a goat, to a deserted tunnel, where he had partly devoured and then abandoned the carcass; yet he had carried it all that distance with only an occasional mark to show where a leg had dragged or a little fleece been left on the underbrush. Perhaps, he carried it on his back, as I saw a Chesapeake Bay dog carry a wild goose I had killed while shooting in Arkansas, and as a fox is said to carry his prey.

Mountain lions are rarely seen in daytime, for then they lie hidden in the rocks; but, like the rest of the cat tribe, they do most of their hunting at night. That they do not hunt solely in the dark is shown by the incident mentioned above; for every night the herd was rounded up and driven into the corral, a mile or two from where I had found unmistakable evidence that one had been killed and carried off. Either a goat must have been left out over night, which is not probable, or it was killed in the daytime. It was certain, however, that their pernicious activity was mainly exercised by night, so we decided to try and turn the hunters into the hunted that evening with the aid of five hounds.

I rode out to the ranch at about 8 o'clock in the evening, in the early part of July, and found Davis waiting for me, struggling to restrain his dogs. I had barely time to tie up my horse before the dogs, which he had let loose when I arrived, struck a scent and were off in full cry. Talk about riding to hounds! Though we missed the view of the race, a cross-country ride is tame compared to a run up a steep mountain gulch 9,000 feet in the air, in midnight darkness; stumbling, staggering and falling;

with the deep bay of the hounds, sometimes apparently right in front of us, at other times scarcely audible; never knowing what minute we would be right in the middle of the hunt. The dogs make so much better time than does the lion when running up hill that they soon close in on him, when he turns down the gulch until he has gained on them, then up again, and so on until finally he is treed.

In about 15 minutes we had our lion up a tree, and as we rushed up the hill I saw a dark shape against the sky line, crawling down the inclined trunk of the tree. I was afraid to shoot, as the mountaineer and dogs were both in front of me, hidden in the darkness. In an instant, we heard the game jump to the ground and make off, followed by the dogs. Davis fired at one of the lions and shouted: "I've missed him." This certainly looked as if the woods were full of them.

Another wild chase, another or perhaps one of the same lions treed, another rush to where the angry bark of the dogs told us they had the game; but before we could reach them we again heard the lion jump to the ground and crash off through the underbrush, followed by the dogs. By this time, I was pretty well winded, and although the dogs again took up the trail and soon had him again treed, we were both slow in reaching the spot, only to hear again the discouraging "thump" as the lion took to the ground.

I was then complely tuckered out, and sat down under a leaning tree that the lion had just left, to wait while Davis went off after the dogs. In a few minutes, one old dog came back to me, and in a great state of excitement began again to bark up the tree, jumping and attempting to climb the trunk, which grew at an angle with the steep bank of the ravine. Just then Davis came back for me. I moved higher up the bank to meet him. We both sat down to rest, never dreaming that there could be another lion in the tree under which I had been sitting so unconcernedly for the past 10 minutes.

The night was pitch dark down in this timbered gulch, but from our new position, the top of the tree showed faintly against the star-lit sky, and together we exclaimed: "There's another," prompted as much by hearing as by sight. I told Davis to light a match and as it flared up there, sure enough, was another lion, slowly crawling out on a horizontal limb directly over and not 10 feet above where I had been sitting. I was armed with a 10-bore Greener hammerless, and without rising or aiming, for which there was no time, fired from the hip, and had the good luck to put a load of buckshot through the big cat's heart. Davis said he saw the shot drive him heels over head off the bough, and we both heard him crashing, rolling, and tumbling down the mountain side, through the underbrush.

All the other dogs, which apparently had been unable to find the trail of the other lion, at the sound of the shot came rushing over. We were not slow in getting down the hillside. About 50 yards up the other bank of the gulch we found the pack chewing and tugging at the lion, which was stone dead, with a hole completely through the body just back of the shoulder. We drove off the dogs before they had damaged the hide, lit a fire and proceeded to skin what proved to be a young lioness, heavy with cub.

It was difficult to get enough light without scorching ourselves, and we were both so tired that we left her and started for home. I had only recently left a sick bed, and the next day was unable to move, so my wife, who has as keen an interest in sport as myself, with one of my sons, went on horseback to Davis' ranch and with him to the scene of my good luck. After Davis had completed the job of skinning, my wife, much to her broncho's disgust, brought the head and hide home with her. I boiled and cleaned the head, salted

"THEY NOW DECORATE MY STUDY."

the skin and brought them to Colorado Springs, where I am now living, had them mounted and they now decorate my study. Although I had been particularly careful to see that the head, which I skinned out myself, was perfect, when it came home from the taxidermist it had black fox ears! This astonishing metamorphosis was, however, explained, when I learned there was a bounty of $10 a pair, for mountain lions' ears.

'Mid all the truths evolved by man
At inspiration's call,
None seems more pat at present than,
"Pride goeth before a fall."
The turkey gobbler which we see
With proud head elevated.
Soon by the gleaming ax must be
De ed.
cap tat
i

TROUTING ON CLARK'S FORK.

GEN. F. W. BENTEEN, U. S. A.

CLARK'S FORK, of the Yellowstone River, is sired by perpetual snow, which, awakened to life by the genial rays of the sun, goes dashing and crashing through the canyon whose crowning faces are tinted with all the hues of the rainbow. Rising south of the Yellowstone Park, this river, laboring among great crags, some of which are cathedral-like in size and grandeur, prances and roars through some 100 miles of space to pour its snowy waters into those of the Yellowstone.

On Clark's Fork, during a portion of the summer of 1877, I enjoyed such trout-fishing as I know I shall never again see. On an afternoon in August, having the permission of the commanding officer to leave camp, my orderly and myself, well mounted — the orderly leading a pack-mule equipped with immense canvas panniers of my own construction—went a mile or two up-stream for trout. I should mention that six troops of the Seventh U. S. Cavalry, of which organization I was then a captain, was in that section of country to assist General Howard in "rounding up" the Nez Percé Indians, who were supposed to be in that vicinity. I had tired of my hexagonal bamboo rod, and my fly-book being almost in tatters, I had provided myself with a long birch pole from the mountains, to which was attached a strong silk line, without leader, and two large-sized Limerick hooks, about three feet apart. These hooks I baited with the yellow- and red-winged grasshoppers, with which we had abundantly provided ourselves.

On reaching a suitable place I dismounted, and fording the river to a large boulder, I commenced making my casts. Such luck as I had in inveigling the trout from their hiding-places, was probably never excelled, for, without going a quarter of a mile from that spot, I had landed all that the panniers would hold, and had a string of trout on each side of the mule's neck besides, so as to materi-

A GLIMPSE OF CLARK'S FORK, BELOW THE CANYON.

ally interfere with his locomotion; yet all fish of one pound or less, were returned to the water, and given a chance to grow larger.

The orderly was kept busy on the bank, taking the fish from the hooks. Indeed, he couldn't begin to keep up with me.

This was surely potting fish; but then, I confess that was what I was after. Having secured a ten-gallon syrup keg, I sent it, filled with trout, to Fort Lincoln, Dakota, as such fish are not indigenous to that region.

On returning to camp, I reported to the commanding officer, inviting him to have the cook of his mess come and help himself to what fish they might want for supper and breakfast. That the "C. O." and the other officers were surprised at the result of my trip, and the size and beauty of the fish, is not strange, for a more beautiful string has seldom, if ever, been taken anywhere on hook and line.

The commanding officer was also an enthusiastic angler, and asked me to show him, on the next day, how such trout fishing was done. We went and I showed him the fish in the pools, eddies and cascades, and though he fished diligently and patiently, he never caught a single trout. He was not willing to get wet, and trout fishing and dry clothing I never found to be compatible. As he did not condescend to ford the rushing torrent on foot, he never learned the trick of catching these big fellows.

A few days more, and our scouts had located the Nez Percés. So, away we went across the range, and up the "Stinking Water," thence, again, over the range; but "Lo" was not waiting for us. We got his trail, kept on, and the first thing we knew, were marching into General Howard's camp.

Bright and early next morning, we were in the saddle, and after a march of 45 miles, we caught up with the Nez Percés, on Canyon Creek, Montana, and had a lively brush with them.

When we went through that section of country a month or so before, the plains were covered with bison, but the Nez Percés had driven them out, for not even was there an old bull in sight.

WILLIAM G. CHAPMAN.

This picture represents the famous artist, William G. Chapman, shooting larks just outside of Rome. The way that sport (?) is conducted there is to capture a small owl, tie him to the end of a pole and set him up in the field. The larks gather about to fight him and the would-be sportsman shoots them. Mr. Chapman may not be a sportsman, in our sense of the term, but he is a great artist. He painted "The Marriage of Pocahontas" which hangs in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, and many other well-known pieces.

Belle—See here, Harry, you said you would teach me to ride my wheel, and you have given me only one lesson.

Harry—That's all right; I've hired an understudy who hasn't any whiskers, and who doesn't mind being kicked.

There was a man in our town
  Who wasn't very wise;
He bought his wife a bicycle
  To give her glad surprise.

Alas! he got the shock himself,
  And anguish made him squeal;
That wife was nevermore at home,
  But always on that wheel.

EMMA CARLTON.

DUCKING OFF MACHIPONGO.

W. J. Bogert.

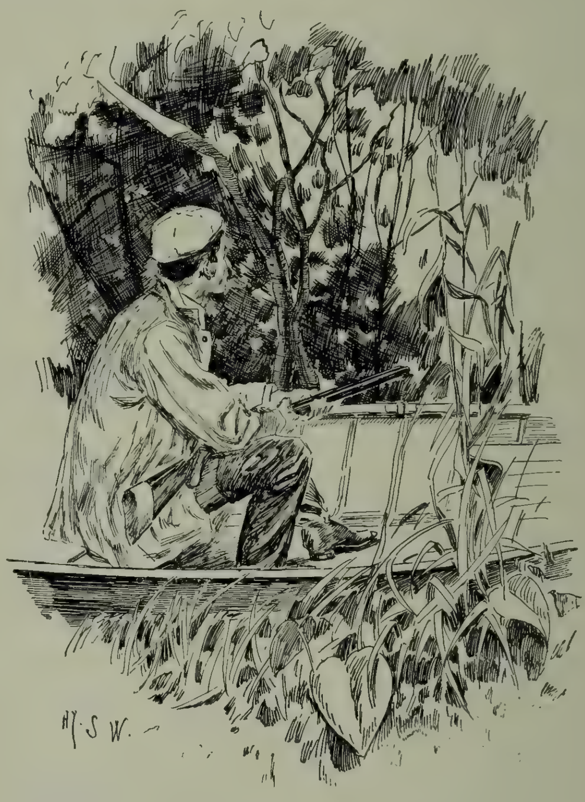
"Say, old man, there's no use waiting any longer or making further excuses. Just get yourself together and meet me Saturday or Sunday. I shall start Wednesday night, and shall expect you."

So spoke my old friend, Doctor Carman, a "tooth-plugger," I call him, who has a handsome office in the Mutual Reserve Building, two blocks above my office. Although I have seemingly spoken irreverently of him, a more gentle man, in his profession, never touched a bicuspid (I think that's his favorite name for every ivory of mine he has dallied with), and you would wonder how such a man could ever have the heart to shoot a bird. But walk into the doctor's office any day, as he is in the act of pulling a tooth—when he has it half out, for that matter—and say, "Doctor, we have just ten minutes to get to the ferry; bring your gun;" and as he reaches around behind his partition for it, he will say to the patient, "Come next week and I'll finish pulling it out and will clean all your others for nothing. I must go."

I would have gone with the doctor on Wednesday, but as it was Thanksgiving day and as I preferred being with my family, I decided to join him later. I took the 8.00 P. M. Pennsylvania train to Machipongo, Va., where I was "put off" at the unseemly hour of 5.20 the following morning. I suppose you will say, "Where's Machipongo?" I don't wonder that you ask, for I had often passed through it on my way to Old Point and Norfolk, but never until the doctor told me had I heard of the place. It is 12 miles north of Cape Charles, on the N. Y., P. and N. R. R.

Really, if you were to be suddenly transported there, with your eyes shut, you might imagine yourself in the Island of Juan Fernandez, for there is hardly a habitation in sight of the station. There is a little country store, where you can get rubber boots if you are willing to take the size the dealer keeps, but beyond these, I saw nothing I wanted.

When I got off the train it was still dark, and I concluded no one had come for me, when suddenly I made out a road-cart, and there was "Will," holding a horse that would have stood anywhere without holding.



YOU HIDE YOURSELF AND YOUR BOAT IN THE BLIND.

We were mutually glad at our meeting, and I was soon perched on the seat beside Will, pulling on my pipe. "How's Doc?" was my first question.

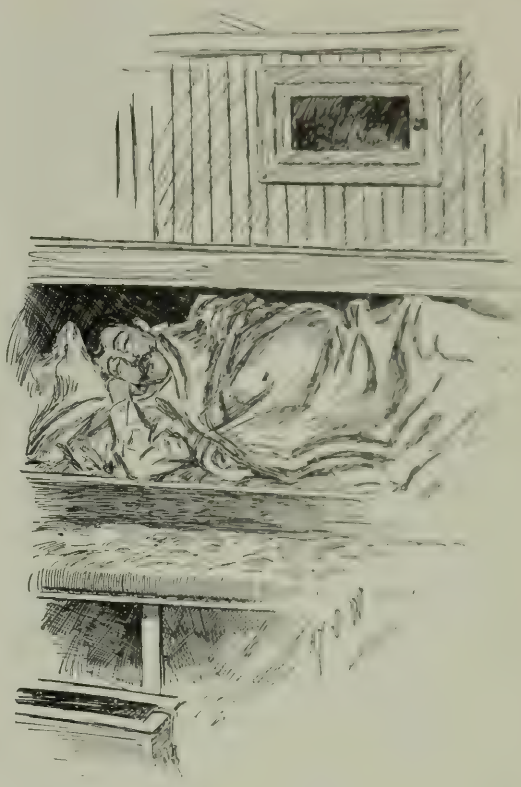
"O! he's well. I came in yesterday with a big lot of birds that he had killed, and I expressed them to your office. Did you get them all right?

I explained that they could not get to my office until Monday, and asked, "What uck?" Will said it had been fair, and that much better shooting was anticipated. So we jogged along and talked about what had happened since my last visit, in the spring. After a two-mile ride we reached Captain Miles' house, which is on, or near, a little creek that runs into Hog Island Bay.

Shall I describe the captain's house? Well, I could not do that if I would, but from the moment you arrive until you leave, you never need expect to see or eat anything you have ever seen or eaten before, for they live and cook so differently from all other people. Yet you don't mind that, for the salt air braces you up, and you have nothing to do but sleep from dark until near daylight, when you get up to breakfast, and you would eat boot-legs, if they were fried in the same amount of grease as the other food is.

After breakfast, I was taken out in a flat-bottomed sailboat, called a batteau, some three miles, to where the sloop was anchored, on which my friend, the doctor, was living. Captain Miles and the cook (a good-natured darkey, named Jim), were with him. I had worn my store clothes, for the doctor, as an extra inducement, had said, "Bring nothing; I will have everything." And he had. So you may imagine my appearance as I sat there, that cold morning, with the skirt of my long overcoat turned up about me for fear of getting it soiled in the dirty, old boat. It was the first time I had ever been in it, "dressed up," and I trust it will be the last.

After a while we saw a puff of smoke half a mile off, and heard a report. Will said, "That's some one in our blind." Then I saw a second shot and a splash. That meant a dead bird, and my blood, which, up to that moment, had been stagnant, began coursing through my veins. In a moment, I saw a boat push out from the blind, and the familiar figures of the doctor and Jim appeared, paddling for dear life. They were after a cripple which was swimming for its dear life.

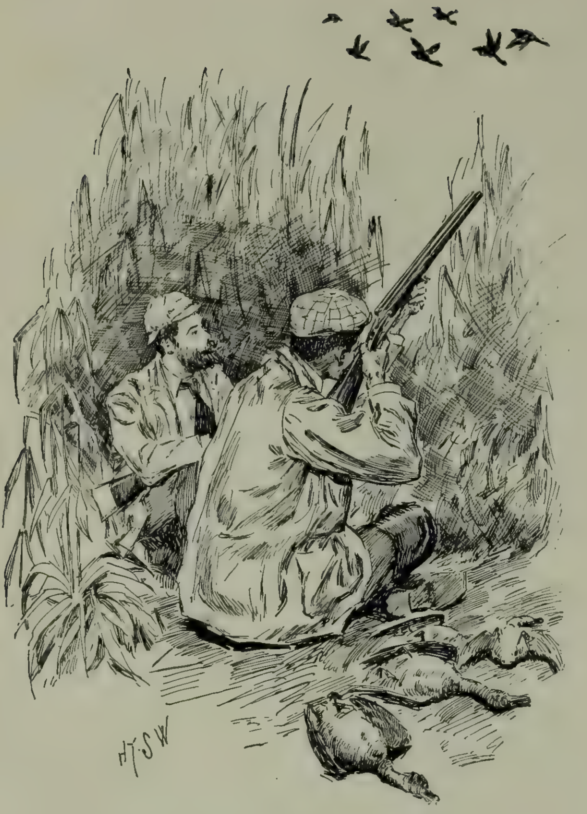


"A CRACK ABOUT FIFTEEN INCHES WIDE IN WHICH YOU CRAWL TO SLEEP."

Soon I came upon them, and exchanging places with Jim, shed my overcoat, for doctor had the other with him. We sent Jim with the batteau to the sloop, and there, amid some 40 of the most perfect decoys I ever saw, we spent two hours, when dinner-time came, and we were taken to the sloop.

Shall I describe her? Well, she's an eight-ton boat with a cabin about four by five feet. Beneath the deck, all around, is a crack, about 15 inches wide, into which you crawl to sleep—"perchance, to dream." I know I did. I had a nightmare caused by an overdose of bacon. I should have known better than eat so heartily the first day, but didn't. I dreamed I had been buried alive. When I awoke, I found I must crawl out of my "berth" to turn over; and so I slept every night. But one soon gets used to anything. The doctor, who had tried all the beds, gave me the one said to contain feathers, generously taking one for himself with but three, and those had all worked down to the foot.

Thus far I have told you only of



"WHEN THE BIRDS COME IN."

hardships and privations. I have kept the most toothsome things to the last, as we do in case of a good dinner. Every day we got from 10 to 20 birds to each gun. They were brant, black ducks, coots, shelldrakes, broad-bills, hairy-heads, and dippers, elsewhere called butter balls. We saw a number of geese, but they kept out of range. We were a month too early for them. I think we saw a hundred thousand brant, or black ducks, in the three days I was there. They would float and feed not over a mile from us, but as the weather was fine, they kept in immense flocks and would seldom come to stool. In stormy weather they scatter and are more easily attracted by decoys.

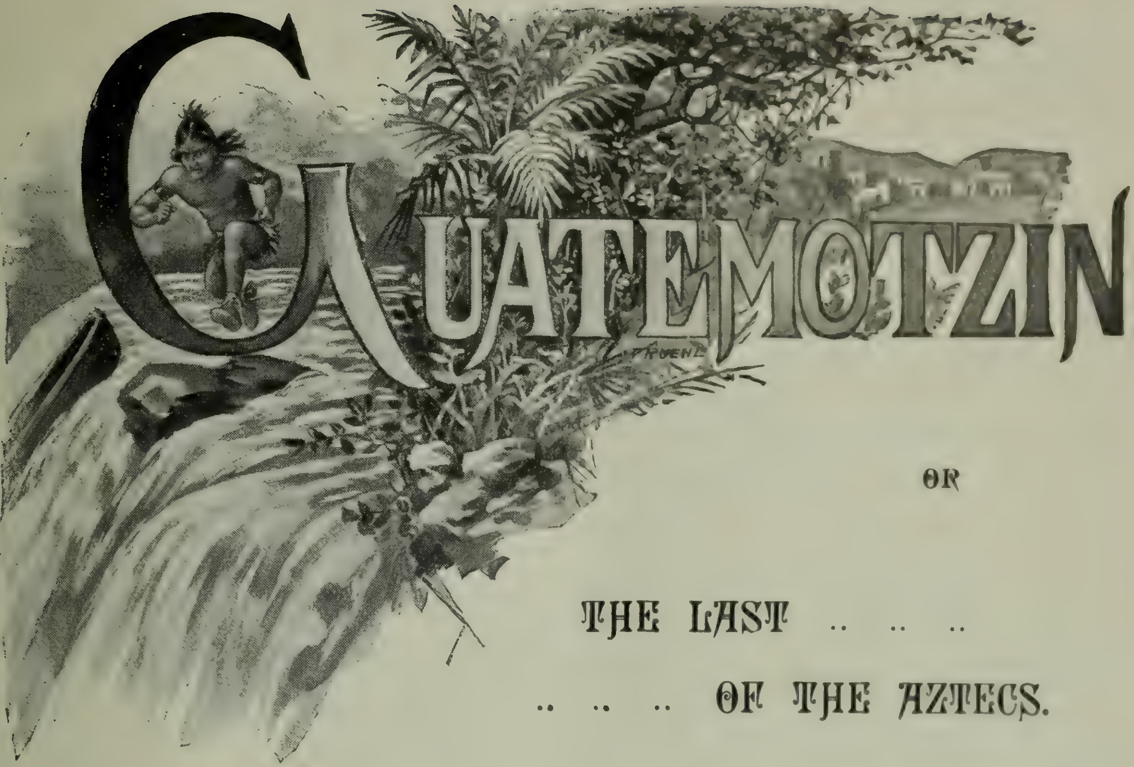
The natives know the habits of these birds and build blinds on their feeding grounds. These are simply brush stuck in the mud, over which the depth of water varies from a foot to four feet, according to tide. After putting out your decoys, you hide your boat and yourself in the blind. Of course, it isn't like shooting a big moose, with a side as broad as a barn door; but it's exciting, all the same, when you see a bunch of brant or black ducks coming and fall to wondering whether they will come within range. How your heart does thump as they settle down among your decoys! If they are still a moment, it is hard to tell the real birds from the counterfeits, especially in twilight.

If I hadn't harmed a feather, I would have felt repaid for my trip. I reaped great benefit from those few days and nights on the salt marshes. The evenings were simply delightful. As our sloop lay at anchor in the bay, I would go on deck, and with nothing in sight but the stars, Cape Charles and Hog Island lights I felt entranced. The quacking and chattering of countless birds of varying abilities was rare music, and I would spend hours imagining how many I would get on the morrow.

The sloop I speak of so kindly is used by Captain Miles, at this season, merely to live on, as the shooting grounds are too far from his house to sail to and from every day. He carried on board about 150 decoys, which require a great deal of room. We always anchor about a mile from the shooting grounds, and use a different blind every day. In the proper season the geese and brant give fine sport. For these many shooters use an eight-bore gun, as a smaller will not always do the work. If you write Captain R. E. Miles, Machipongo, Va., he will tell you, honestly whether to come or not, for he prides himself on his truthfulness, and for which I can vouch. In the spring, excellent sport may be had there in the way of snipe-shooting and drum-fishing, about which, I would be pleased to tell you later.

RECREATION arrived to-day, and I have been digesting it from cover to cover. It is without doubt the most newsy sportsmen's monthly published, and you deserve great credit for it.

CHARLES R. PALMER, M. D.,
West Chester, Pa.



GUATEMOTZIN
OR
THE LAST .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

DR. EDWARD J. TUCKER.

CHAPTER IX.

RECONCILIATION.

GENTLY releasing herself, Jessie said : "Come, Allen, you must take dinner with us to-day ; we expect your father and brother, and at our board there must be a reconciliation."

I stopped short, and felt a dark frown gathering over my face. Jessie gazed at me a moment and said, "Allen, you surprised me into betraying my sentiments. I do love you, dear, so be guided by one who will be jealous of your most sensitive feelings, and whose interests are now my own. I have made my choice among men and you will never have cause to be jealous."

"Very well, darling," I answered; "I will be guided by you."

On entering the little room in Mr. Sheldon's house, designated the parlor, I found my father, Steve and Mr. Sheldon. They gazed on me in astonishment, as I stood on the threshold, undecided whether to advance or retreat. A gentle pressure of a small hand reassured me. I clung to the hand and advanced into the room, approaching Mr. Sheldon, and said:

"Some months ago, Mr. Sheldon, you bade me consider myself as an adopted son. I have misunderstood myself and have misjudged your daughter Jessie, to whom I have just declared my love. She has acknowleged a tender regard for me, and you know how ardently I loved her even before I knew her name. You are aware of the agony I suffered after having injured her, through my boyish folly. Since you desired me as an adopted son, will you not accept me as a son-in-law, and give me this precious girl?"

Surprise, consternation, and indecison chased each other over the pastor's venerable features as he essayed to speak, and as the tears welled from his eyes and ran down his cheeks, Jessie fell on her knees and kissing his hands, whispered:

"I love Allen, father, and he will take care of thy Jessie when thee follows my dear mother. Allen and I understand each other, and we will be as happy as were thee and mother."

A trembling hand was tenderly laid on the small head, and the other beckoned to me. I drew near, he took my hand and said:

"My days are almost spent, Allen, and were it the Lord's will to call me this night, I would be ready to go if this dear child had found a protector; but I fear to place her hand in one whose owner yields to ungovernable fits of passion, and who is at enmity with his father and brother. If this be so, what guarantee have I thou wilt not, for some imaginary slight or offence, leave the sweet being at my knee?"

A hot answer rose to my lips, but when I turned and saw Jessie's eyes fastened on me, I bent and kissed the upturned face. Then turning, I walked over to where my father sat,

"Father," I began; "it is possible I may have dealt harshly with you and my brother, for I have misunderstood Jessie and myself, though I cannot tell why you left me, or what cause of complaint you have against me."

"None, Allen, none," interrupted my father; "Steve made me leave, but I wish to go back to the old farm if you will let me."

"Steve," I rejoined, turning to my brother, "I partly understand your feelings, but the battle has been fought and won, though the contest has been an unfair one. Are you willing to start anew? I do not desire to work as a farmer, and have about concluded to lease the farm to Mr. Yost. I would prefer to let you have it on the same terms Mr. Yost offers."

"I will think it over," responded my brother, "but in any case I would prefer buying it."

"It is not for sale," I replied coldly, for I knew he wanted it for something else than farming, though I could not imagine what else the land was good for.

"Well, since father is anxious to go back to the old place, I will see you to-morrow, arrange for a lease and advance you sufficient to enable you to pursue your medical studies."

"Such being the case," I continued, turning to the venerable pastor, "I will commence my studies to-morrow in Doctor Sprague,s office, and enter college in the fall. I have not felt so at peace with the world for many months, and all I now desire is your consent to my engagement to your daughter."

"Jessie's happiness has been my life study. If she feels her faith and trust is not misplaced, I bow to her judgment, but I fear thy temper."

"Jessie will not regret her choice on account of an infirmity I had not even suspected until I was being wronged. I mean to bury the past and will never allude to it again."

"Jessie," I said, taking the girl by the hand, "my father desires to give you his blessing." I then led her to my father, who kissed and blessed her. Steve held out a trembling hand, and his face turned paler than ever I had seen it before. I knew what it must have cost him to go through the ordeal of seeing me publicly taking possession of the girl he would have shed his heart's blood to have won. I longed to offer him consolation, but felt it would have been like mockery. I pitied him in my heart and offered him my hand. His face could not have turned paler, but in the uncertain light of the little parlor, it seemed to take on a vivid green as he turned his back on me.

Suddenly I felt my hand clasped, and Jessie, seizing one of Steve's, cried:

"You brothers have been at enmity long enough! If I have been the unhappy cause, I am sorry I ever came into either of your lives. I have been compelled to make a choice, and my heart led me to Allen; but it would be foolish and wicked for you to continue in the path of strife you have trod. Allen has rightly offered you his hand, as he can afford to make the first advance; you will make me very miserable if you refuse it."

Steve looked at the troubled face before him and replied:

"For your sake, I will accept the proffered reconciliation, and in time

I may be able to look upon Allen with a brotherly eye. I am very unhappy now, and beg you will allow me to leave this house. I will call on Allen to-morrow."

Jessie inclined her head. Steve bowed to the rest and departed. The remainder of the day was the most delightful of my life. I have suffered much during my life, and in the words of the old song, can truly say :

"I have journeyed o'er the deep,
I have crossed the desert wild ;
I have seen the storm arise,
Like a giant in my path.
Every danger I have known
That a reckless life can lead,
Yet her presence is not flown,
Her bright smile haunts me still."

That one day proves I have not lived in vain. I loved Jessie fervently, and as I sat in the little parlor that sunny afternoon admiring her classic features, I said :

"Jessie, dearest, I am a rough country boy and do not deserve the rich treasure that has fallen to my lot."

"Allen," she replied, "the rarest jewel was but a rough stone until the edges were smoothed down and it received a polish. That you will get when you are brought in contact with your fellow students."

"Nevertheless I am forcibly reminded of the beautiful lines of the poet."

"What are they, love ?'

"I remember once how I, an idle boy,
Used fondly stray beside a lovely stream,
On whose wild banks grew flowers that gave me joy,
And set me dreaming some sweet dream.
One bank was low and carpeted with green,
The other high and steep—you could not climb.
To climb it, though, was my ambition ; still, alas !
I could not reach that height that seemed sublime ;
For on this bank there grew a lovely flower,
Which I so long, so tried to once possess.
'Twas for this I sought to climb, ah, many an hour,
But failure was my lot, I must confess.
It was the fairest flower that blossomed there—
Its beauty far more rich than all the rest—
Its sweet perfume was wafted on the air,
To own it, I thought my life were blest.

'Tis thus I think of thee, my lady fair—
How humble is my place, how high art thou !
My loving thee, and almost to despair,
My struggling but to climb where thou art now.
For years I've toiled to gain that mighty boon,
The fame and richness that would equal thine so great;
And as I grasp them, ah ! they fade too soon,
And so I love you in my humble state.

But all my struggles have availed me naught;
The vision fades, and from my dream I wake,
Full many a sorrow in my heart is fraught,
And all, sweet lady, for thy gentle sake.
And still, fair lady, thou art like my flower,
So high upon the bank beside the stream ;
And as I dream of thee through every hour,
I find it all must be an empty dream.

But my heart spoke when lips wished not to speak,
May Heaven send you blessings from above,
May tears ne'er stain the roses on thy cheek.
Still, lady, let me say I chide the fate
That made our lives so far so wide apart.
My humble lot, how can I help but hate,
Since it has stole the jewel of my heart ?
Ah ! well ! 'tis life to love and lose, I know,
But may you never know that bitter dream,
To love the sweetest flower that earth could grow,
While it so high above beyond the stream."

"Allen, your love has had a different termination from that of the poet. Your dream is realized."

"Not yet, darling, but soon will be, will it not ?"

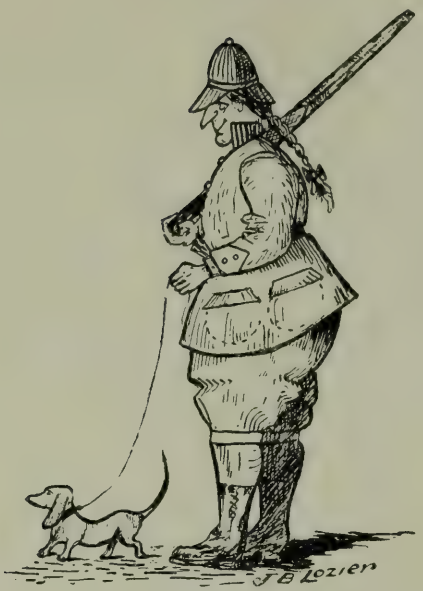
"Surely," she answered sweetly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHE WAS LEARNING.

Mary had a little wheel
'Twas anything but slow,
And everywhere that cycle went
Poor Mary had to go.
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.



THE DAKOTA WAY.

Urichsville, O.

Editor RECREATION:

Thinking you might be interested in our party's recent hunting trip to South Dakota, I will endeavor to give you some idea of our experiences. Mr. O. L. Peter and I were there a week before the main body of our party came to Waubay. Mr. Peter not being very well, we only made a few trips over the prairies in search of chickens, of which Mr. P. shot several each trip. Our main party, composed of the following gentlemen, reached Waubay on Saturday: Jas. L. Mason, Pittsburg, Pa.; James L. Reynolds, Steubenville, O.; L. B. Roney and C. M. Kline, Dennison, O.; S. W. Walters and Edward Campbell, of Gnadenhütten, O., and Jesse Cochran, of Columbus, O.

We did our first shooting on Tuesday, killing only a few chickens, a hawk and two jack rabbits. On Wednesday, the largest score was made, 65 chickens, for a party, with 12 guns; Mr. Campbell making the best record—16 chickens.

Campbell, Roney, Cutting and I, were in one wagon, and, while driving along by a wheat field, a chicken jumped up behind us, when L. B. Roney saw it. Breaking his gun, he put in two shells, and twisting around to the left, fired the right barrel, and winged the bird. He jumped out, laid down his gun, and ran to get this bird, when another rose to his right 25 feet away; he ran back and picking up his gun, fired the left barrel, and winged this bird also. He got both, when another rose about 50 feet away, and was shot by Campbell, who had jumped out of the wagon at the second shot. We immediately christened Roney, "Bogardus Lon." Ordinarily Roney would miss 8 birds out of 10.

On Sept. 5, we went to Pickerel Lake, 17 miles N. E. of Waubay, and went into camp for a few days' hunting and fishing. We had scarcely got our tents up, and in order when it began to rain. This soon turned to hail, about the size of peas. The storm continued, and the hail grew larger and larger, until we became alarmed, lest we be driven into the ground, tents and all. The largest hailstones, after lying half an hour, measured 12 inches in circumference; and fell so thick that the lake in front of our tents was thrashed in a seething mass of watery mist. When the hail storm ended, a wave of suffocating, hot air rushed after the storm, resulting in the formation of a cyclone, which, when we first saw it, seemed to be coming directly towards us. After a quick run to a convenient dugout, we were relieved to see that the funnel-shaped cloud had turned and gone east. We watched it for about an hour before it finally disappeared from view. We later heard that it went 62 miles over into Minnesota, where it blew down a few houses, and killed two children.

The trip, as far as hunting and fishing was concerned, was disappointing; but, as most of us had never been in the Far West, we enjoyed the climate, scenery, and the hospitality of the people at Waubay. We had a splendid jack-rabbit chase, with two large greyhounds. One rabbit got away, but the other was caught. It was by all odds the funniest experience of our trip.

En route home we caught a glimpse of the dells of the Wisconsin, at Kilbourne City. The most interesting part of our trip, however, was from Minneapolis to Lacrosse, along the Mississippi, past Lake Pepin, and the great cathedral-like rocks at Red Wing, Winona, etc. There are many picturesque lakes in Wisconsin, along the C. M. & S. P. R. R., some of which are near Milwaukee.

All my friends who have seen RECREATION are delighted with it, and most of them will subscribe. Mr. O. L. Peters, one of our Dakota hunters, will get up a club soon. He will try for a rifle, to be given to his little daughter, who wants to be a hunter, and to join her father in his trips hereafter.

We expect to catch some muscallonge and jack salmon in our river (Tuscarrawas) near here, before grim winter catches us. Bass are being caught freely. The other day a fisherman returning to town by rowboat, saw a duck disappear under water, and it never came up. He says some big fish caught it. I have heard of pike doing such tricks, and think this must have been either a pike or a muscallonge. We are going to try and catch it, whatever it is. Will report our success.

R. F. KERN.

THE HUMBUG OF THE YEAR.

From *The Great Divide*.

Frank S. Thayer, of Denver, has published a book called "Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers," the idea being to show by the pictures snap-shot views of wild animals of the Rocky Mountains in their native habits. Several pictures of such were procured, but not enough to make a book. No doubt some one told Mr. Thayer that, as the late Mr. Barnum said, the people liked to be humbugged; which, of course, in this case was taken seriously and followed in the most exact detail.

The few genuine photographs were reproduced. A Mr. McFadden, a taxidermist who has a collection of stuffed animals comprising almost everything, from a prairie dog to a buffalo, was sought, and the stuffed animals taken to the woods, on the plains, or on the mountain side, so as to make the surroundings as natural as life. Then the services of the well-known photographer, W. H. Jackson, were secured, and the photographs taken.

In order that the humbug might be complete, sample pictures and a flattering letter were sent to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, with the request that he write the preface for the book. It must be said to Mr. Roosevelt's credit, that all the photographs were not sent, else his knowledge of game might have detected the fraud. The preface came, Mr. Thayer was delighted with it, and used it verbatim. The book was printed, sent to the journalistic critics, and received notices praising it to the sky. The editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* was so pleased with the book that the pictures in it were reproduced in his August number.

The price of "Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers" is $3.50 for the regular edition, $5 for the édition de luxe, limited, but printed from same plates.

If you want to see these pictures for nothing, write to W. A. Bailey, Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, Colo., who also reproduced them in a beautiful pamphlet advertising his hotel. We do not believe that so successful a humbug has been given to the public since the find of the Cardiff Giant in 1869.

Editor RECREATION :

The waterfowl are just arriving at this place from the North, and it seems we are to have another season's shooting ruined by the launch owners, unless steps are promptly taken to restrain them. Yesterday a launch was out hunting up the few birds that have arrived.

It seems impossible, with the present facilities afforded by the State, to do much with them. The first game warden district embraces the whole of Long Island, Staten Island, Long Island Sound, and New York Bay ; and while Mr. Brown, the protector, is an energetic man and a valuable officer, he cannot be in more than three places at once. Hence the launch owners have things their own way nearly all the time. I am convinced that if sportsmen knew how much mischief the launches really do they would be more active in reporting them.

No one objects to the number of birds really killed from launches, as they are a very small proportion, indeed, of the total number of birds shot. As a matter of fact, I have never seen any but cripples killed and picked up by launchmen. What we do object to is the incessant chasing of birds, which can only result in driving them off their feeding-grounds and out of the Sound. We know this will be done this year, as it has every year since the naphthas started in. According to my ideas, the State should provide the game protector with a fast launch, and keep one man to patrol the Sound during the ducking season.

There was but one arrest and conviction last year that came to my knowledge, but on every good day there were from one to three launches chasing birds off this place. It is practically impossible to ascertain the names of the boats violating the law, as the owners generally take care to cover them up with a board or strip of canvas. This is itself, as I understand it, an additional violation.

We would have very fair shooting here if only legitimate methods were practiced, and it seems a shame to have it ruined by the selfish practices of a few law-breaking boat owners. I can suggest no other remedy save the one above mentioned. Possibly some of your numerous leaders can devise others.

A. S. DOANE, Lattingtown, L. I.

Editor RECREATION :

Did you ever have winter in the summer time ? We have had a two-days' snow-storm here, and it's been quite like Christmas—has driven the game down from the high ridges so we can get at them without walking our feet off. Everybody has venison now, and some have bear steak. Billy and I are going away on a hunt if we can find our cayuses. Have been out all day hunting them. We need them in our business ; also some jerked elk or venison.

Last fall a lot of Indians came here, camped, and ran the deer out with their dogs. We have half an ounce of strychnine, and woe to the canines if they come this fall. We will fix them all right. Billy says there is no room for him and any Nez Percés in this mining district. I have a pair of pet salmon trout down here in the little creek. They are spawning now, and it's interesting to watch them. The mail carrier from here to Salmon Meadows ran into a bunch of elk Monday evening on his way over here.

Some ranches on South Fork are packing hay in here, 2 bales to a cayuse being the usual load. It sells at $50 a ton at Warrens. It should be good to eat at 2½ cents a pound, but it isn't.

MARK WEST, Wood River, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION:

I have just returned from a hunting trip in the Shoshone Mountains, and to the head waters of Wind river and Green river. We were gone 42 days. There were 4 Eastern men in the party, none of whom had ever seen any game larger than a deer. Their names and addresses are as follows: E. F. Sharp, 464 Elm street, Chicago; H. P. Barrett and W. H. Stiles, Henderson, Ky., and E. M. Morseman, Jr., Omaha, Neb. They got 5 as fine elk heads as ever came out of the mountain and 6 bear — 2 brown and 4 black. They killed 2 bear in one day and saw 5 more. We could have killed more bear, but had run out of provisions and had to come home.

There was a big bear working at one of our baits when we left. The party also killed one wild cat, one fox and one deer. We saw a great many deer, but did not try to kill them.

If any of your readers want to know anything about this country or what kind of hunting we have, tell them to write to E. F. Sharp, 464 Elm street, Chicago and he will tell them all about it. W. L. WINEGAR,
Egin, Fremont Co., Idaho.

We start on our annual hunt Oct. 24 for the Upper Peninsula. Kelsey, Beach and Uncle Cole are still of my party, with some additions. I have hunted with another party for the past 3 years in the U. P., and have had great sport, our party killing from 14 to 25 deer each season. I was instrumental in having the law changed making the open season in both peninsulas alike, viz., from Nov. 1 to 25, inclusive; making it necessary for all deer hunters to take out a license from the county clerk, and requiring a fee of $25 for non-residents of the State. This became necessary, for the reason that thousands of people from Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana flocked to Michigan every fall and slaughtered the deer. I also fixed the number for each person not to exceed 5 deer in any one season. If this law is enforced, there is no reason why deer should not be reasonably plenty for the next 25 years. C. E. FOOTE, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Jack snipe are desultory in their flight this fall. They usually come with the equinoctial storm, in the latter part of September, but save a few random shots at "holdovers," there have been no birds bagged yet. The same is true of all varieties of ducks, except green-winged teal.

There are now no "dead" RECREATIONS on the counters of the news dealers here, although purchasers still experience some difficulty in getting the magazine promptly, on the first of each month. C. B. YANDELL.

Salmon trolling is still good on the Sound, and he is a poor fisherman who cannot land at least three beauties in a morning's troll, varying from 5 to 25 pounds.

The open season for quail in Los Angeles County opened Oct. 15. I am informed by several shooters that the birds are quite numerous, one man from Santa Anna saying he thought there were more quail down his way, at least, than he had seen in years. I have seen a great many. About 6 weeks ago I was out shooting doves, in a canyon some 12 miles from Los Angeles, and saw dozens of quail, especially young ones, just beginning to fly; and on Sunday, Sep. 29, while taking a drive through Elysian Park, in this city, I counted 15 full-grown birds in one bevy. They were within 25 feet of the road, and scooted off on a run through the bushes as I drove along. How my trigger finger did itch!

E. A. BRININSTOOL, Los Angeles, Cal.

One evening recently, while our front door was open, a small owl took advantage of the opportunity to make our acquaintance. He came in with a rush, landed in a lump on my partner's head, caromed on the lamp, and wound, up in a ball, on some "Tanglefoot" fly-paper. This latter showed more affection for him than did either of the two previous objects; in fact, it did not seem to like the idea of parting with him at all.

After a little trouble, however, I, acting as attorney, managed to secure a divorce, and we now have "Horace," as we have named him, as a star boarder in our household. He really fell into good hands, for he does not have to work for a living. Our mousetrap is in commission, and provides him with three "squares" a day.

A. S. DOANE, Lattingtown, L. I.

Why don't those Indian lovers back East get the Government to buy up the deserted farms of New England and take their red pets back there, where they could enjoy their company? No one in the West would object. Those farms would make boss reservations. Then the Indians could hunt the fierce woodchuck and chipmunk that so devastate Brother Jonathan's corn patch.

A band of Nez Percés rode past here this morning. One of the bucks told me they were going over on the south fork of the Salmon River to hunt sheep and elk. This in the face of the fact that Uncle Sam recently paid them $640,000. Idaho laws say no elk, moose or sheep for us poor white trash until 1897.

M. W. MINER, Warrens, Idaho.

New Haven, Conn.

EDITOR RECREATION,

I have received the Davenport rifle which you sent me for the 10 subscriptions, and am very much pleased with it. I thank you kindly for it, and will do all I can in getting other subscribers.

H. G. PARKER.

Subscribe for RECREATION, $1 a year. You will find it a good investment.

In almost every number of RECREATION I see letters from people I know of, or descriptions of localities with which I am familiar. Thus, the tree spoken of in the September number, in Canadian notes, can be seen from my home, in Berlin. Although apparently one tree, the dark green foliage of the oak is easily discernible from the lighter green of the elm.

About nine or ten miles from Berlin, on Grand River, near Conestoga, are two large elms, some ten feet apart, that are joined by a limb about six inches in diameter. Except for the difference in size at the ends, one can scarcely tell from which tree the branch grew. There are no small limbs growing on it.
AUSTIN T. SCHANTZ,
Morton Park, Ill.

A deer came down to camp this evening and was making acquaintance with our horses. Louis took a shot at it and made a clean miss. Maybe we won't make him tired over it. This is a game country, all right. Have found an elk range 5 miles from here. We are camped on Secesh Creek, 14 miles from Warrens. Are going over on Salmon as soon as you send me that rifle. A man told me this morning that while coming up Big Creek, in the Chamberlain Basin, Tuesday, he saw 5 grizzlies. He was afoot, alone and had no gun; said he didn't want any more of that country. That's the place I'm saving for you and Bogert.
H. M. STAVER, Warrens, Idaho.

RECREATION for July contains a very good cut of old Fort Union, which stood on the right bank of the Missouri, going up stream, a short distance above the mouth of the Yellowstone. The fort was on a little flat near the cut bank of the river and near a ravine. In 1870 the stone chimneys and some ruins alone remained. The hostile Sioux haunted those "diggin's" for several years after, but I think they got as good as they sent.

I like RECREATION. It is fresh, and smacks of the mountains and prairies. I inclose a dollar for subscription.
LUTHER S. KELLY, ("Yellowstone Kelly"),
Governor's Island, N. Y.

Colonel McLaughlin, an old-time miner of Thompson's Falls, Mont., is building a 160-acre deer park after the fish-trap pattern. The fence is being constructed so the deer can easily go inside, but can't possibly get out. It is in a section where hundreds of deer winter, and Mr. McLaughlin expects to corral no small number the coming season. He will keep them for breeding purposes.

Roland Haslam, the young son of D. A. Haslam, of Winchester, Cal., recently killed an eagle measuring 4 feet 3 inches from tip to tip.

Editor RECREATION:

The coots are now arriving in good numbers, and with them have come the naphthas, exactly as I prophesied in a former letter.

On Oct. 1 and 3 launches were hunting here all day. We have killed a few birds so far, and expect to do better next week.
Glen Cove, L. I.

The Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, recently offered a tempting field for some bird-shooter, for on the register appeared the names of L. R. Forrest, Albany, N. Y.; D. Sparrow, New York City; T. J. Quail, Cloverdale, Mass., and C. A. Partridge, Chicago.

Sport is dull out here, for we have no game left. We would have good black-bass fishing were it not for the market fishermen, but they take everything in their nets, and it seems almost impossible to stop them.
HARRY SIMS, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Elk seem quite plentiful here this year. Two have been brought in this week, killed within four miles of this town. The deer are bunching and within two weeks I expect to be on their trail.
FRED BALDWIN, Steamboat Springs, Col.

Deer are seen in this vicinity very often and within 15 miles they are numerous. Grouse have not been so plentiful for years, but squirrels are scarce.
DR. A. W. WOODMAN, Plymouth, N. H.

I have spent the entire summer in the West, largely in the region of Lake McDonald, on the Great Northern railway.
DR. LYMAN B. SPERRY, Bellevue, O.

Have just returned from my hunting trip in the Adirondacks. We had a fine time and I got my two deer, all the law allows.
H. M. NORTON, Corry, Pa.

Times are very hard here at present. I do not think there are three firms in town that are making expenses.
J. E. H., Eddy, New Mexico.

Dr. Noll and wife, of New York, arrived here yesterday and we are preparing to spend a month in the mountains.
S. N. LEEK, Marysvale, Wyo.

Was out in the woods all last week. Several moose have been shot in this locality.
A. O. PRITCHARD, New Glasgow, N. S.

Customer (at the butcher shop)—Can't you wait on me? I've been here nearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please.

Butcher—Sorry, but there's three or four ahead of you. You don't want your liver out of order, do you?
—*New York Herald.*

EDITOR'S CORNER.

The American News Company's order for September RECREATION *was 5,200 copies, for October 6,000, and for November 6,500, an increase of 1,300 in 60 days. The company buys 800 to 1,000 a month on supplementary orders, in addition to those taken on standing order. Ask them whether this is so.*

New subscriptions are coming at the rate of 500 to 800 a month.

The edition for September was 12,000 copies; for October, 14,000, and for this number it is 15,000.

My subscription books are open to examination at all times. If any advertiser will select 100 names from the books, at random, and write the men, asking them whether they are subscribers to RECREATION, *I will pay for stenographers' services and postage, both ways. If he will select the names of 10 men and telegraph them, I will pay telegraph tolls, both ways. Is not this fair?*

DECEMBER RECREATION wil contain a decided novelty in the way of a hunting story. It details the fortunes and misfortunes of a party of women, who went shooting, in Florida. The author, Julia C. Welles, clothes her narrative in keen satire, rich humor and ready wit.

Other leading features of the December number are, "A Youthful Guide and a Prize Big Horn," by Hon. N. I. Hibbs; "Socialism among Bees," Dr. Jas. Weir, Jr.; "A Tempestuous Cruise," Commodore Chas. Pryer, of the Corinthian Yacht Club; "A Wild Goose Chase," E. A. McKenzie; "A California Bass," C. F. Holder; the continuation of "Guatemotzin," etc.

Seven of these stories will be handsomely illustrated. Mr. S. N. McAdoo's poem "Hans, the Wolf Hunter," was unavoidably held over from the November number, and will be printed in December with a series of spirited drawings by A. S. Knapp. All the departments will be fully up to the standard.

Haverhill, Mass., is one of the many towns in which RECREATION has large subscription lists. Mr. John H. Steele, of that place, sent me in a club of 10 subscribers in June last. A few days later Mr. S. H. Steele sent one of 35. This was followed, in less than two weeks, by a club of 10, sent by Mr. Frank L. Higgins, and on the following day I received another club of 18, through the kindness of Mr. C. B. Wright. Many other towns, no larger, have done equally well.

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS, one of RECREATION'S brightest and most valued contributors, has in the October number of *Household News*, a deeply interesting article on "How Uncle Sam's Regulars Live." The story takes the form of a letter written by a young girl who is visiting at a Western army post, to a friend in the East. I have many dear friends in the army, have spent many happy days at various posts, and this chatty letter revives delightful memories of them all.

Mrs. Brooks is the wife of Lieut. E. C. Brooks, who is now on detail as military instructor of Girard College, Philadelphia.

ALL good-hearted, generous people are now considering the important question, "What shall I give my friends for Christmas presents ?" If you have any friends who love the rifle, the gun, the rod, the wheel, the woods, the mountains. the waters, the prairies, the birds, the flowers—or anything else that grows out of doors—send each of them RECREATION for a year. There is absolutely nothing that can give such a man, such a woman, such a boy or such a girl so much pleasure as this would. Make a memo. of it.

A Chicago paper says that the Krag-Jorgensen rifle, which cost the War Department over $300,000 for its adoption, is daily proving itself a failure, and the chances for its condemnation are steadily on the increase as its qualities are called into ordinary military use. This charge reflects seriously on the judgment of the ordnance board that tested the rifle, at great expense, and recommended its adoption.

THE suggestion made in October RECREATION, that a great sportsmen's association should be organized, and a club house provided for sportsmen, has awakened a great deal of interest and has brought out numerous suggestions. Will not the management of the Sportsmen's Exposition call a general meeting of all interested, at once, for the purpose of formulating plans for such a work ?

Mr. O. D. Wheeler, of the Northern Pacific railway, writes from Missoula, Mont., that he has just made a delightful two weeks' trip through the Yellowstone Park on horseback. He is now off for another two weeks in the Bitter Root range.

YOU are cordially invited to call on RECREATION at its new offices, 19 West 24th street, where you will be warmly welcomed and where you will find an ideal hunter's den

BICYCLING.

1795.

A drowsy drone,
  A garden sweet,
And, all alone,
  In kirtle neat,
So deft and prim
  To guide the reel,
With sunshine in her dovelike eyes,
The maid Priscilla daily plies
  Her wheel.

1895.

A noisy street,
  Or lane, or park,
Where cyclists meet
  By day or dark ;
In bloomers clad
  From head to heel,
And resolution in her eyes,
The modern maiden deftly plies
  Her wheel.

MONROE H. ROSENFELD, in *N. Y. Sun.*

Miss Ella Jones, one of the well-known wheelwomen of Trenton, N. J., is the heroine of the day. She was riding her bicycle in the vicinity of the State Prison one night, when she saw Thomas Patterson grab Mamie Malloy, a 12-year-old girl, and drag her toward a dark alleyway. He prevented her from screaming by placing his hand over her mouth.

Miss Jones dismounted, went to the girl's rescue, and demanded her release. Patterson slunk away. Miss Jones then remounted her wheel and made a run to the next corner, where she secured a policeman.

She then went after Patterson, overtook him and engaged him in conversation until the policeman arrived, when he was taken into custody. On the evidence of Miss Jones he was sent to the workhouse for 90 days.

William Decardy rode two miles at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 14, in 3:52 2-5. The previous record of 3:54 4-5 was held by Johnson, made on the same track.

A tandem, manned by E. E. Anderson and Herman Van Herrick, paced Decardy the entire distance. They broke the world's mile tandem record, 1:51, established a two-mile record of 3:52 2-5; three miles 6:01; four miles, 8:09, and five miles, 10:28.

Arthur Gardiner broke the world's five-mile record, making it in 9:58 2-5.

A party of New York stock brokers made a wheeling tour from Port Jervis, N. Y., to Delaware Water Gap on Oct 13. Frederick F. Ames, of No. 18 Wall street, engineered the scheme. Among others who made the journey were Charles Macey, Ed. Jewett, J. F. Andrews, J. A. Blair, H. S. Sternburger, Edward W. Gould, H. G. Weild, H. Benedict, J. J. Manning, Ed. Snow and L. Daniels.

The captain of the Knickerbocker Cycle Club, of Chicago, Mrs. J. W. Roth, has been a rider only since last April. A few weeks ago she made a century over the Waukegan course, in 7 hours 54 minutes. Her birthday occurs on July 4, which, she says, makes her a purely national, as well as rational, woman.

Williamson, of Niagara Falls, broke the 25-mile record in the road race at Rochester, Oct. 5, covering the distance in 1h. 6m. 32s., which is 1m. 13s. better than was ever made. J. Dukelow, of the Rochester Athletic Club, a handicap man, took first place, his riding time being 1h. 10m. 18½s

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The newly-ected officers of the Monarch Wheelmen are: President, F. Wagner; vice-president, E. Onderdonck; secretary, J. Cochran; treasurer, F. Rowland; captain, J. Demorest; first lieutenant, A. Alden; second lieutenant, S. Lord; sergeant-at-arms, C. J. Lewis.

In a private trial at Waltham, Mass., Oct. 5, Sanger broke the records for the ⅓ and ½ mile, paced, setting the figures at 33s. and 50 4-5s., respectively. He was paced by a quad composed of class B men.

Harry Clarke, a Denver class A rider, rode 2 miles, unpaced, in 4:30 4-5 Oct. 4, beating the class A record 20s. Clarke's record is official, as a sanction had been granted for the trial.

Sally Swimptops—Paw, why won't yer let me buy one o' them bikes ?

Paw—Wot's the use er me a-growin' oats an' hay, an' then a-lettin' you help run hosses outer biz ?

At the riding academy :—

Teacher—Have you ever been on a bicycle?

Pupil—No; but I took a new baby carriage home the other night on a cable car.

Teacher—Say, I'd like to engage you as an assistant here before we go any further !—*Chicago Record.*

The movement to organize an association of military wheelmen is popular, and a strong body in this interest is sure to result.

Eddie Bald carried off the honors in the races at Lincoln, Neb., Oct. 14, with C. M. Murphy a close second

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Improve the gaudy, shining hours,
  Oh, silly, busy bee ;
A spin upon a moonlight night
  Is just the size for me.

A reader of RECREATION inquired whether hay-fever prevailed in South Dakota, whether an eastern man could not escape it by going there, and at the same time have some fun shooting chickens. I made some inquiries among my South Dakota subscribers and quote from their letters as follows:

Dr. E. J. Miller. Marion Junction, says:

I know all about the chicken shooting here, and it may be supposed I should about hay-fever, but I have never seen that kind of game here but once; so I concluded to go hay-fever hunting before answering your letter, which I have done. My search has extended to all parts of the State. My correspondents have all reported. They say they have seen but few cases of hay-fever in the State; that the patients seemed to enjoy the surroundings and the climate, and that after a while they went back fat and happy. As all know, that kind of game abounds where there is lots of pollen floating in the air; yet, while we are but 1452 feet above the sea, we find very few of the 13 plants which grow in hay-fever countries, owing to the dryness of the air here. If I were East, had hay-fever, and were the owner of a good American-made gun, and two or three good dogs, I would pack my grip, have my wife pack hers, buy her a gun, and we would come to South Dakota, and hunt chickens. True, chickens have not been as plenty this year as in the past, but it has been very dry; yet there are chickens here, good country to hunt, and people who try to make it pleasant for all comers. Taking the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway out of Chicago will bring them into the best part of the State and the best chicken country.

Dr. O. O. Sawyer, Dell Rapids, S. D., writes:

Our location does not offer immunity from hay-fever, as we have a few cases which have developed here. Asthma seems to be benefited by our high and dry atmosphere, as I have had a number of those cases which have come from the Middle and Eastern States, and all show great improvement both in the duration and severity of the asthmatic attacks. But they came to stay on account of their affliction. As to the kindred disease, hay-fever, I have had very little experience with patients who have come out here during the two months in which they usually suffer at home; so cannot speak with any surety that they might find relief. Our conditions are such that I should not expect any great improvement, as the months of August and September are usually dry and windy, with the pollen of weeds and grasses ripened to the extent of being more irritating than they would be perhaps in a damper climate. Our chicken shooting for the last 3 years has been what we call very poor, on account of laxity in enforcing the law, both as to shooting out of season, and as to trapping the birds during the winter. We are looking up the game laws and expect at the next session of the legislature to pass a more stringent one with a provision for game wardens, so there will be some one in every community who will make it his business to enforce the laws. When we do that there is no reason why our prairies should not again be the best hunting grounds in the northwest. I enjoy your magazine very much, and wish it came oftener.

Dr. W. O. Robinson, Parker, S. D., says:

I used to be subject to hay-fever in New York and came West partly to escape it. For the first five years I found perfect immunity, but I have worn out the climate and am now subject to the disease every year. Probably a new-comer would find relief.

Our chicken shooting, I regret to say, has been ruined through trapping for shipment, in winter. Thousands of the birds were shipped during the winter of '93-'94, and the effects are too sadly apparent now and will be for years to come.

If other physicians can give information as to where hay fever patients can go to escape the dreaded disease and at the same time have good shooting or fishing, I should be glad to hear from them, for there are thousands of people in the East who annually suffer from this malady.

TWO HUNDRED MILES UNDER GROUND.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has just issued an interesting little brochure of Mammoth Cave, handsomely printed and illustrated. The text is by Dr. R. Ellsworth Call, a gentleman of scientific attainments, and the illustrations are reproductions of photographs taken by flash light. Ten cents in stamps or silver, sent to Emory Johnson, Gen'l Advertising Agent, Louisville, Ky., will secure a copy. Mention RECREATION.

FOR SALE: A large Water Spaniel, four years old; splendid retriever on land or water; quiet, gentle disposition; good watch dog. Will sell for $10 if taken at once.

JOHN SALLMAN, Box 17, Shelby, Iowa.

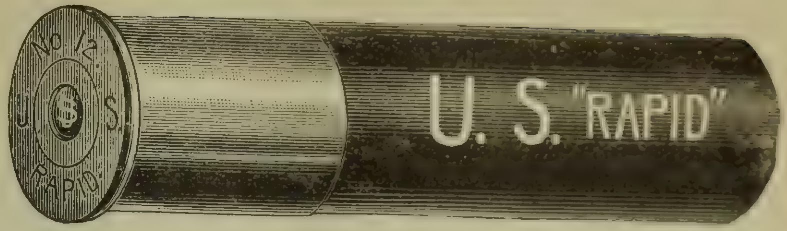
WANTED: The address of someone who can supply wild turkeys or their eggs for breeding purposes.

C. L. F., care RECREATION.

A carrier pigeon was killed at Glen Cove, L. I., a few days ago. Its ring was numbered 18,913.

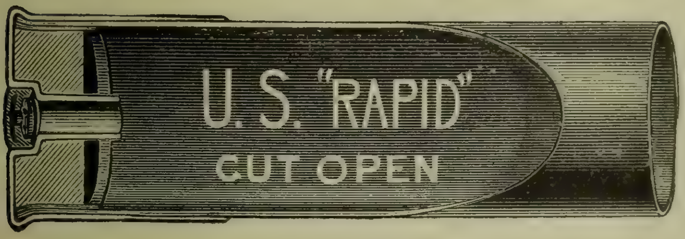
It will pay you to travel on the 4 P. M. Limited to Boston via Boston & Albany. New and elegant vestibuled cars throughout.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR
**Nitro
Powders.**

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

AGENTS
U. T. HUNGERFORD,
29 Chambers Street, N. Y. City.
CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE picture on the front cover of this issue of RECREATION, is from a photo by Mr. Homer Anderson, of Peekskill, N. Y. Regarding the picture, Mr. Anderson writes:

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

At the risk of coaling Newcastle I inclose you a suggestion for a cover picture, as I observe you have a new one each month. My photographing is the chief of my snatched recreations, and a random shot from my bay window gave the result I send you.

The view is from a location above the manufacturing part of Peekskill, showing a bit of the Hudson river, at a point where the Armsville creek empties into it. This creek was mistaken for the head of navigation of the Hudson by the early explorer, Jans Peek, who made his winter quarters there, giving to the stream the name of *Peeks kill*, whence Peekskill. The mouth of the Armsville creek is crossed by the Hudson River Railroad. The rocky promontory on the right is just to the north of Peekskill. A fairly preserved old revolutionary redoubt is on this hill. The next elevation, about the same height as the rocky one, and on the opposite side of the creek, is the site of the State militia camp. The mountain beyond is Kittany, and hides the famous St. Anthony's Nose, which lies just beyond. The large tree on the left hides Roa Hook, the camp landing place. The Hook is a gravel bank (or its remains), from which most of the material has been taken for the making of paths and roadways in New York's Central Park. Fort Independence stood on the top of the bank during the revolution.

The office building in the centre of the view flies the weather signals, and in the picture displays the white flag—fairweather, a proper prediction for RECREATION.

Last, but by no means least in the combination, are the objects in the foreground. A genuine young American displays his russets and reads our RECREATION, as plainly to be seen by the picture on one of the pages of his book, while another is on a chair within arm's reach. Imagination helps to a realization of the height of his enjoyment—himself recreating while enjoying the recreations of others, either of which privileges is more than falls to the lot of many a wearied body and brain.

You may not care for my picture, but I am sure you cannot crowd more of interest in the same space than is given in the snapshot from my bay window.

HOMER ANDERSON.

UNIONTOWN, PA.

Editor RECREATION:

In reply to Mr. Chas. H. Worcester's inquiry in last month's RECREATION, I will venture to give some of my experiences with cameras in camp.

I have used 6½x8½, 5x8, and 4x5, both films and dry plates, and have obtained good results with all. But above all I prefer my 4x5 Premier hand camera, with Seed's dry plates. It is simple and compact, being 6½x7x12 inches, and carries five double plate-holders, thus allowing the operator to make 10 exposures without reloading his holder, which can easily be done at night inside of a tent or wagon. I always kept my holders filled up. If I made but one exposure during the day I took that one out at night and replaced it with a fresh plate.

In my opinion the Premier, or the Premo, made by the Rochester Optical Company, are second to none for the hunter's and camper's use. They will stand all manner of ordinary abuse which a camera in camp is bound to go through. One can always feel sure his instrument is ready for a shot at any time. There are no film rolls to refuse to act after a day's drive over rough mountain roads.

I have had my 4x5 in use for 5 years, have hauled it many miles over rough roads, and in one wagon trip, last October and November, I hauled it 284 miles jumbled up among tents, tent-poles, etc. That kind of usage had no effect on the working qualities of the camera, but always found her my ready and obedient servant.

Other cameras I have used would not stand so much of this, and I have often been disappointed when I most wanted to use them. I will send our inquiring brother "Nimrod" a sample photo, if desired.

L. M.

When not in use your lens should be protected from dust and put away in a lined case or bag of chamois skin. In cleaning, great care should be taken not to scratch it, and only fine, soft linen, or chamois skin, should be used.

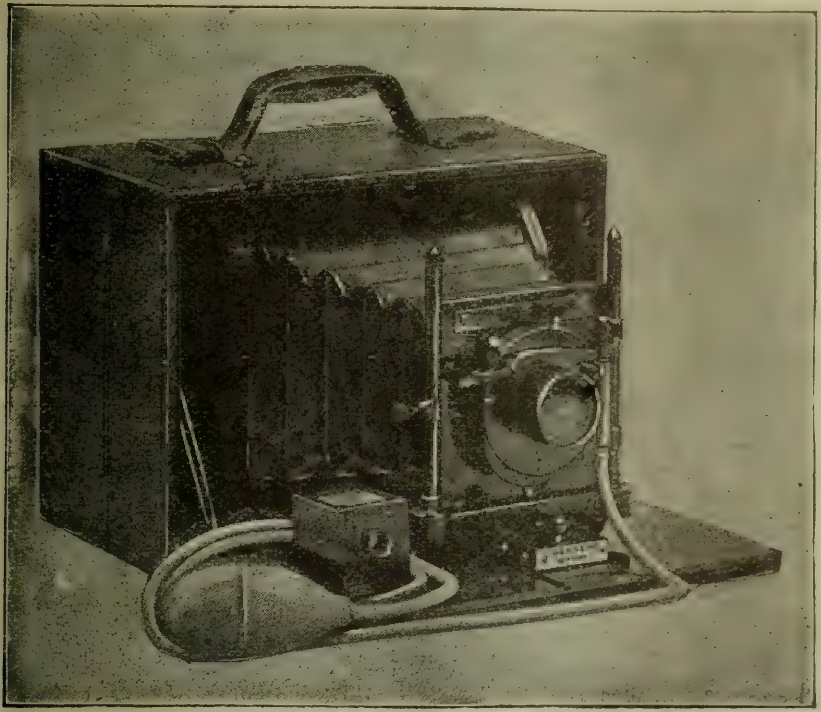
The more you study photography, the more certain you become that you still have much to learn. Every photographer, whether amateur or professional, must continue to study or be left behind.

The best way to preserve the lens from injury is to have a little bag, made of soft wash leather, padded with cotton wool, in which to keep it. An extra cap, fitting over the rear combination, is also advisable.

Amateur photographers who have pictures suitable for RECREATION'S front cover are invited to submit proofs.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter.

For Pictures	4 x 5.	$25.00
" "	5 x 7.	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½.	50.00
" "	8 x 10.	75.00

Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms the largest and handsomest in the world and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

G. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.

HUMANITY

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Published at 254 West 23d Street,

NEW YORK.

Price, $1.00 a Year. Ten Cents a Copy.

Editor, ELLA M. JENNINGS, M.D.

Devoted to health and home interests men and women; deals with current topics of the day; is bright, sparkling and healthful. Fine illustrations. Now in its 4th year. Circulation, 10,000.

Best organ for reliable medical advertisers.

Mrs. E. AMY'S

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GENERAL OFFICE:

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ELECTRICITY'S GREAT TRIUMPH.

Marvellous success in restoring the youthful contour of the face and neck.

Wrinkles, blemishes, pittings and all skin imperfections permanently removed by one treatment.

To make Ourselves Beautiful is a Duty, not Vanity.

CONSULTATION FREE.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Daimler Motor Company, Long Island City, N. Y., builds a yacht that is the wonder of all who see it. It has no smokestack and no need of one. It is almost noiseless and there is scarcely any vibration from the working of the engines.

I had the pleasure of a cruise, up the Sound, the other day, with Mr. Louis Von Bermuth, treasurer and general manager of the Daimler Co., on his private yacht, the "Gemini," and it was curious to see the people on the various craft we met stare at the little launch and try to make out where the smoke went, or what made her go. To them there was no sign of life in her except that she sped through the water like an arrow through the air. She passed and surpassed everything going our way, and I think would even have left the "Vamoose" behind if we had encountered her.

Mr. Von Bermuth is to be congratulated on having so elegant a little craft, yet he is turning out just as good ones, for other people, every week.

The athletic department of the Overman Wheel Company has opened a football information bureau at the warerooms, 23 Warren street. They are prepared at all times to furnish colleges, schools, athletic clubs and associations with experienced coachers, referees, umpires, and linesmen. They will answer all questions relating to football. Hugh X. Janeway, Princeton '90, will have charge of this bureau. Managers, captains, and presidents of football clubs are invited to make the bureau their headquarters. A directory will be kept giving names and addresses of all prominent football associations, and their officers and players. Club schedules and exchanges of games, guarantees, etc. will be arranged for. There will be no charge made for this service, and it is expected that the bureau will be of great advantage to football leagues. Tickets and reserved seats for all important football games will be on sale at regular prices.

New York, July 9.—Gentlemen: After using my gun three days about the salt water, duck-shooting, I cleaned it with "Three in One," put it in an ordinary canvas case, and left it in a house on an island in Great South Bay. It was not taken out, cleaned, or in any way cared for, since it was put away, until last week, when I opened the case to inspect it. I found the gun absolutely free from rust and in perfect condition, an experience which I never had before under like circumstances, although I have used almost every advertised rust preventive. I deem this test an extraordinary one, and am an enthusiastic believer in your "Three in One." Chas. E. Hill, 6 Wall st.

G. W. Cole & Co.,
111 Broadway, City.

The Overman Wheel Company, New York and Chicopee Falls, Mass., has issued a Football Guide that should be in the hands of every lover of that sport. It contains the rules of the game in full, with special articles on "Training a Football Team;" "Duties of the Captain;" "How to Construct Football Plays," "Play of the Forwards;" "The Backs," etc., by such well-known experts as J. G. Lathrop, A. A. Knipe, L. F. De Land, W. W. Heffelfinger, Philip King and others. It has a review of the season of '94, and brief descriptions of the personnel of the Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania teams. The record of college games, played in '94, is exceptionally full and complete. The book sells at 25 cents. Send for it. Mention Recreation.

It would pay every man and every woman in New York to call on J. F. Douthitt, 286 5th Ave., and see his display of tapestry paintings. They are perfect dreams of mural loveliness, and a house decorated with a few of them would equal in interior splendor Monte Christo's subterranean palace, or Del Rey's castle in the Pyrenees. Go and see them, mention Recreation, and you will be so delightfully entertained that you will want to stay all day.

October 4, 1895.

Messrs. G. W. Cole & Co.:

I gave your "3 in 1" a severe test this summer, having put it on my wheel before leaving America and using it for two months touring in Europe. My wheel came back entirely free from rust. It was uncrated on shipboard and "3 in 1" protected the nickel even there. It is the best chain-lubricant I have used.

F. S. Carr, Springfield, Mass.

To insure a pleasant trip, take the B. & A. 4 P. M. train to Boston, and see the superb new equipment just received from the Pullman Company.

If you have an old, back-number gun or pistol that you have no use for, give me a description of it and quote lowest price.

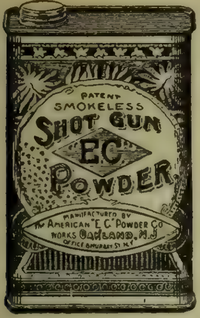
E. J. D., care Recreation.

The new cars on the 4 P. M. trains between New York and Boston, via Boston & Albany R. R. are pronounced the handsomest in New England.

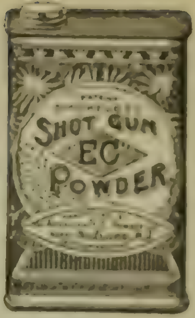
It will pay you to travel on the 4 P. M. Limited to Boston via Boston & Albany. New and elegant vestibuled cars throughout.

Fish Dealer—What do you want, Bubby?

Bubby—A man over at the hotel wants ter rent a string er fish ter have his pictur took with.



E. C.



SMOKELESS POWDER

At Jack Parker's tournament, Detroit, 1895, the following marvelous scores were made, proving the wonderful regularity of "E. C." Powder.

DIAMOND MEDAL TEAM RACE.

Upson, Redwing,	99	Wood, Parker,	98

out of 100 targets shot at.

The Handicap Championship Cup was won by a gentleman breaking 50 straight with "E. C." Powder.

For Duck Shooting "E. C." is by far the best, as it is the only smokeless powder that holds its patterns with heavy charges.

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., Limited,
OAKLAND,
For Sale by all Dealers. BERGEN COUNTY, N. J.

Orange "Extra" Powder.

PATENTED APRIL 17, 1888.

THE BEST BLACK POWDER made for general shooting with shotgun or rifle. Quick and strong, and burns with perfect combustion. **VERY LITTLE SMOKE** which is almost instantly dissipated.

Orange Lightning, Orange Ducking, Orange Special Powder.

"TROISDORF,"

Smokeless Shotgun Powder.

Less **Smoke**, less **Recoil**, less **Noise**, and less **Residuum** than any Powder in use. It will not corrode the barrel of the gun. It is not explosive except when loaded in a shell and fired by a cap.

LAFLIN & RAND POWDER CO.,

New York Office: 99 Cedar Street.

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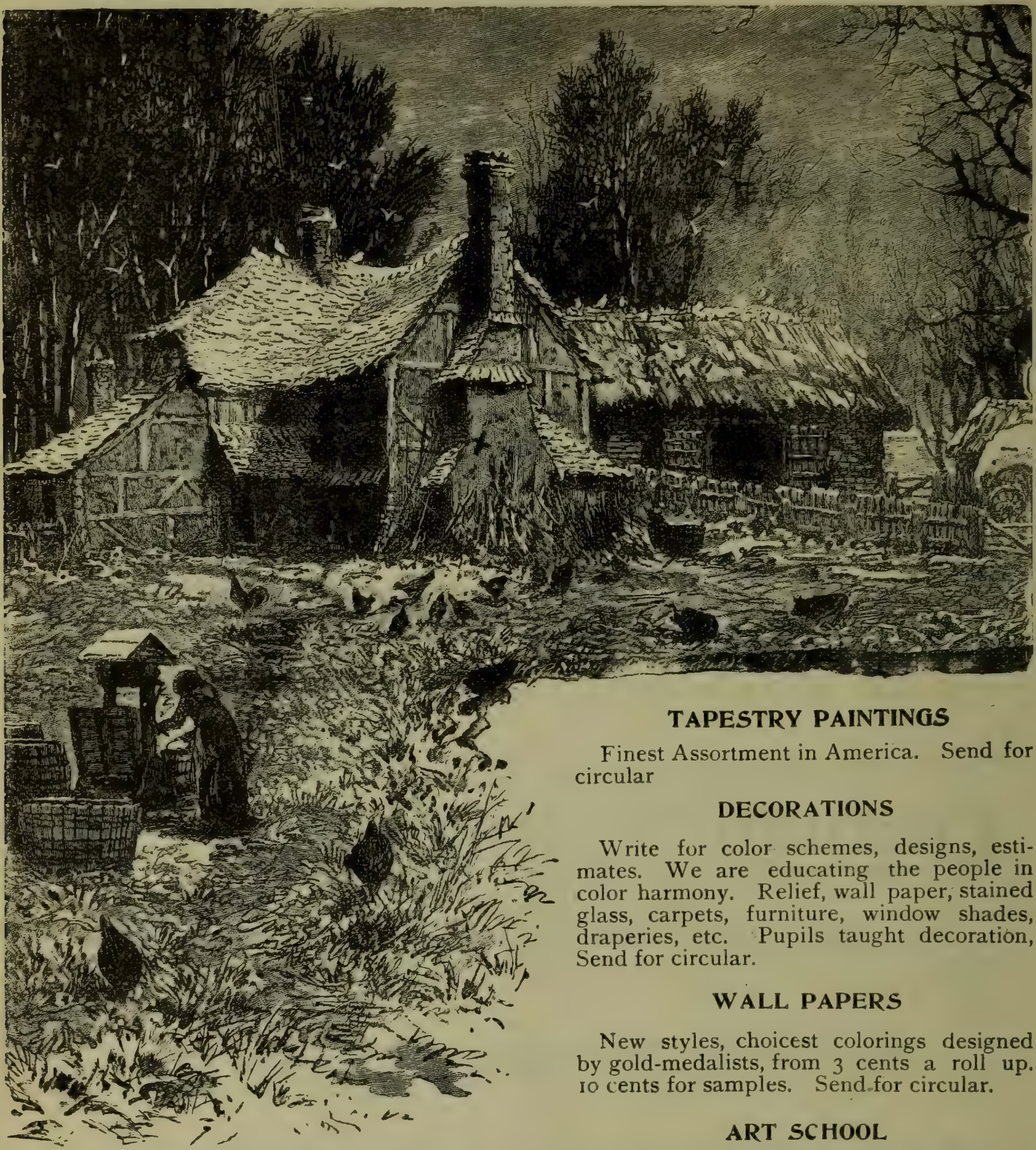
☞Send postal card for illustrated pamphlet, showing sizes of grains of Powder. **MAILED FREE.**



Tapestry Painting,
"IRISH PEASANT LIFE."

DOUTHITT'S MANUAL OF ART DECORATION

The Decorative Art Book of the Age. 200 royal quarto pages. 50 full-page original illustrations of unique interiors and tapestry studies. $2.00.

A TRIP TO THE INTERIOR WORLD

318 octavo pages. 45 original illustrations. $2.00.

TAPESTRY PAINTINGS

Finest Assortment in America. Send for circular

DECORATIONS

Write for color schemes, designs, estimates. We are educating the people in color harmony. Relief, wall paper, stained glass, carpets, furniture, window shades, draperies, etc. Pupils taught decoration, Send for circular.

WALL PAPERS

New styles, choicest colorings designed by gold-medalists, from 3 cents a roll up. 10 cents for samples. Send for circular.

ART SCHOOL

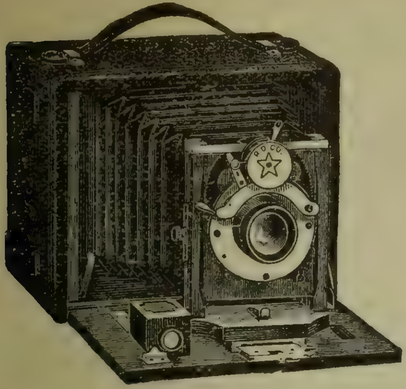
Six 3-hour tapestry-painting lessons, in studio, $5.00. Complete instruction by mail, $1.00. Full-size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils. Send for circular.

TAPESTRY MATERIALS

We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and half the price. Book of samples, 10 cents. Send for circular.

AMERICAN TAPESTRY AND DECORATIVE COMPANY,

J. F. Douthitt, 286 Fifth Ave.,
NEW YORK.



PREMO CAMERA

BEST FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

Owing to its extreme compactness, portability and ease of manipulation, the PREMO, is especially adapted for the use of all Sportsmen. Just think of a complete 4x5 Camera, measuring only 4¾x5½x6½ inches, and weighing but two pounds. The IDEAL CAMERA for Tourists, Bicyclists, Canoeists, Camping Parties, etc.

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PREMO PAMPHLET
Giving Full Particulars.

Rochester Optical Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE ONLY PERFECT FISHING LINE

IS THE

--Natchaug--
Braided Silk Line.

Made from the choicest stock braided 16-strand three-cord silk. They will outwear three ordinary lines. Spool perfectly when in use. Never flatten or become water soaked.

THE NATCHAUG WATERPROOF BAIT AND FLY LINES

Will float on the water. The finish cannot be broken. Those who have used them will have no others. Send four cents for samples and prices and pamphlet containing our awards of prizes for last season. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS. Manufactured by

THE NATCHAUG SILK CO., Willimantic, Conn.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 213-215 FIFTH AVENUE.

GAME NOTES.

SHOOTING PICTURES.

A Wyoming cowboy, who had been examining some illustrations made by several prominent artists wrote to a friend in the East :

" If you want horses and cattle, get Remington ; but if you want people and trees get Frost."

He might have added several other things in which Frost excels. For instance, birds, and dogs, and duck marshes, and corn fields, and wheat fields, and autumn skies, and shooting scenes in general. That A. B. Frost is the master of all these is shown in his series of " Shooting Pictures," now being issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Mr. Frost has been at work on this series for several years and the end is not yet. I asked him some time ago to make some drawings for RECREATION, but he said :

"I couldn't possibly do it in less than a year and a half, for I have all I can do, in that time, to finish my set of shooting pictures ; and I must finish those before undertaking anything else."

The list of subjects includes the following :

Rail Shooting,
Fall Woodcock,
English Snipe,
Bay Snipe,
Rabbits,
Summer Woodcock,
Prairie Chickens,
Quail Shooting,
Ducks from a Blind,
Ruffed Grouse,
Ducks from a Battery, Quail—A Dead Stand.

Each plate is mounted on heavy cardboard, 19x26 inches, so that it may be framed at once if desired.

They are painted in water colors, and have been reproduced with such care and faithfulness that you can almost hear the whistle of the birds' wings ; the rattle of the dry reeds, as the dogs wade through them ; the ripple of the water on the boat's sides, as the autumn breeze stirs it up, and the " tick," " tack," of the prairie chickens' wings, on the cornstalks, as they break from cover and dart away to the open prairie. No artist was ever more happy in the choice of a series of themes than Frost has been in this instance. The great variety of subjects, the varying moods of forest, field, marsh and water ; the quaint old guides; the many types of shooters' dress ; the different breeds and strains of dogs ; the many species of game birds portrayed, have given him scope for the exercise of all his genius in drawing and coloring. And he has not failed in a single instance. Every figure, every sky, every tree, every leaf, every weed, every bird, every feather is simply perfect.

As showing the infinite care with which Frost works, it is said that he spent a whole month drawing in and coloring the sky, in one picture, and then threw it away and began anew. He never slights his work, even in the smallest detail. These shooting pictures are simply beyond criticism.

Mr. C. D. Lanier writes the accompanying text which is also illustrated by Mr. Frost with a series of delightful pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. Lanier and Mr. Frost are both enthusiastic sportsmen. They are students and lovers of nature and no better combination could have been made for the production of such a work as this.

It is published in six parts, each with two plates and accompanying text. The price of each part is $2.50—of the set $15.00.

It has long been a mystery to me that so many sportsmen—especially wealthy sportsmen—should give so little attention to the collection of the higher art and literature of the chase. I have met many such who had never seen or heard of Bradlee Whidden's "Sport;" of the Century Company's "Sport with Rod and Gun," or of several other fine works on field sports. This new series, being put out by Scribner's Sons, is one of the richest treats of all and I trust will have such a sale as it deserves. Every reader of RECREATION should write them at once for a descriptive circular and tell them where he saw the work described. Then he should buy a set of it. If so, he will be proud of it ever after.

Editor RECREATION:

Once, while a companion and I were riding along a wagon road, in Big Horn basin, east of here, I happened to see the track of a large grizzly, at the side of the road, and, from the appearance of the track, he seemed to have been running, having dug his long claws deep in the ground ; so we got off to investigate. Tracking him a short distance, we found where there had been a fierce struggle and something had been dragged away. We trailed it a good mile till we reached the foot of a mountain, where we found a full-grown cow dead and partially eaten. Her head was crushed as if by a blow. Old Ephraim had caught the cow out on the open ground ; had killed and dragged her a mile, had eaten what he wanted, and was probably watching the carcass from somewhere on the mountain side above.

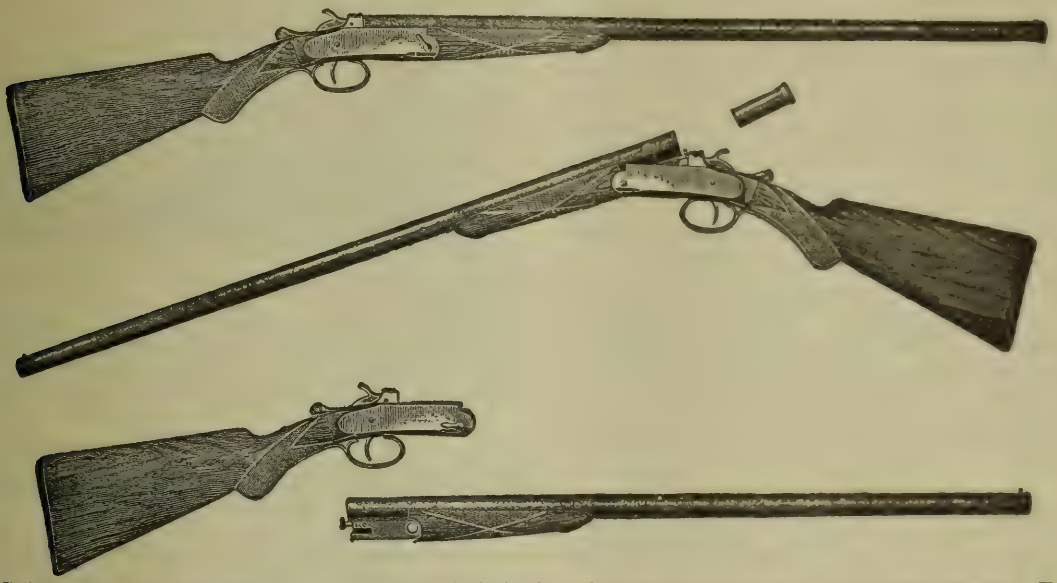
S. N. LEEK, Marysvale, Wyo.

Hon. B. F. Caldwell and his son John H., of Chatham; A. L. Ide, of Springfield, and A. B. Watts, of Farmingdale, Ill., recently returned from a hunting trip in Wyoming. They killed elk, deer, antelope, grouse and ducks, and caught all the trout they wanted.

Quail and ducks bid fair to be plenty this fall in northwestern Nebraska.

A. N. SHEFFNER, M. D.

Walsrode is one of the best smokeless powders in the market. Be sure your shells are loaded with it—then you will return well laden with game.



THE "DAVENPORT" SINGLE GUN.

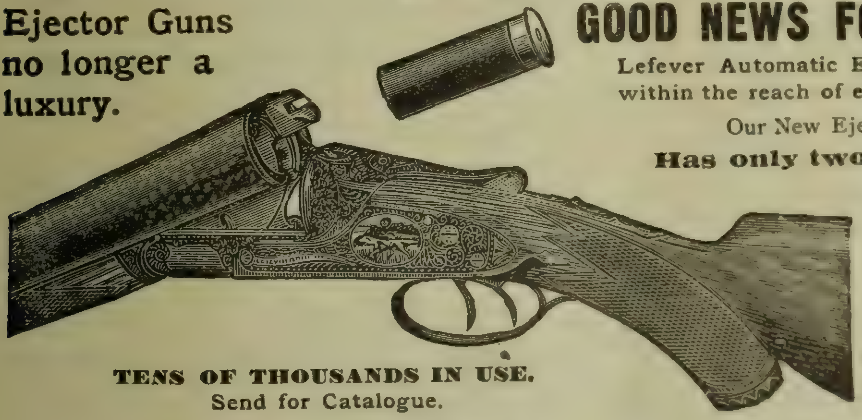
MODEL '94. EJECTOR.

HAS detachable barrel, with heavy lug securely bolted, and having extra strong screw key fastening. Frame either nickel-plated or casehardened, top snap action, rebounding lock, automatic ejector positive in action and perfectly reliable, drop forged steel parts, extra heavy fine steel barrels, 30 inch, carefully choke bored, finely checkered pistol grip stock, rubber butt plate and fancy checkered fore-end. Thoroughly high grade in finish and detail. Furnished in 12, 16 and 20 gauge. Weight, 5¾ to 6½ lbs.

This and other standard shot guns and rifles, made by

THE W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO.,

Send for Catalogue. NORWICH, CONN.



Ejector Guns no longer a luxury.

GOOD NEWS FOR SPORTSMEN.

Lefever Automatic Ejector Guns at a price within the reach of every sportsman.

Our New Ejector Movement

Has only two pieces: One in the Hammer, One in the Frame.

We have decided to meet the demand for *medium* price Ejectors, and are now prepared to accept orders for all grades of our hammerless guns fitted with Ejectors.

TENS OF THOUSANDS IN USE.
Send for Catalogue.

LEFEVER ARMS CO., - - Syracuse, N. Y.

[Mention RECREATION.]

Date,.................... 1895.

G. O. SHIELDS,

Editor and Manager of RECREATION, 19 West 24th St., New York:
Herewith find One Dollar, for which please send me RECREATION for one year beginning with.. number.

Name,..........

....

Remit by P. O. or Express Money Order, or New York Draft.

DETACH THIS, FILL OUT AND SEND IN

SOME BIG FISH STORIES.

We reached this camp Friday and found the creek alive with large salmon trout that we could not induce to take a bait of any kind, live or artificial. After various attempts, all unsuccessful, we lit our pipes and had a war talk. Then we armed ourselves with good long poles, went down to the creek, thrashed the stuffing out of the fish, and actually drove a lot of them out and up to our tent, where we coralled and killed them. There is no doubt that this is a good fishing camp when a fellow can drive up a herd of salmon trout and corral them in the tent. They weigh from 2 to 25 pounds each.

Witness our hands and seals, this 27th day of August, 1895.

M. W. MINER, W. A. HOUSTON ("Saw-Tooth Billy"), LOUIS YOUNGMARK, Warrens, Idaho.

Following is a list of a few large trout caught in Gunnison river, Colo., during the past season:

			Weight in lbs.
E. P. Shove, Mayor of Gunnison,		Fly	10½
Dr. F. D. Sanford, Gunnison,		“	8
B. W. Lewis,	“	“	7
J. D. Parsons,	“	“	7½
John McCormic,	“	“	7½
W. C. Skinner,	“	“	7
Tom Harper,	“	minnow,	10½
T. J. Thompson,	“	“	7
M. P. Getchell,	“	“	6
J. M. McDougal,		minnow	10
E. R. Chew, Pueblo, Colo.		Fly	6½
Rev. Wm. Wirt King, St. Louis, Mo.		“	7
J. B. Clements,	“	“	7½
D. D. Seerie, Denver, Colo.,		“	6
Robert Findlay,	“	“	5
H. M. Bostwick,	“	“	8
R. C. Hawley, Pueblo, Colo.,		“	5
E. T. Bailey, Hartford, Conn.,		“	7
J. H. Brayton, Chicago, Ills.,		“	5
Miss Emma Rees, Lexington, Ky.		“	5
O. F. Jaynes, Omaha, Neb.,		“	*14

*But it got away.

The fishing we have tried here is fairly good—bass, pickerel, and perch—but, like the game, fish are scarce.

MARGARET GRAY BROOKS, East Brewster, Mass.

REGISTERED. 3 IN 1 TRADE MARK.

"THREE IN ONE"

D N Pa., 9,10-95.

G. W. Cole & Co.,

GENTLEMEN: I have used many kinds of gun oil, but find yours ahead of all. Can recommend it to all for lubricating and rust preventive, knowing it to be all that is claimed for it. I have shot at trap all day in a pouring rain with a bright, polished gun and cleaned at night with "3 in 1," and never rusts; I endorse it as a long felt want if only tried. Yours truly,

IRVIN HOUPT.

Send 10c. in stamps for sample. Manufactured by

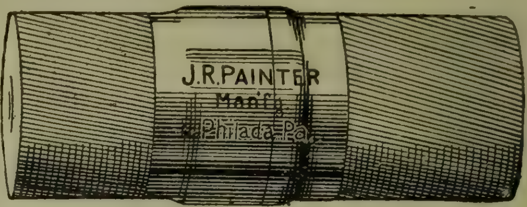
G. W. COLE & CO., 111 B'Way, New York.

Ask your dealer for it.

DRY MATCHES!

IN THE

Perfection Water-Proof Matchbox.



Indispensable to sportsmen who hunt, fish, trap, camp or sail.

Size, 2¾ inches long, ⅞ inches diameter, beautifully nickel-plated. Price $1,postage prepaid. Order at once.

You can fill this box with matches, lay it in water over night, and the next morning they will light as if they had been kept in a powder magazine.

J. R. PAINTER,

Manufacturer and Importer of Musical Boxes, Etc.

1229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The American Woman's Magazine

PUBLISHED AT

254 West 23d Street,

NEW YORK.

Price, $1.00 a Year. Ten Cents a Copy.

It is a Woman's Forum for the debate of important questions, an epitome of literature, current events and matters of interest to womankind. Illustrated.

Editor of Literary Part:

Mrs. HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON.

NOW IN ITS 10TH VOLUME.

CIRCULATION, 10,000.

Excellent Advertising Medium for Ladies and Family Trade.

They stood on the bridge at twilight,
  While the moon looked down from above;
The breeze blew soft and balmy—
  'Twas a time for sighs and love:
They silently gazed on the water,
  And thought of the things held dear;
She longed for some ice cream soda,
  He yearned for a glass of beer.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

AUTUMN HILLS.

I was up in the Catskills the other day and saw them arrayed in their gorgeous fall suits. As I feasted on the frosty air and the rich brown of the forests, I said to myself, "If the people who spent the summer up here, and went back to the city when the first cool days came only knew what they were going to miss they would have stayed here till Christmas so quick it would have made your head swim. I never care to go to the country until "the frost is on the punkin and the butter's in the shock;" till the hills are bathed in molten gold and the leaves come floating down the creek. Then my back begins to itch, my fingers get lame, and I have to get out or break something. This is why I went to the Catskills, and why I wanted to stay there all winter.

If you want to find out how a fellow feels when he escapes from Sing Sing, just go over to the West Shore office, get a ticket over that road to Kingston and over the Ulster and Delaware to, say, Stamford. You will see more sylvan loveliness in the six hours' ride than you ever saw before in six days—especially if you go this fall. If you stop at the Hamilton House in Stamford, you will get biscuits such as your mother used to bake; apple pies, such as your grandmother used to feed you on when you were a big, hungry barefooted boy; steak that will melt in your mouth; six kinds of cake and four kinds of pie three times a day; a bed that will make you dream of paradise—and all for $2 a day.

If you care to shoot you will find ruffed grouse and rabbits fairly plentiful. But best of all you will have a chance to climb the mountains, to breathe the pure air, to build up your impaired nervous and muscular organizations, and to bring home an appetite that will strike terror to the heart of your boarding house keeper.

I have had great sport this summer catching bass from the lakes in this vicinity. I have a fishing partner who is well up in his business, and who can fish as early and as late as I can. We think that if there are any bass in a lake some of them are ours. The State Fish Commission has commenced the propagation of black bass for free distribution in public waters. I have already stocked one little lake near the city and have made requisitions for bass to stock three more next spring.

C. E. Foote,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

A correspondent in the Pecos Valley, New Mexico, writes: "The farmers here have no market for even the little stuff they can raise. It costs more to raise hogs than they can get for them when ready to sell.

Don't forget to mention Recreation when answering advertisements. It's a big help to the magazine.

Do You Know?
that the
HANNAFORD
VENTILATED RUBBER BOOTS
are worn at all seasons with
Absolute Comfort.
NO SWEATING.
Ask your dealer for them,
or send for catalogue.
TRADE MARK.
AIR PASSAGE
HANNAFORD
VENTILATED
BOOT CO., 79 MILK ST., BOSTON.

JAMES E. THURSBY,
45 Broadway, N. Y.
Railway Equipment
and Supplies.
Correspondence Solicited.

The **IDEAL BOOT** and **SHOE** for STILL HUNTING are ABSOLUTELY NOISELESS.

Uppers made of the best quality heavy Horse Hide. Colors, dark gray and black, tanned and finished same as Buck or Moose Leather, soft as a glove, tough enough to stand the wear and tear of briars and brush, no exposure to repeated wettings will EVER harden. By a peculiar and new process, the upper is rendered entirely waterproof.

The experience and suggestions of very many critical and experienced Hunters combined, has resulted in the production of this, **The Ideal Hunting Shoe,** and pronounced by all who get them the Climax of Boot Making. The bottom is wide, made up of two electric soles, rubber cemented together, half an inch thick, impervious to wet, will not glaze and slip. **Electric Sole** is a new process tanned **COW HIDE**, flexible and easy as a Moccasin, as substantial as a Stoga Boot and exceedingly light in weight. And all the parts are put together in workmanlike manner, handstitched, perfect in every detail, very neat in appearance, suitable for any occupation requiring absolute comfort in tramping, or exposure of any kind The Lace Shoe is 10 inches high, eyelets and studs, bellows tongue, lined throughout with rubber cloth, porous, will not sweat. The Boot is 18 inches high, laced instep and laced at top outside to tighten to the leg. Mention if you want heels or spring heels, and if you want them Hob Nailed. Also give size leg ten inches from base of heel with other measurements and size of shoe wanted. Will send this **Ideal Lace Shoe** to any address on receipt of $7.50. The **Ideal Boot** on receipt of $10.00. If made to measure, will deliver in ten days. First class sporting goods houses are invited to send for samples and terms

M. A. SMITH,
Manufacturer of Shoe Specialties, Gymnasium and Sporting Shoes,
25 & 27 North 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa

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Artificial Glass Eyes

For Stuffed Birds and Animals.

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TAXIDERMIST,
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All specimens of natural history prepared and mounted true to nature in the best style of art and at reasonable prices.

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AND

Walpole Double Refined Chemicals.

Pioneer "Hypo" Plant in America.

Walpole Chemical Co.,

(Business Founded 1870.)

WALPOLE, MASS.

G. GENNERT, 24 EAST 13th STREET, NEW YORK.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN TRADE AGENTS.

There are but seven letters in my trisyllabic name—
Four vowels and three consonants—
And no two are the same.

My first two are in ouananiche,
My third is found in quails,
My next three are in unicorn,
My seventh is in whales.

With Recreation in your hand,
My whole, perchance, you'll see,
At all events it's plainly there
As plain as plain can be.

F. G.

[A yearly subscription to Recreation will be given the first person sending in a correct answer to this puzzle.—Editor.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE
C.F. ORVIS
MAKER OF
FINE
FISHING
TACKLE
MANCHESTER, VT.

THAT'S IT.

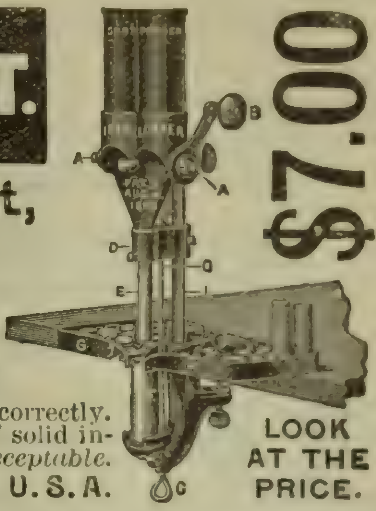
They're all talking about it, and they say it's a dandy.

THE "IDEAL"

LOADING MACHINE

Is the only one that will handle all kinds of powder correctly. **IDEAL HAND BOOK, No. 5, just out.** 80 pages of solid information on loading shells, etc. *Stamps for postage acceptable.*

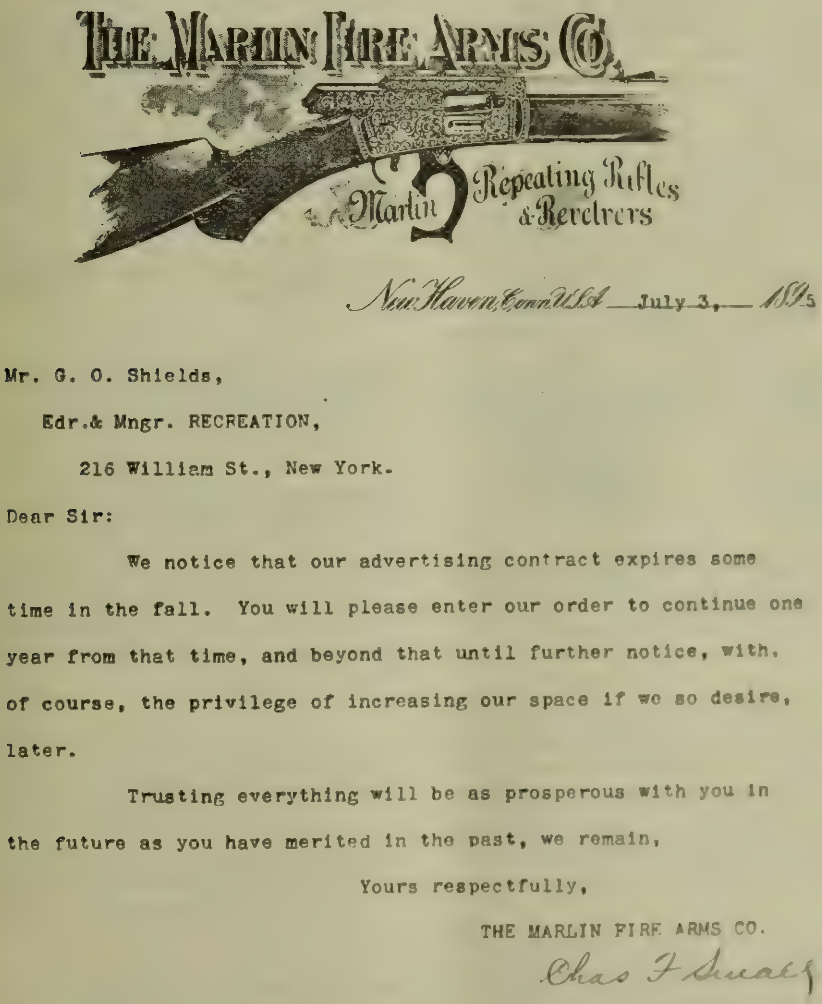
IDEAL MFG. CO., Drawer 86 New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.



$7.00

LOOK AT THE PRICE.

[Mention RECREATION.]


Repeating Rifles & Revolvers
Marlin

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

New Haven, Conn. U.S.A. July 3, 1895

Mr. G. O. Shields,
Edr.& Mngr. RECREATION,
216 William St., New York.

Dear Sir:

We notice that our advertising contract expires some time in the fall. You will please enter our order to continue one year from that time, and beyond that until further notice, with, of course, the privilege of increasing our space if we so desire, later.

Trusting everything will be as prosperous with you in the future as you have merited in the past, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO.

Chas F Sneal

If you want all the best people to read it, put it in RECREATION. G. O. S.

THE LIMITATIONS OF YOUTH.

EUGENE FIELD, in Chicago *Daily News.*

I'd like to be a cowboy an' ride a fiery hoss,
'Way out into the big an' boundless West;
I'd kill the bears an' catamounts an' wolves I come across,
An' I'd pluck the bal' head eagle from his nest!
With my pistols at my side,
I would roam the prarers wide,
An' to scalp the savage Injun in his wigwam would I ride—
If I dast; but I dasen't!

I'd like to go to Afriky an' hunt the lions there,
An' the biggest ollyfunts you ever saw!
I would track the fierce gorilla to his equatorial lair,
An' beard the cannybull that eats folks raw!
I'd chase the pizen snakes,
An' the 'pottimus that makes
His nest down at the bottom of unfathomable lakes—
If I dast; but I dasen't!

I would I were a pirut, to sail the ocean blue,
With a big black flag a-flyin' overhead;
I would scour the billowy main with my galgant pirut crew,
An' dye the sea a gouty, gory red!
With my cutlass in my hand
On the quarterdeck I'd stand,
An to deeds of heroism I'd incite my pirut band—
If I dast; but I dasen't!

An', if I dast, I'd lick my pa for the times that he's licked me!
I'd lick my brother, an' my teacher, too!
I'd lick the fellers that call round on sister after tea,
An' I'd keep on lickin' folks till I got through!
You bet! I'd run away
From my lessons to my play,
An' I'd shoo the hens, an' tease the cat, an' kiss the girls all day—
If I dast; but I dasen't!

If you have received a sample copy of RECREATION that you have not ordered, look it over carefully. It is sent by request of some friend of yours who likes it, and who wants you to know of its good qualities. Why not show your appreciation of his courtesy by subscribing for the magazine?

Hobbs—Anything new in church circles?
Bobbs—Oh, yes; our preacher has had his pulpit put on wheels, so he can take the road and keep up with his congregation.

Bound volumes of RECREATION, October, 1894, to July, 1895, $2.50.

If yer want sum darn good readin'
I'll gis tell yer wot, yer needin'
It which tells erbout ther forests an' ther fields,
Ther mountain, streames an' laicks,
An' yer hoal attenshun taicks,
Yer can git it if yer write ter G. O. Shields.

RECREATION is ther thing;
It will joy an' cumfurt bring,
With evry kind of fish an' game it deals.
If yer send er dollar an' get it
Yer never will regret it—
An' ther man ter git it frum is G. O. Shields.

His address is Nue Yorck City,
An' I think it is er pity
That evry sportsman don't git that magerzine;
It's ernuff ter read ther name,
It'll git thar all ther same,
It's ther greatist sportin' nuze I ever seen.
M. H. WRIGHT.

During the training of the militia in Campbelltown, a company was ordered out for target practice. A gamekeeper was singled out as marker. The sergeant took up the field-glass to see if all was ready, when, to his horror, he saw the marker standing in front of the target. Thinking the man insane, the sergeant hastened to the rescue and demanded the meaning of such reckless conduct, denouncing the marker as a fool. "I'm no sic a fool as you think," was the retort, "I ken the safest place weel eneuch. I've marked for your company afore."—*Dundee News.*

Greensboro, Vt., Sept. 11, 1895.
EDITOR RECREATION.

That magnificent premium book, "American Game Fishes," you so kindly sent me a few days ago came safe, and I have spent all my spare time since in reading it. It is a marvel of beauty in workmanship, as well as an authority on the subjects treated, and I don't see how you can send out such costly premiums for so few subscriptions. I shall prize the book very highly and will try harder than ever to introduce RECREATION to those who know it not.

F. C. KINNEY, M. D.

October RECREATION received yesterday. It's a "bird." Billy is right now sitting braced up against a black pine tree, and sunk 30 fathoms deep in its pages. He is entirely oblivious of the rest of the world.

HORACE WOODFORD, Lewiston, Idaho.

Dick—See my new gun, Kitty—isn't she a beauty? She will carry two miles.

Kitty—Oh, how lovely! and does she have to be loaded?

"Do you fear death?"
"No," mopping the perspiration, "not in some forms."
"What, for instance?"
"Well, say freezing."—*Chicago Record.*

SPORTSMEN'S

Camping & Fishing

TENTS.

YACHT AND CANOE SAILS.

FLAGS AND BURGEES.

Canvas Covers and Camp Furniture
of Every Description.

S. HEMMENWAY & SON,

60 South St., New York City.

Send 5-cent stamp for our Tent and Flag Catalogue.

Scovill's

New Waterbury.

Camera.

Containing (new) safety shutter, view finder, (new) focusing adjustment, three double plate holders. Leather covered. All for $15. 4x5 SIZE.

Send for complete descriptive circular to

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For Prices on the best and Most Comfortable

SLEEPING BAG

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S. HEMENWAY & SON,
60 South St., New York City.

Latest,
Best,
Quick,
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Long,
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Well,
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Simply
Made,

THE
NEW MODEL

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THE
REMINGTON,
Standard Typewriter

Therefore
Leads.

Catalogues sent by
WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
327 Broadway, New York.

THE EMPRESS PREPARATIONS
TRADE MARK

The Empress
Toilet
Preparations.

Savon Imperial, the Amy Facial Soap. 50 cts.
Can be used on the most delicate skin.

The Empress Hand-Whitener. $1.00.
A superior cream preparation for softening and whitening the skin.

The Empress Skin-Tonic. $1.00.
Stimulates, cleanses and disinfects the skin. The best antiseptic. Excellent for bath.

The Empress Skin Purifier. $1.50.
A powerful agent for cleansing the entire system. All impurities are forced out through the pores, the skin becomes clear and free from blackheads, moth patches, etc.

The Empress Bust Food. $2.00.
Has no rival. Speedily forms new tissues and makes a beautiful bust and neck.

The Empress Face Powder. 75 cents.
A delicate and perfectly smooth face powder, warranted free from injurious chemicals.

Mailed on receipt of price, and on sale at

MRS. E. AMY'S OFFICE,
36 E. 23d St., New York.

I have had a great many inquiries as to where game may be found, near New York, and in reply submit the following. Shall give other detailed information on this subject, later.

Locust Valley, L. I., 20 miles out on L. I. R. R. Good coot and old squaw shooting. Write Mr. Harry Coles. Also Lawrence, L. I., at times good duck shooting. Write C. Dawson. Pearl River, N. J., 27 miles out, on N. J. & N. Y. R. R. For squirrels and woodcock.

One of the best places for English snipe is Pine Brook, N. J. Take the Erie to Montclair and the stage to Caldwell near Pine Brook. Stop with Frank Class.

Summit, N. J., 21 miles from N. Y., on D. L. & W. R. R., is another good place for English snipe. Also good woodcock shooting and some squirrels. Write Tom Franks.

Greenfield, N. Y., is a good place for ruffed grouse, hare and woodcock. Take the O. & W. R. R. to Ellenville, 89 miles from N. Y. Write Leonard Bunting to meet you, who will drive you to Greenfield.

Good Ground, N. Y., for broadbills and shelldrakes (battery shooting). Write Chas. Lane.

At Moriches, two stations this side of Good Ground, 67 miles from N. Y., on L. I. R. R., one will find both ducks and quails. Write Hugh Smith.

At Lanoka, N. J. there is fair quail and duck shooting, and plenty of rabbits. Write M. S. Hungerford, who runs the hotel there.

For deer, foxes, and partridges, write John M. Hoffman, at Milford, Pike Co., Pa., to meet you at Port Jervis, N. Y., who will drive you to good shooting grounds.

I had a fine time in the woods. Shot my two deer, in broad daylight, with the rifle barrel of my Daly. One was running as fast as a deer's legs could carry him (you know how fast that is) straight away from me in the timber, so I felt proud of the shot. It is too bad we cannot educate all sportsmen up to the idea of still hunting, altogether, for deer. JAMES M. GRAVES, Potsdam, N. Y.

The shooting season opened in Nova Scotia September 15 with promise of fine sport, as game is abundant. A. O. Pritchard, New Glasgow, or I, will be pleased to give any information required to parties wishing to hunt moose, etc., in the province.

DON F. FRASER, New Glasgow, N. S.

Broom corn grows well here. Very little capital, say $200 to $400, would buy enough machinery for a factory that would ship a great many brooms.

—Pecos Valley, N. M., *Argus*.

If the Pecos Valley ever makes any brooms they will certainly be for shipment. The housekeepers in that wind-swept region use scoop-shovels to sweep with—especially after a sand-storm.

Editor RECREATION:

We have been in this region two weeks, and have had fine weather all the time. Have had some good grouse- and duck-shoooting, with a liberal number of geese among the lot. We had one big day at the redheads and canvasbacks.

Now that we have reached here to try the shooting, we find a carload of 45 hunters landed this A. M. What chance is there for us or the game? We brought a kodak, and should have some good pictures to turn out on our return. An old-fashioned prairie fire is raging this evening.

JAS. K. BOYD, Dawson, N. Dak.

Am just in from camp for a few hours. We are finding lots of elk and deer and considerable bear sign. Trout and grouse galore; not looking for other game. First thing I asked for was RECREATION. Now, old man, I'm going to cross swords with you over elk heads. I send you a photo, taken the day I shipped the head to H. F. Burket, of Findlay, Ohio. Ask him for measurements. He said no head at Chicago touched his.

Thanks to RECREATION, I have a good grub stake, and my guests a good time and a cheap hunt. There are some big heads left yet. If you could only come!

JAMES FULLERTON, Ten Sleep, Wyo.

Have just returned from a two weeks' camping and fishing excursion. Have had a delightful time. In September number of RECREATION I note the picture entitled "Why not Women, also?" The women of my family, the youngest of whom is two years old, always accompany me on my camping trips. All are enthusiastic campers, and war would be instantly declared were I to propose leaving them behind.

RECREATION is the cleanest, brightest, and most sparkling sportsmen's publication on the market, and I congratulate, not alone the editor, but the public, on its success.

E. J. TUCKER, M.D., New York.

Chickens and grouse are not so plentiful as heretofore, owing, we think, to the June floods, which drowned many of the young. Fish in our river are numerous and of excellent flavor, on account of the purity of the water, Tamarack River being fed by springs. We have pickerel, wall-eyed pike, etc. Wild ducks and geese are here in great abundance. The season for shooting them is open now and all winter. Deer and bear abound.

MAUDE I. HALL,
Fir, Marshall Co., Minn.

Prairie chickens are reported plentiful in the vicinity of Dawson, N. D. Ducks have also bred bountifully, and the local supply, with the morthern flight which will come later, will afford good shooting.

HUNTING on the Methow is reported to be very good this year, and bear are unusually plentiful. GUY WARING, Calumet, Mich.

WALSRODE SMOKELESS POWDER.

The tournament at Rochester on Sept 24, 25, and 26, was quite a **Walsrode** card.

In event No. 4, fifteen individual shooters made an average of 48 out of 50 with **Walsrode Powder.**

The biggest run of the day—151 straight kills—was made with **Walsrode Smokeless Shotgun Powder.**

The second longest run—129 straight kills—was also made with **Walsrode Powder.**

NONE OF THE OTHER POWDERS WERE "IN IT."

For Sale by All Dealers.

Von Lengerke & Detmold, U. S. Agents,

8 Murray St., New York City.

PHEASANTS PHEASANTS

Golden, Silver, Lady Amherst and Golden, Reeves, Swinhoe, Versicolor, and Ringneck Pheasants, in superb plumage

FOR SALE BY

JAMES MORRISON,

MR. SCHIEFFELIN'S PLACE, **Tarrytown, N.Y.**

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's journal I ever read.
D. C. LAIRD, Montgomery City, Mo.

RECREATION is more than worth the price
G. M. ALLISON & CO., Louisville, Ky

RECREATION is the king of all the sportsmen's papers.
W. W. MANN, D. D. S., New Bedford, Mass.

RECREATION is already the ideal sportsmen's magazine of America.
M. K. BARNUM, North Platte, Neb

Would not do without RECREATION at any price
ELMER BRECKENRIDGE, [illegible]

RECREATION is a beauty.
GEO. H. SWIFT, Harbor Springs, Mich.

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WE WANT ONE BOY OR GIRL

IN EACH TOWN OR VILLAGE.

If you fill out blank and mail to us, The Publishers of the THE GREAT DIVIDE will write you full particulars how to earn

20 Cents in Cash in 5 Minutes.

Sending you at the same time, free of cost, all postage paid, a complete outfit with which to start a [illegible]. All you have to do is to cut this out, sign your name and get some one to sign as reference. Always be sure to address your letters to THE GREAT DIVIDE, 319 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO.

NAME...AGE....

ADDRESS..

STATE...

Reference...

NOTE.—Have your father, uncle, aunt or friend sign as reference.

OUR AD.

⁂

WHITE & SPATE,

MANUFACTURERS OF

CARPETS AND RUGS.

By buying direct from the Manufacturers you save Two Profits which you would pay other retailers.

TRY AND SEE.

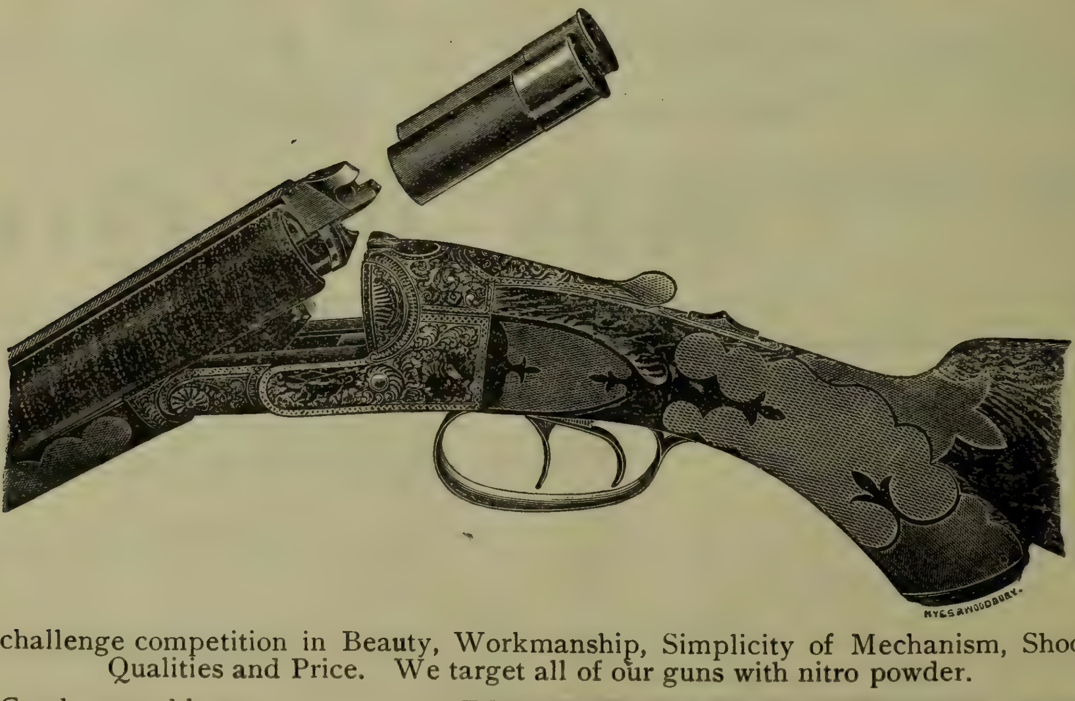
31-33 WEST TWENTY-THIRD ST.,

NEW YORK.

FORESHAND ARMS CO.'S

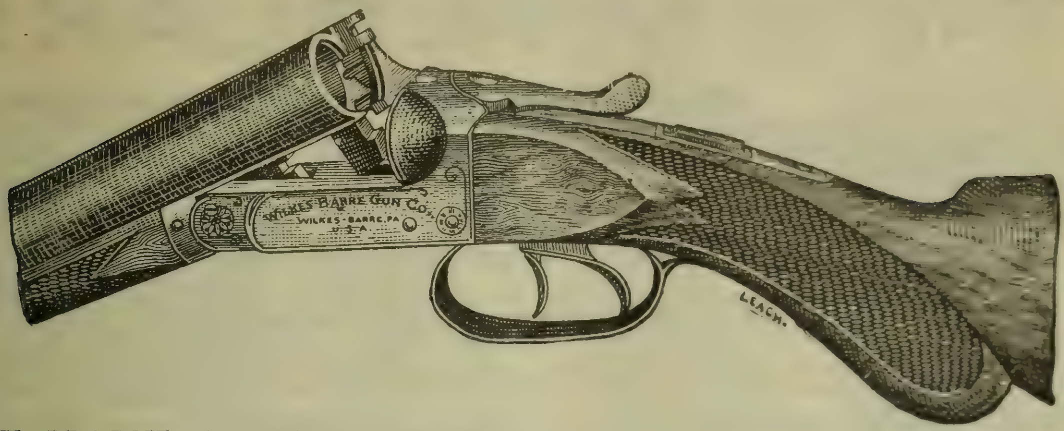
LATEST MODEL

Ejector and Non-Ejector Hammerless Double Gun.



We challenge competition in Beauty, Workmanship, Simplicity of Mechanism, Shooting Qualities and Price. We target all of our guns with nitro powder.

For Catalogue, address **FOREHAND ARMS CO., Worcester, Mass.**


WILKES-BARRE GUN CO.
WILKES-BARRE, PA
U.S.A.
LEACH.

WE HAVE A FEW LEFT . . . .

WILKESBARRE

Hammerless Guns.

Laminated Steel Barrels. 7 to 8 Lbs.

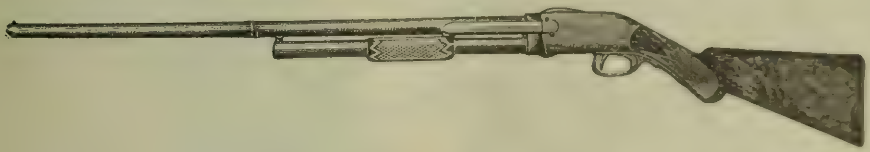
$31.50, were $50.00

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES,
302 Broadway, New York.

Spencer Repeating Shot Gun.

BEST IN THE WORLD. **SIX SHOTS IN THREE SECONDS.**

Twist Steel Barrel Case Hardened System.



LINCOLN, NEB., May 21, 1892.

DEAR SIR :—I have used a Spencer Repeating Shot Gun for eight years. I have fired many thousands of shots with it, and it is apparently in as good condition to-day as it was when I purchased it. Several years ago a friend of mine, now residing in this city, stood by my side and saw me kill six prairie chickens out of a covey that arose simultaneously, shooting each bird separately For any kind of shooting from jack snipe to geese, I prefer the Spencer to any gun I have ever used.

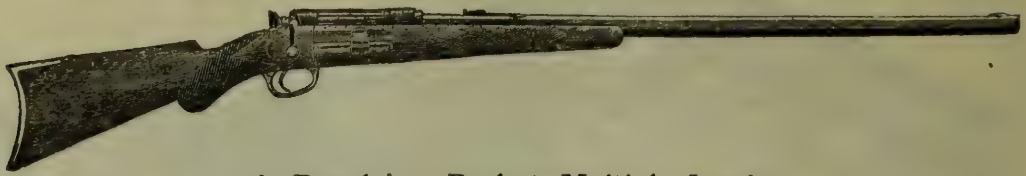
Yours very truly, J. F. HOUTZ.

HERMANN BOKER & CO., 101-103 Duane St., N. Y., Wholesale Agents.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CIRCULAR.

Mention RECREATION

THE 6 M. M. BLAKE.



A Revolving Packet Multiple Loader.

A high grade hunting repeating rifle, built to use full charges of smokeless rifle powder.

6 M. M. Calibers, .236 U. S. Navy, Muzzle Velocity, 2500 ft.
7½ " " .30 " Army, " " 2000 ft.

Reduced charges or black powder may be used. Also full mantle, half mantle with soft lead points, or all lead bullets. The only repeating sporting rifle that will shoot above standard cartridges. Send for free catalogue.

JOHN HENRY BLAKE, = = 136 Liberty Street, New York.

AN
Illuminator,

Not Simply a
Signal.

IT BURNS
KEROSENE.

IT BURNS
10 HOURS.

Bridgeport Brass Co.
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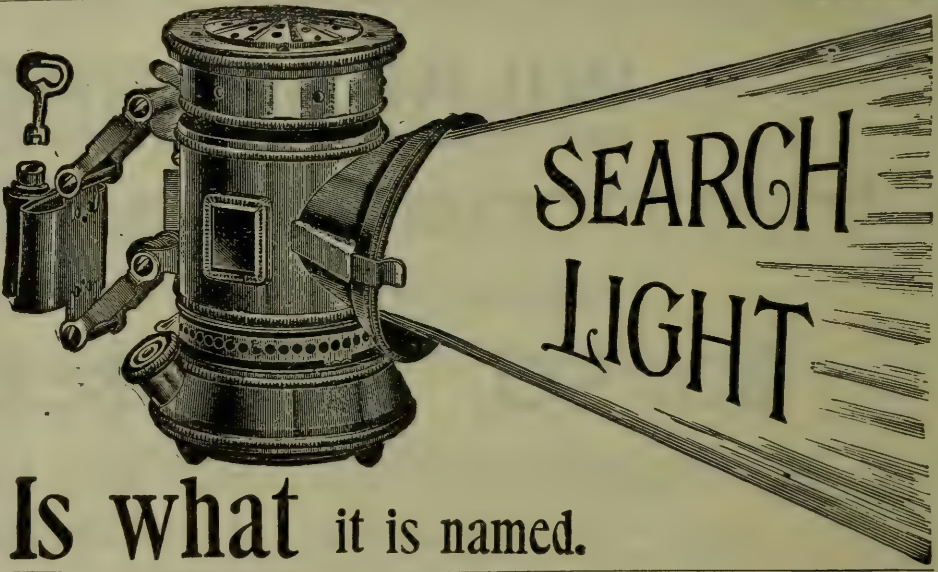

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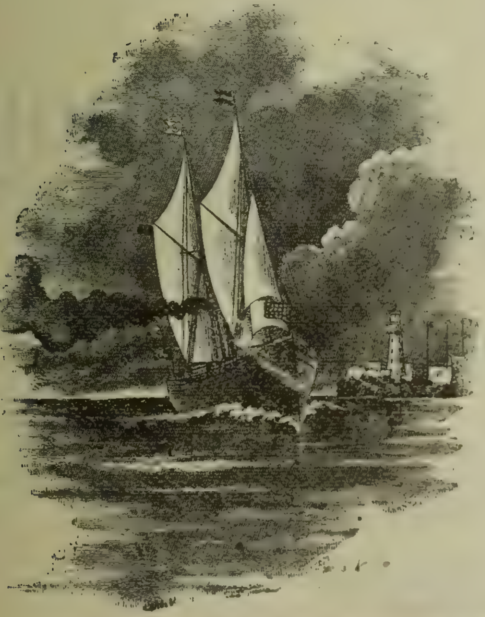

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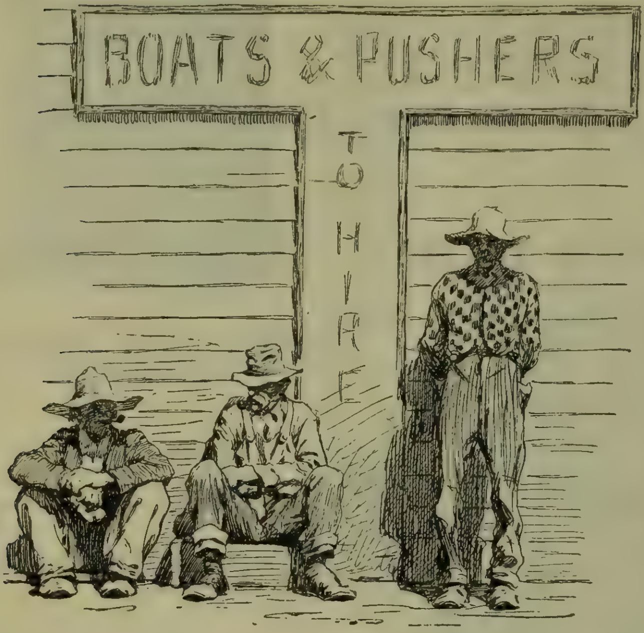

THEY are painted in water colors and have been reproduced with such care and realism that you can almost hear the whistle of the birds' wings; the rattle of the dry reeds as the dogs wade through them; the ripple of the water on the boats' sides; the 'tick, tack,' of the prairie chickens' wings, on the corn stalks, as they break cover and dart away to the prairie. No artist was ever more happy in the choice of themes for his brush than Frost has been in this instance."—*Recreation.*

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CANADIAN NOTES.

The Listowel (Ont.) Quoit Club has elected the following officers for 1895: President, Frank Tank; vice president, George Ford; secretary-treasurer, W. J. Hay; captain, James Bright; ground committee, A. Robinson, John Stubbs and M. Alexander; match committee, J. Bright, Joseph Ainley and D. Lamont; official referee, William Spears. John Struthers, George Struthers and Alex. Struthers, of Elma, and David Kerr, of Carthage, were elected as honorary members.

Frank W. Jackson, the famous cross-country winner of the early Toronto Athletic Club days, is back in Toronto, after several years spent in Central and South America, and will once more don the spikes and go into training at Rosedale. Mr. Jackson will endeavor to form a team of four men to compete in the Canadian championship, and at the annual run, for the championship of America, in the autumn.

At the international tennis match at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Miss Maud Delano Osborne, who won the ladies' singles, defeated Mrs. Sidney Smith, the Canadian champion. Carl B. Neel and Mrs. Sidney Smith, the Canadian champion, were pitted against E. P. Fischer, of New York, and Miss Maud Osborne. It was a brilliant struggle, the two champions winning finally, 6—4, 6—2.

For the first time in nine years a Canadian cricket team has defeated a representative eleven of the United States. Of 21 matches played in the international series, the Canadians have won only four, and two have been drawn. The Canadian team won at Rosedale, recently, defeating the Americans by 411 to 271.

Ned Hanlon has accepted an invitation to row in the big regatta at Austin, Texas, on Nov. 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th. "Henry Peterson and I will row in the double scull events," said the ex-champion, "and I may also row in a professional four." There is a purse of $1,000 in the single scull, $1,000 in the double scull and $1,500 in the four-oared race.

The Ottawa (Ont.) Capitals have notified the Vancouver lacrosse team that if they want a game in Ottawa, during their tour east, and wish to play the Capitals for the championship of the world, they will have to go to Ottawa first, instead of last, as outlined in their tour programme.

Chapman says the Toronto ball team for 1896 will get a better start. He says; "With a half-way winning team it would be the best money-making city in our (Eastern) League."

Angus McLeod, of Sarnia, Ont., won the 25-mile bicycle championship of Canada for Class B riders at Sarnia, covering the distance in 1 hour 5 minutes 39 seconds.

The autumnal rush of anglers to the Lake St. John district has already set in and promises to be unusually large this year. A few prominent people who had arranged to come have been disappointed, including Mr. A. N. Cheney, New York State fish culturist, now fishing with Dr. W. H. Drummond north of Three Rivers, who has postponed his next tussle with the ouananiche until next year. So have Lieut.-Col. Andrew Haggard, who wrote of the ounaniche for Blackwood, and Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, of London. Americans are flocking, in large numbers, into the ouananiche country at present, the best fishing now being had there at the Fifth falls of the Mistassini and in the lower waters of the Metabetchouan. Mr. H. H. Beemis, of Boston, is about entering on a three weeks' camping tour north of Lake St. John. Mr. Eugene McCarthy, of Syracuse, has gone to the Triton tract after the large speckled trout for which it is noted, and will go as far as great Lake Batiscan. The Jeanotte, which is the outlet of Lake Edward, has been yielding big trout of late, as usual, at this time of the year.

A pamphlet containing the Ontario game laws for 1895 has been issued. The close season for deer is from Nov. 15 to Nov. 1, 1896, and no moose, elk, caribou or reindeer shall be hunted before October 25, 1900. Hounds found running deer in close season may be killed by any person on sight. Not more than two deer shall be taken in one season by one person. Wild turkeys cannot be killed before October 15, 1897, nor can prairie fowl or English or Mongolian pheasants before September 15, 1897. Snipe, woodcock or partridges must not be sold, exposed for sale nor given away before September 15, 1897.

The announcement that Fred Hoey would shoot at Elkwood Park for the first time since his successful tour abroad, attracted a good crowd to the traps. The match was between Hoey and E. G. Murphy on one side, and Al. Vivian, of Red Bank, and Bland Ballard, of Louisville, on the other. Stakes $500 a side, 50 yards. The betting was 6 to 4 in favor of Hoey and Murphy, but they were defeated by a score of 185 to 183.

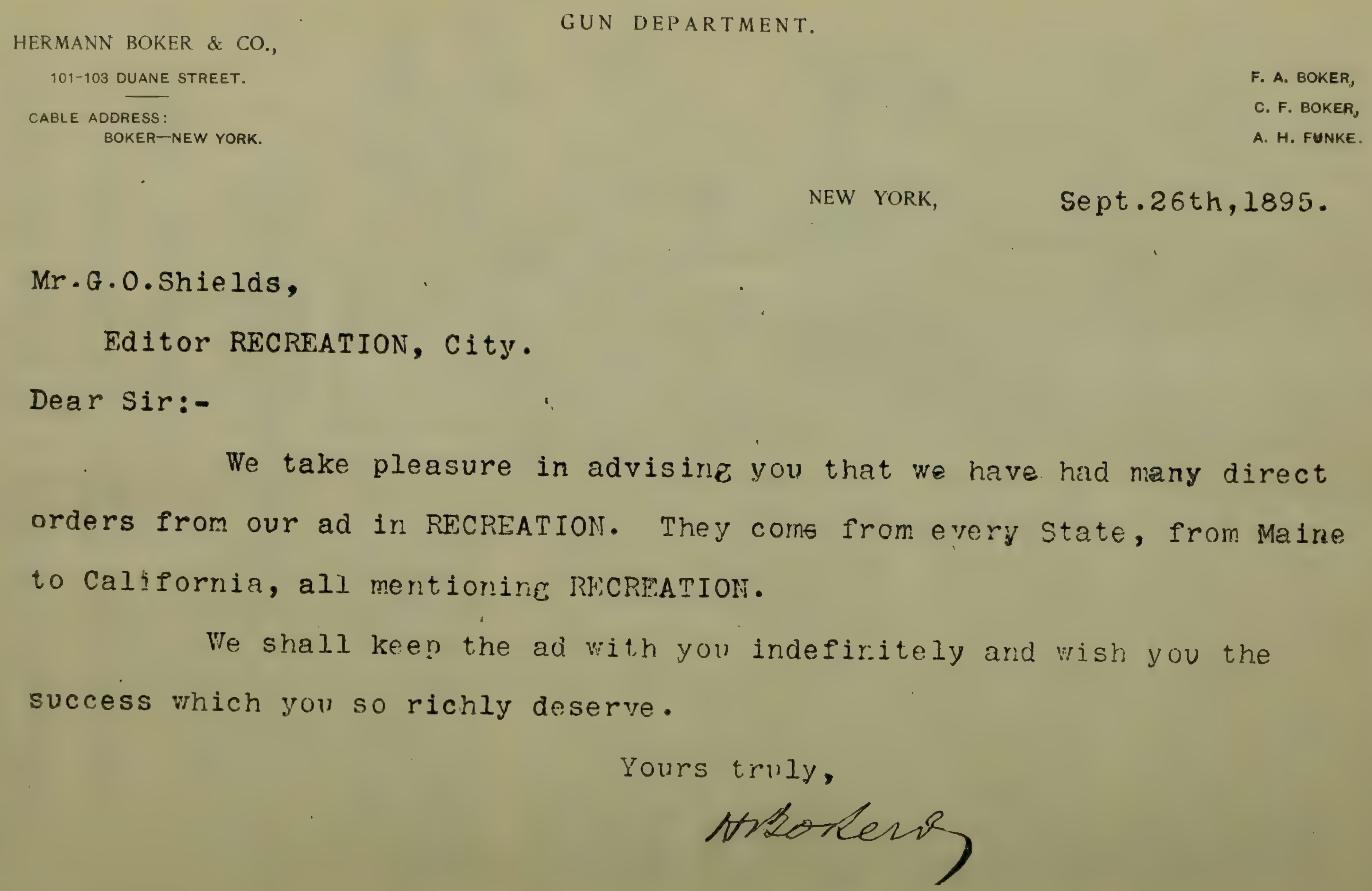
The Brantford (Ont.) Recreation Association is making efforts to secure the famous Dunlop trophy road-race (20 miles), for Brantford this fall. It was held in Toronto last year with 100 entries.

There were more than 400 entries for the different events in the programme of the Dominion Rifle Association meeting at Ottawa.

Harley Davidson defeated Nat Butler of Boston in the mile Class B race at the Halifax (N. S.) meet. Time, 2.27.

The annual meeting of the Canadian Kennel Club was held in Toronto on September 10.

C. S. WHITING.



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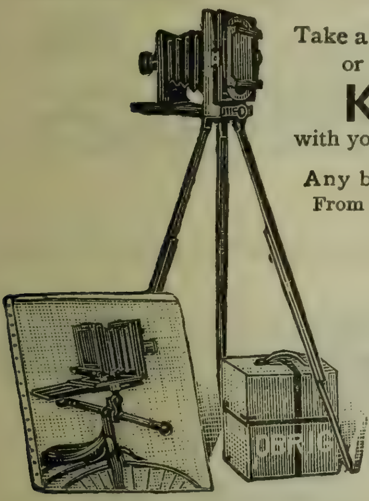

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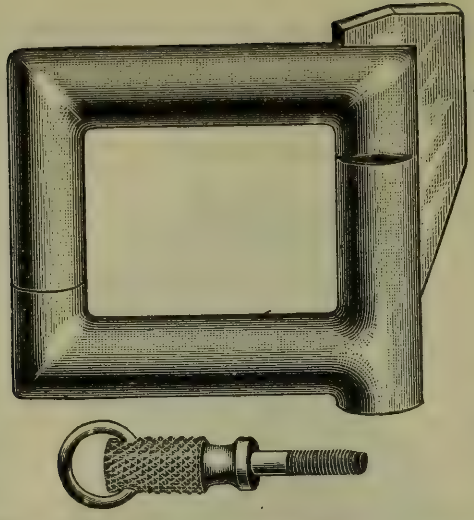

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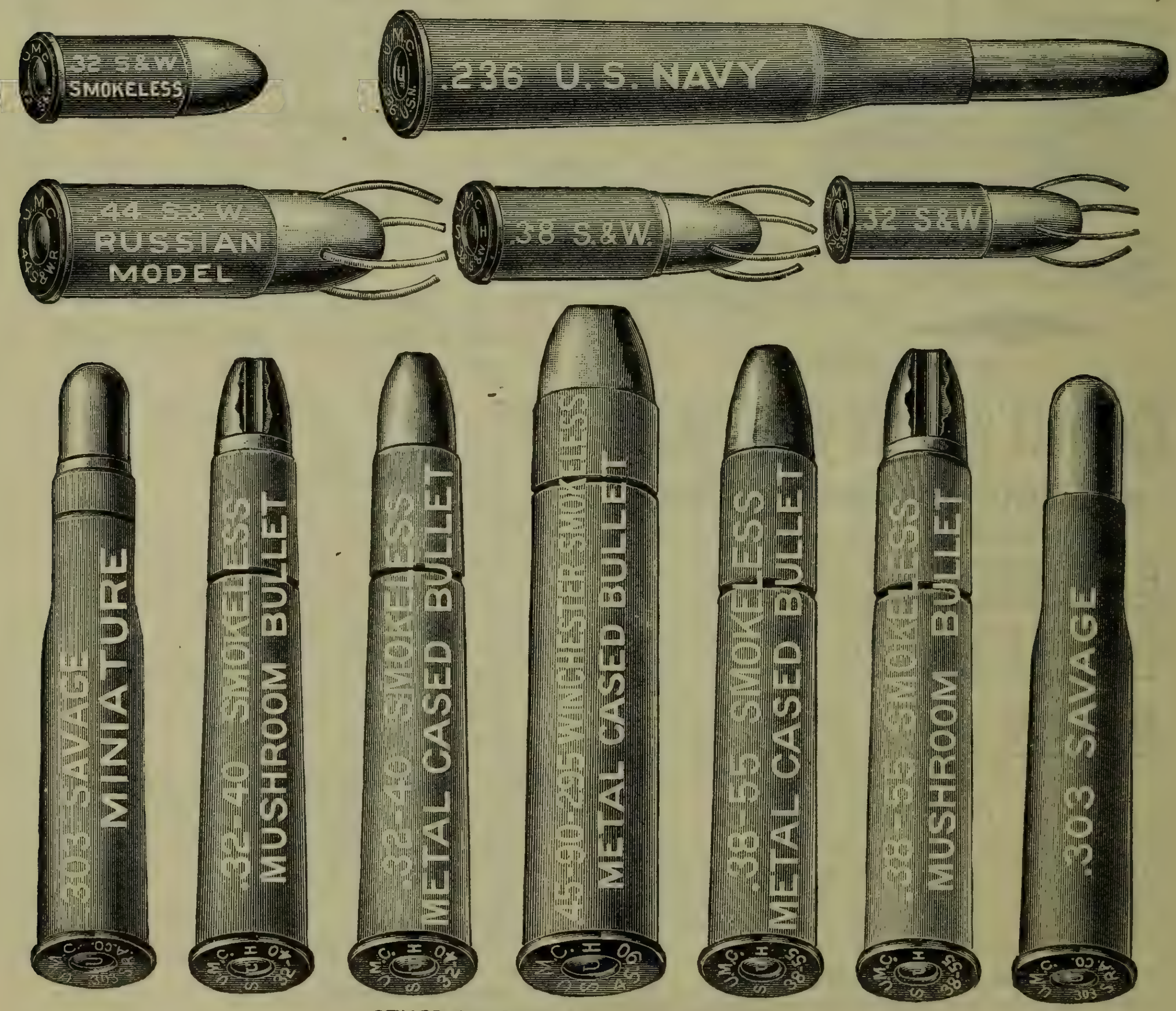
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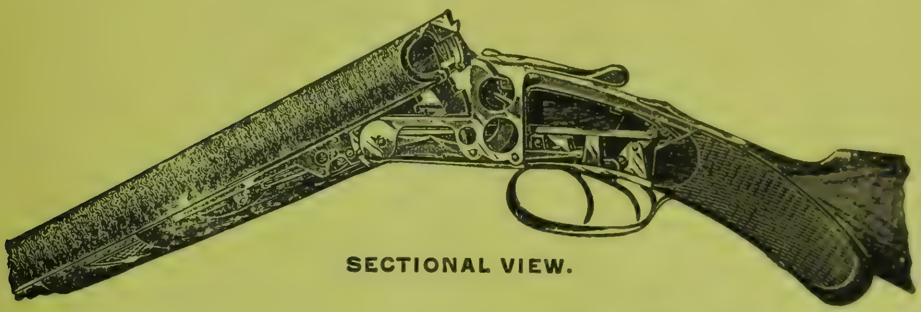

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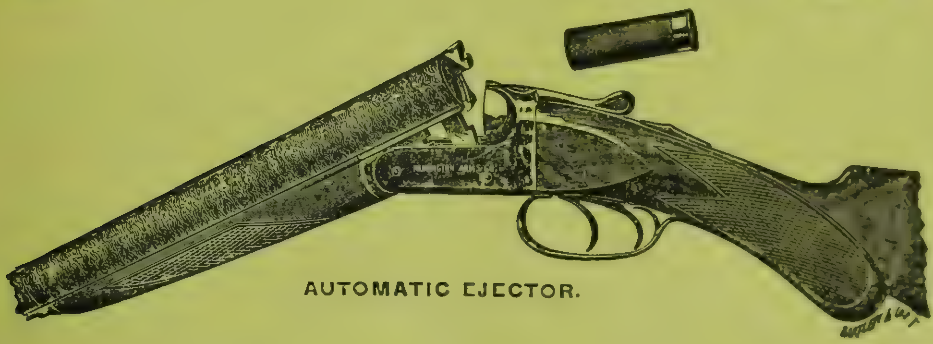

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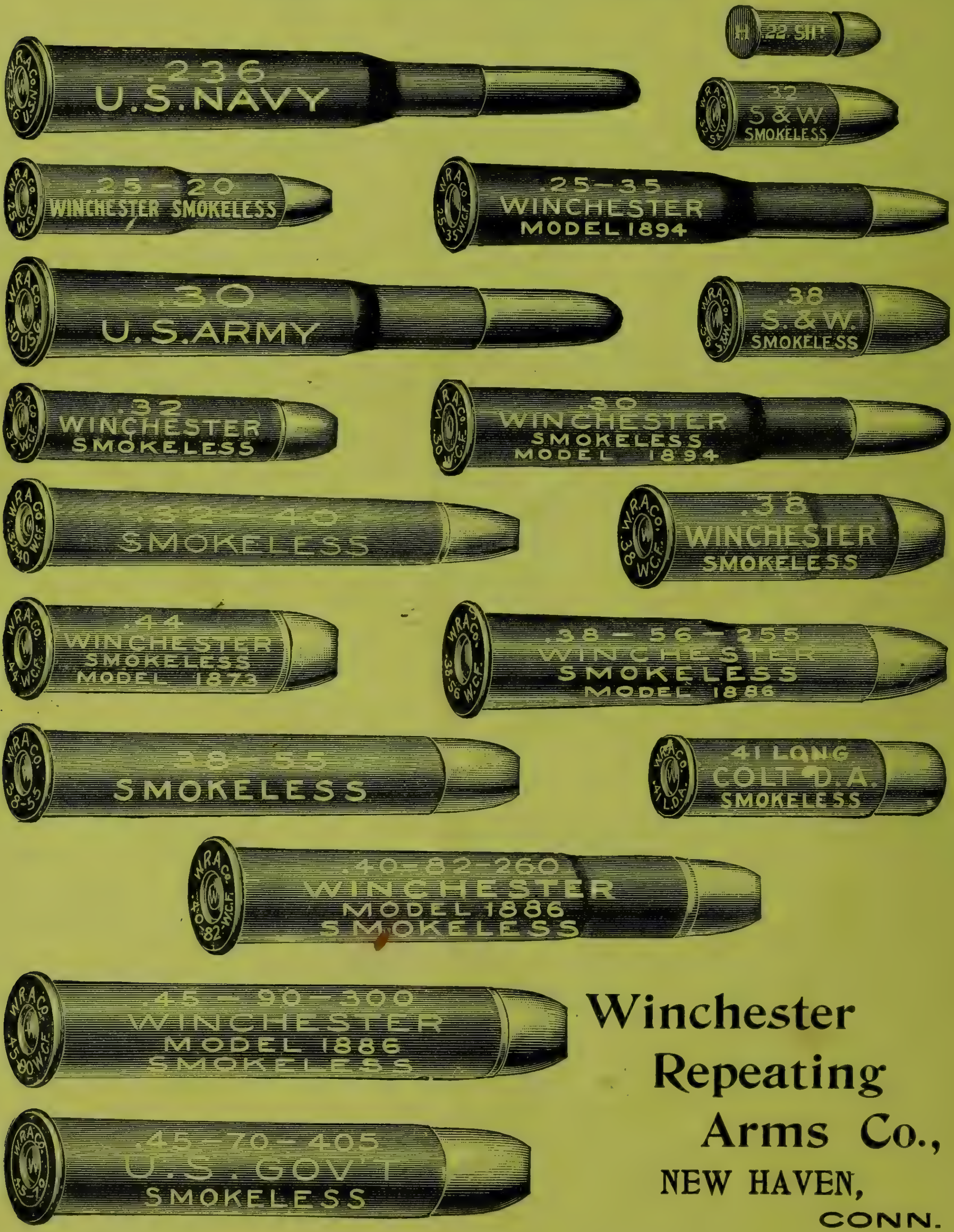

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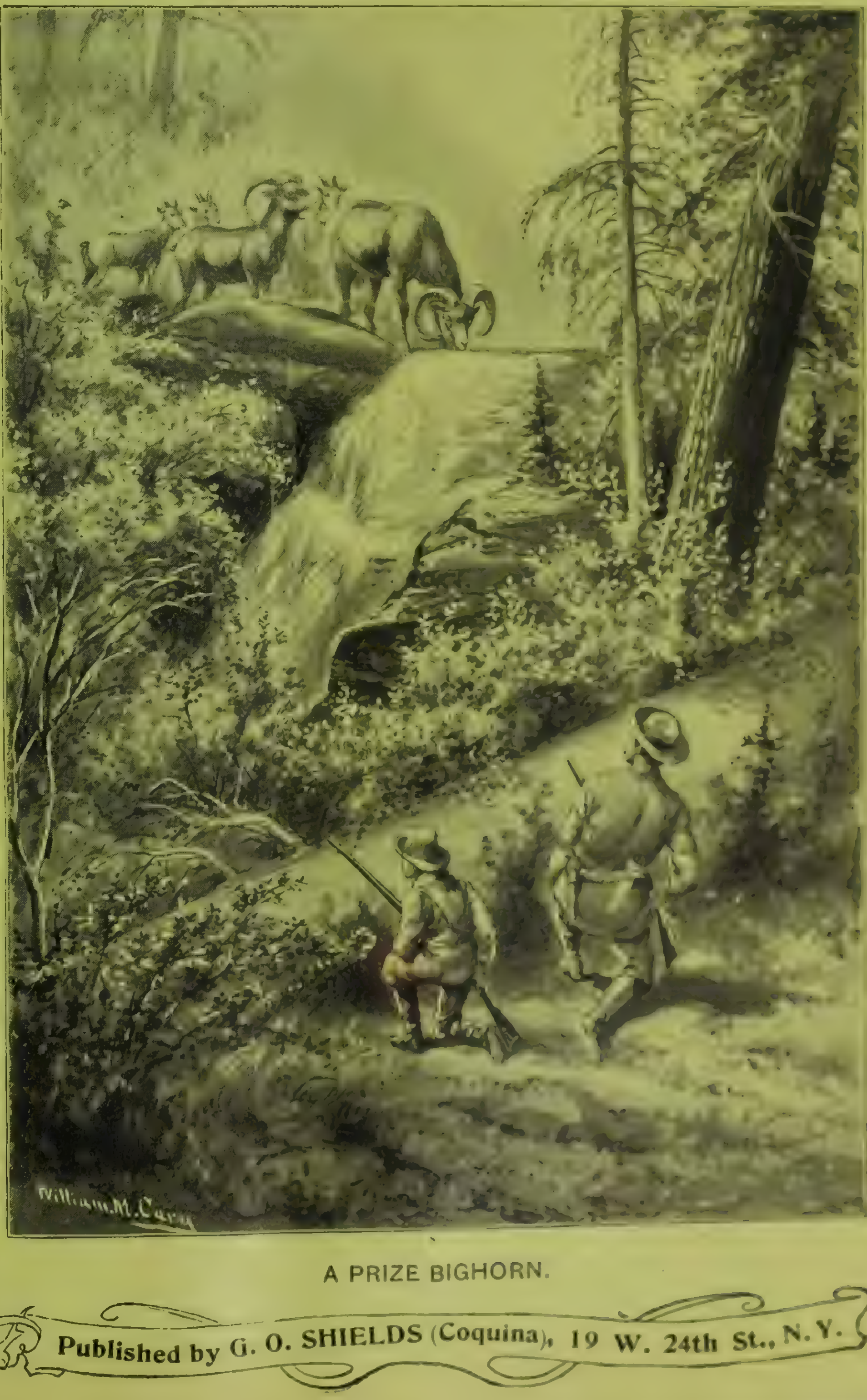
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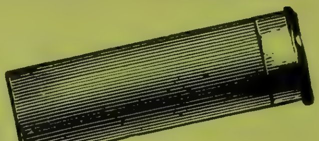

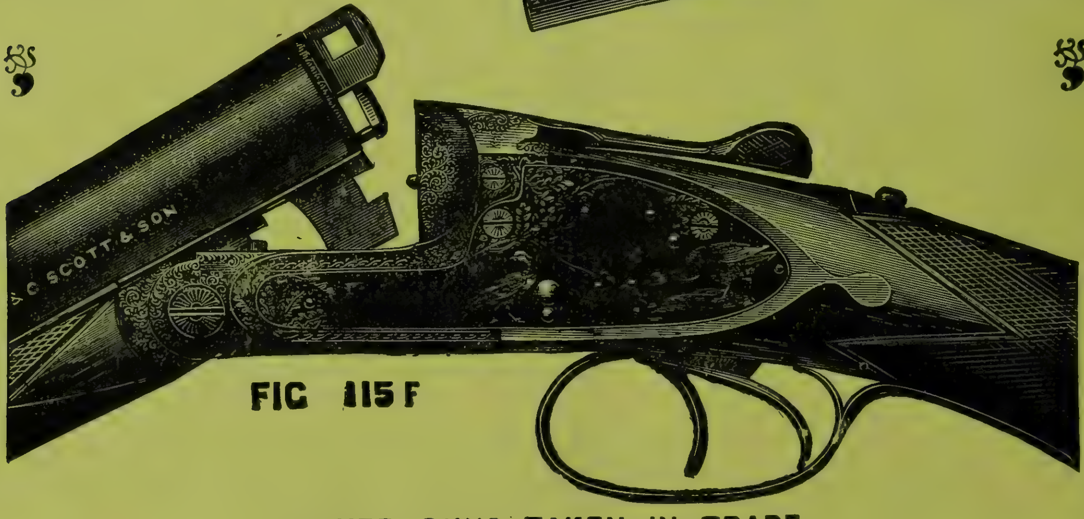

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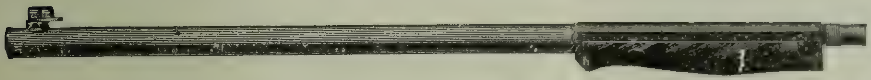

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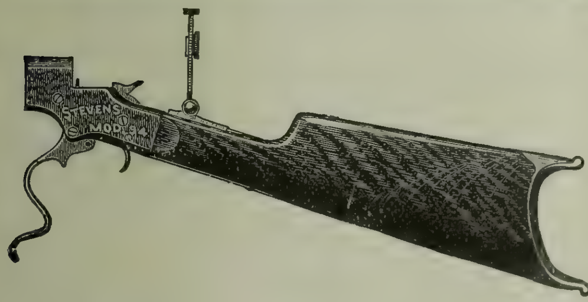

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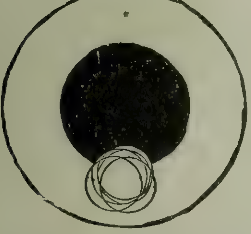

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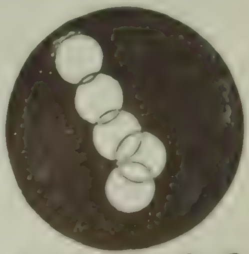

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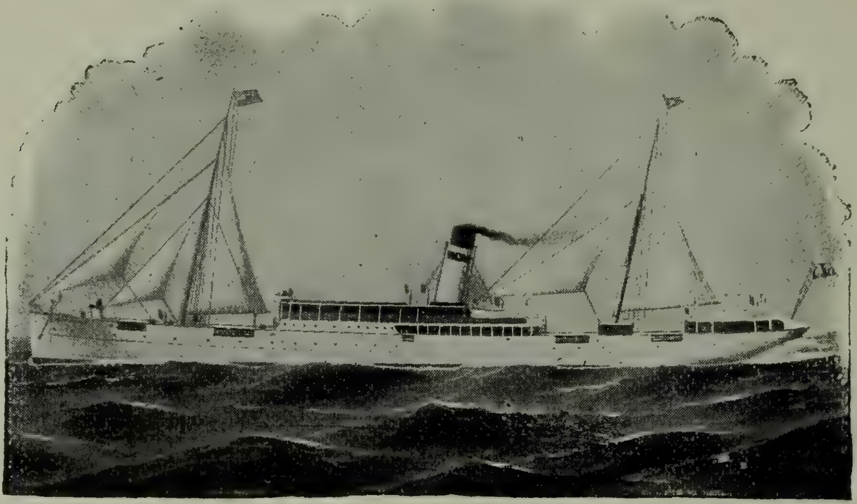

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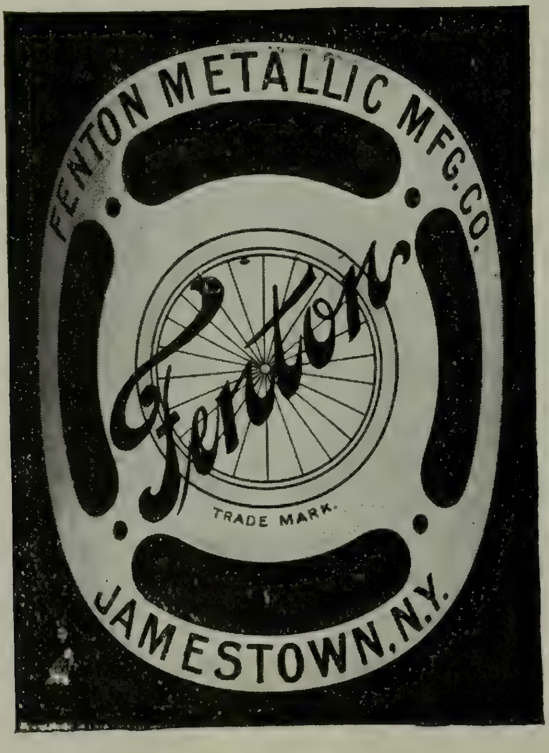
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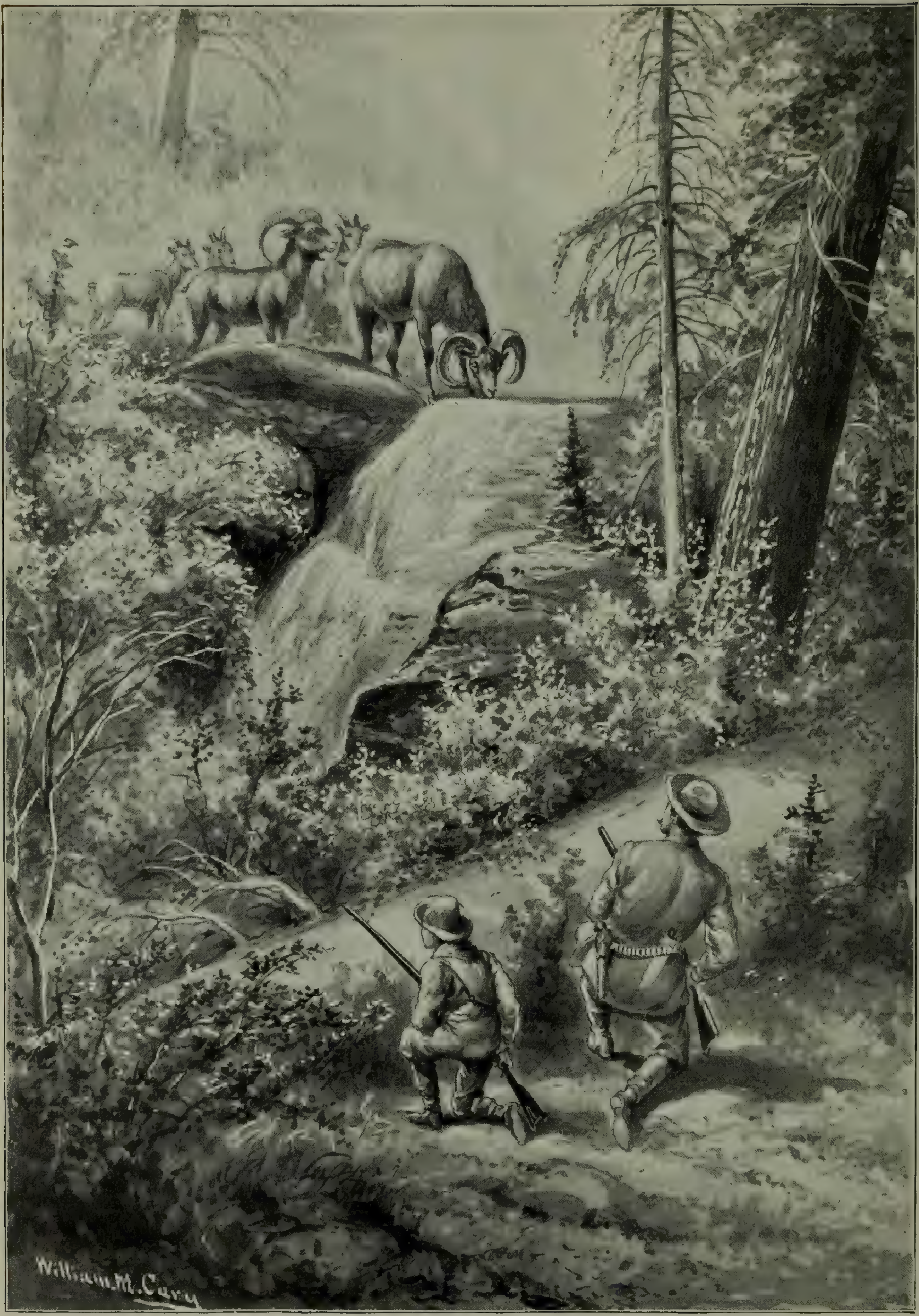

William M. Cary

"THE LEADER CARRIED A HEAD OF HORNS THAT MADE HIM LOOK LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED ROCKING CHAIR WITH CIRCLING ARMS."

RECREATION.

Volume III. DECEMBER, 1895. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A YOUTHFUL GUIDE AND A PRIZE BIG HORN.

HON. I. N. HIBBS.

We had grown tired of fishing and the quiet of camp life was too monotonous to satisfy an ambitious sportsman. The mountains around Willowa Lake are rugged, and on the steep half-mile from the beach to the snow line is a perfect jungle. Every member of the party of twenty in the camp had gone out after deer, bear and "big horns," at some time within the past week, only to report an unsuccessful effort to reach the game resorts on account of fallen dead timber and tangled brush. There were hunters coming in every day with reports of good shooting; but they were men who knew the country well and were inclined to retain a monopoly of the grand sport. They did not encourage tenderfeet in their efforts to kill the game which many of them regarded as a heritage. These wild animals were noble to these men because they supplied the family larders, and were the means of gaining spending money by the methods known to the pot hunter.

A poor man, who followed hunting, fishing and field labor, lived on the border of the lake in a tent. His family, of wife and seven children, was huddled into the makeshift shelter and had few of life's comforts. One of the poorly-clad children was a manly little fellow of thirteen years. He often came to my tent and asked me to buy, for a few cents, a 10-pound trout fresh from the rushing, ice-cold river; or perhaps to ask if I had any washing that I wished to have done. His sisters and his mother were eager to work in the laundry, or at baking great loaves of flaky bread for sale, to add to the family store.

Little Roy Evans was a true sportsman. He had gone up and down the valleys and over every trail with his father to bring back the pack-horses; and he had been allowed to use an old-style Henry rifle till he had become a good marksman, and every day when he became less timid I encouraged him to talk about the big game of the country. He knew every watering place, and the time of day that the big horns came to this one and the mule deer to that one.

One day I asked him if he could get permission from his mother to go with me to the "big horn lick." He came back beaming with an affirmative reply. Three and a half miles from camp, up the river and nearly to the timber line on the right side, was a warm sulphur spring, where the sheep came every afternoon. "They never fail," said the youthful guide.

The next forenoon we were well on the way up the winding trail, on the bank of a river full of tumbling white waves, when I took a good look at my little companion. He was laboring under the weight of the old rifle. The stock was broken and the slivers squeaked as he trotted on. It was tied up with a string, and the rusty barrel was dented by many years of mountain campaigns. His coatless back showed sunburned streaks through the rents in the old faded shirt, and his slender legs were clothed only in an old pair of overalls which were in strings below the knees. But I never had a guide who was so full of confidence and so certain of every detail as was little Roy Evans.

What he knew as a trail and followed without once faltering was to me—old frontiersman though I am—a labyrinth of unmarked and disconnected passages through an endless jungle. He bounded on, made strong by the joy of his mission, and only loitered to make sure that I was safely over every creek or log and around every unmarked angle. The mountain was steep and the day warm, but the boy-guide did not note the discomfort.

He raised his hand at last. His eyes sparkled, and he bent low as he approached a big log. There was a ledge of rock as steep as a roof. The water rolled down and poured over the eaves in a thin sheet. The foot of the ledge was 50 yards away, and its slope extended 50 feet back. The bare rocky space was the big horn lick. If my guide was not mistaken (and I could not doubt his faith) the game would soon be right before me. And so they were. Before the waiting had become the least wearisome a row of dark heads stood out from the green fringe of brush. The owners hesitated, stamped and snorted. They disappeared. They had scented a foe.

I turned and Roy read my disappointment in my face.

"They will come again," he said. "They can't be scared away from the lick. If they did not see you move they would come within 10 feet of you to get a drink."

Ten minutes from the time of the first appearance five sheep walked out upon the rocks. It was a grand picture.* The leader carried a head of horns that made him look like an old-fashioned rocking-chair with circling arms. He was nervous and unsettled in purpose, but he sucked away at the shallow water that spread over the rocks as eagerly as if he had been burning with thirst.

"You take the big one," said Roy.

"And you shoot the other buck," said I, "when I count three."

My gun spoke, and the big sheep rolled down toward us; but Roy's gun snapped. The old spring was too weak to fire the cartridge. Roy's manhood seemed to forsake him. He cried and crouched down in disgrace because he failed to bring down his sheep.

Yet he did not go wholly unrewarded. Some large shining pieces of silver jingled merrily in the pocket of his ragged overalls as he trotted back over the trail, and a brand-new rifle, which went to him a few weeks later, will, I trust, enable him to get meat hereafter when needed at the family camp.

---

* See frontispiece.

* * *

She climbs no more Olympus way—
This literary love of mine—
To catch such vision as she may,
In glimpses from that height divine.

Marveling much, I braved the odds
To lure her back to love's abodes,
And found her fled the immortal gods
To speed her wheel on country roads.

EMMA CARLETON.

A WILD GOOSE CHASE.

A. E. McKenzie.

One day in November, 1893, I packed my grip and started for Western Nebraska to visit a fellow sportsman, whose qualifications in this line are peerless. On arriving at his home I found he had just returned from our prospective shooting ground. He reported no game, especially geese, they being our principal object, and what to do next was the question of greatest importance. Imagine, if you can, the feelings of a man who had traveled 150 miles for a few days' goose shooting, only to be advised of the disappearance of the birds which, in the fall of '92, were so abundant. The weather was cold, windy and threatening, but I was determined and undaunted, while to my friend such a trip was simply "a wild goose chase."

We agreed, however, to pull out the next day and seek a new locality. The day opened clear, but cold and windy. We had driven about 8 miles when, to our surprise, we discovered a flock of geese feeding in a field. We routed them and followed their flight, which may seem inconsistent as compared with the general custom in hunting geese. Our plan proved successful. We had driven 23 miles, and in scouting saw, in a cornfield near by, something that looked very like a man.

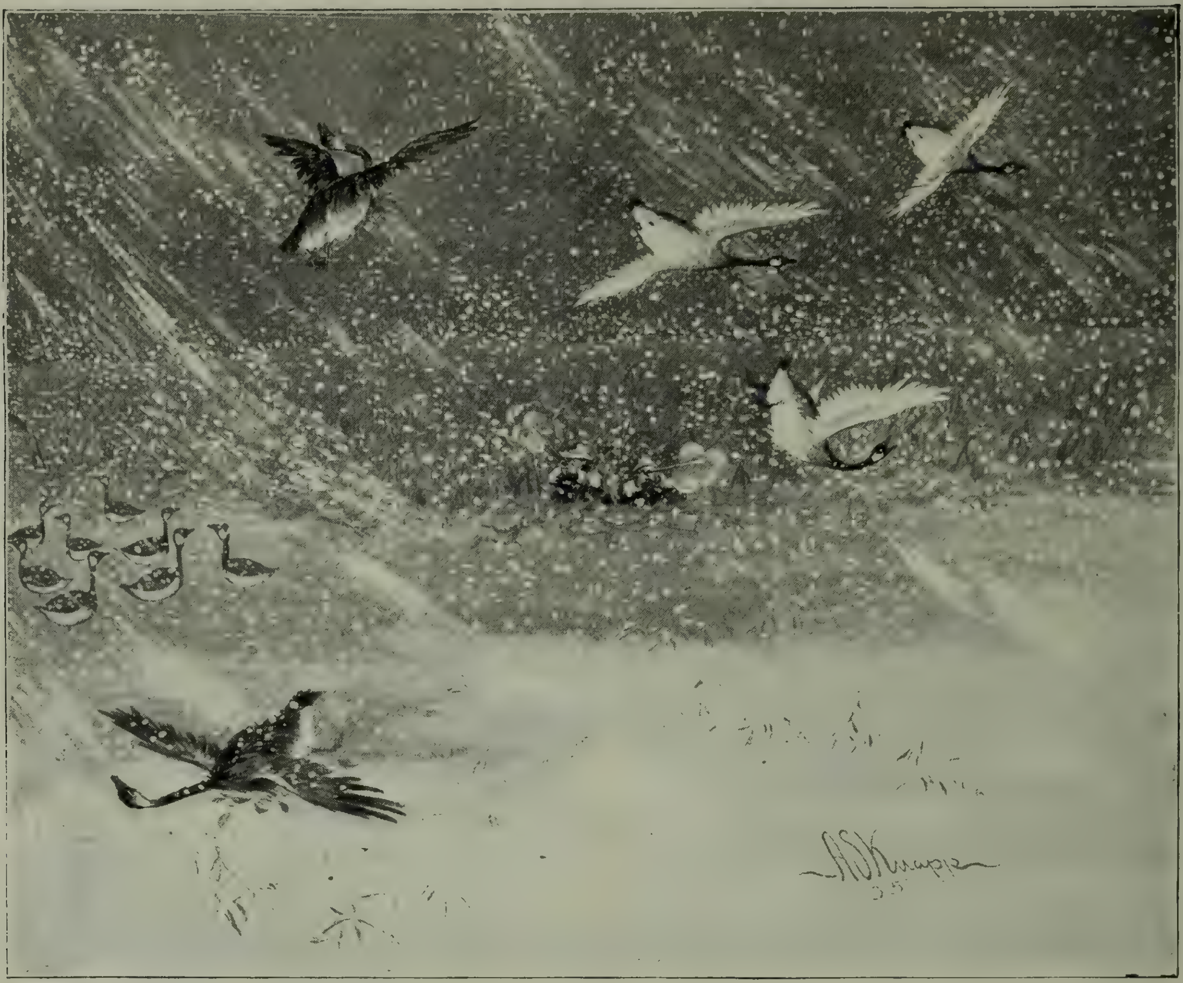
After holding a consultation, we agreed to investigate. We tied the team to a fence and started to interview the man, but were agreeably surprised to find that he was merely a "scare-crow." Neither of us had seen one of them since our boyhood days, neither had we forgotten their purpose.

It did not take us long to find out that the field had been a favorite feeding-ground for geese. There was plenty of sign, and no doubt we were now in "goose country." We finally concluded to camp with the ranchman, and drove up to the house, only to find that there was no one at home. However, after considering the matter carefully, we unhitched, put up our team, went out and took down the "scare-crow," set out our decoys, prepared our blinds, returned to the house and waited for the return of the ranchman. On his arrival we explained the course we had taken, and he replied :

MY PARTNER AND HIS PARTNER.

"Vell, poys, you should haf bin here last veek. I neber seen so many geeses pefore. Dot gornfield vas yust plack mid dem."

He proved a generous-hearted German, and asked us to put up with him. We cheerfully accepted his invitation. That evening, by a comfortable fire, we laid out our plans for the morrow, and accordingly were up at daybreak the next morning



"AS EACH OF OUR BARRELS SPOKE, A GOOSE BIT THE SNOW."

and in our blinds at sunrise. While we were disappointed in the result of that day's work, we were gratified to learn that we were really in goose country. The geese had changed their flight and their feeding-grounds. It was evident that the scare-crow had done his duty. However, one flock came into our decoys and we bagged 3 large Canadas.

The next day the wind blew wildly. We changed fields and succeeded in bagging 13 geese. Had we been more favorably located for the flight we would have bagged 50. The flight was regular and lasted for nearly 2 hours. Knowing the disposition and habits of the goose family, as we do, we were aware that we must change our location for the morning or get no shooting. Therefore, we drove to another field after dark, prepared our blind and left our decoys.

The next morning we were up early and were a little disappointed, at first, to find that it was snowing. Still, we were off to the blind at the usual hour, and were soon ready for business. The flight was two hours later than usual, on account of the storm, which showed no sign of abating.

The ground was covered to a depth of 3 inches, and our decoys showed up beautifully, yet one could not see over 60 yards.

Presently our expectations were gratified. The flight commenced and we could hear geese "honking" everywhere. The air seemed filled with their music, but only now and then did a flock come in sight. Fortunately I speak the "goose language" fluently, and usually when a flock came within hearing of my "call," I brought them into our decoys.

The result of two hours' shooting that morning was eminently satisfactory, as we bagged 27 geese and one grouse. I remember one incident of that morning's shoot that deserves special mention. My partner is a typical sportsman from the sole of his shoe to the crown of his hat, which distance, by the way, is only 4 feet 7 inches. He weighs 105 pounds, and as a field shot I would match him, height and weight considered, against any man in America. We had raised up and were viewing the landscape when O. D. shouted :

" Down ! There they are ; give them a call."

To our right were 5 Canadas coming cautiously, warily. They were undecided at first, but I finally persuaded them to come in and join our party. We kept low and let them come to within about 25 yards. Then the signal was given, and as each of our barrels spoke a goose bit the snow. Not one of that flock was left to tell the tale. It would be impossible to describe the manner in which my partner expressed his approval of the shooting. It would be necessary for one to have seen and heard him in order to appieciate the exhibition. Shortly after this a German, who had observed the shooting, came over to our blind to satisfy his curiosity as to our guns. He was told that my partner was shooting a double-barrel and I a Spencer repeater, whereupon he said:

" Mein gracious ! could you kill de whole flock mid dot ? Vell, dot peats all de schootin' I efer seed. I vish I het some guns like dose, already; I kill me blenty geese all de vile."

ALEXANDER.

By a Little Girl of 14 Years.

There was a chap who kept a store:
  And though there might be grander,
He sold his goods to all who came,
  And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand,
  He was a skilful brander;
And since his sugar was half sand.
  They called him Alex-sander.

He had his dear one, and she came,
  And lovingly he scanned her,
He asked her would she change her name;
  Then a ring did Alex-hand her.

" Oh, yes," she said, with smiling lip,
  " If I can be commander."
And so they framed a partnership,
  And called it Alex-and-her.

—*New York Herald.*

A Tempestuous Cruise

CHARLES PRYER.

IT was my good fortune to be invited, in the early part of the summer of 94, to help bring to New York a 50-foot schooner yacht, which a friend had bought in Portland, Me. So, one Saturday afternoon, late in May, a small party of us, including our host, found ourselves on board the "Cottage City," of the Portland S. S. Line. In due time we arrived at that city, but in what condition I will not state, as we were storm-bound for several days. Suffice it to say some of us were well tempest-tossed, and all were marvelously empty.

If I ever go to Portland again, I hope it will be in charge of the captain of the "Cottage City," for a more genial, obliging master, or a better officer, it has never been my fortune to meet.

As we entered the harbor, we looked in vain for the little schooner, so when we landed we had to go to the hotel and take up our quarters, where we soon learned that the yacht had not quite finished fitting out, but that she would probably be on hand the next afternoon.

Finally the schooner came into port and we moved on board, but no sooner had we put all in order and got ready to sail, than the clouds thickened and the fog and rain came on us. There was not much wind, but the heavens seemed saturated with water and the air with fog. This lasted so long that we lost one of our party, whose leave of absence had expired, and he had to return home by a faster conveyance than a schooner yacht. At last, on Saturday evening, the clouds rolled away and the sun came out in a burst of setting splendor that promised fair weather for the coming day.

Sunday morning broke serene and beautiful, and ere the rising sun gilded the spires of the city, all was life and preparation on the deck of the "Esperance." No longer the water dripped from our faces as we looked from the companion way, and our rubber coats were laid aside, for the first time since we came on board. Then the pilot came off shore—as hardy, fine-looking an old sea-dog as you would meet in a day's journey, and one who inspired your confidence the minute he crossed the rail. It was glorious to hear the anchor chain rattle as it came aboard, link after link; and when, finally the flukes of the anchor itself appeared, we could not help congratulating our friend, the owner, for we had really begun to fear there was no anchor at all, but that the boat was riveted to the bottom and the clouds glued to the sky.

Off at last! I said the day was serene. In fact, it was a little too serene, for not a breath of air rippled the surface of the water, though the ebb tide took us slowly toward the open sea. After awhile, however, a gentle south wind began to fill our sails, and the yacht responded quickly to the light pressure. It came from the worst possible quarter for us, for it was dead ahead.

Slowly we passed the anchored vessels in the harbor and headed for Cape Elizabeth. As the day advanced, the wind increased to a moderate sailing breeze, and we passed the Cape at fair speed—even with a slight heel. We crowded everything on the schooner that we could make draw, in windward work, for although we went through the water at a lively clip, we were not making much way along the coast. By midday we could see a blue line of hills, far inland, that the pilot told us were in New Hampshire; so we began to think we had at least got pretty near to the Maine line, and that we could consider that State behind us, at least. We passed a number of large schooners, and other workers, during the early part of the day, but the most interesting thing we saw was a school of whales that came up and spouted on all sides of us. They remained in our vicinity for some time.

We passed near the reefs and shoals made famous by Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," and when we saw the breakers on the "Reef of Norman's Woe," we stopped our jokes for a time, to look with something akin to awe, upon the patch of floating snow, "that thawed not in the summer sunshine." Although not a word was spoken, we all knew the thoughts of each wandered back to that Christmas eve so beautifully portrayed by the poet.

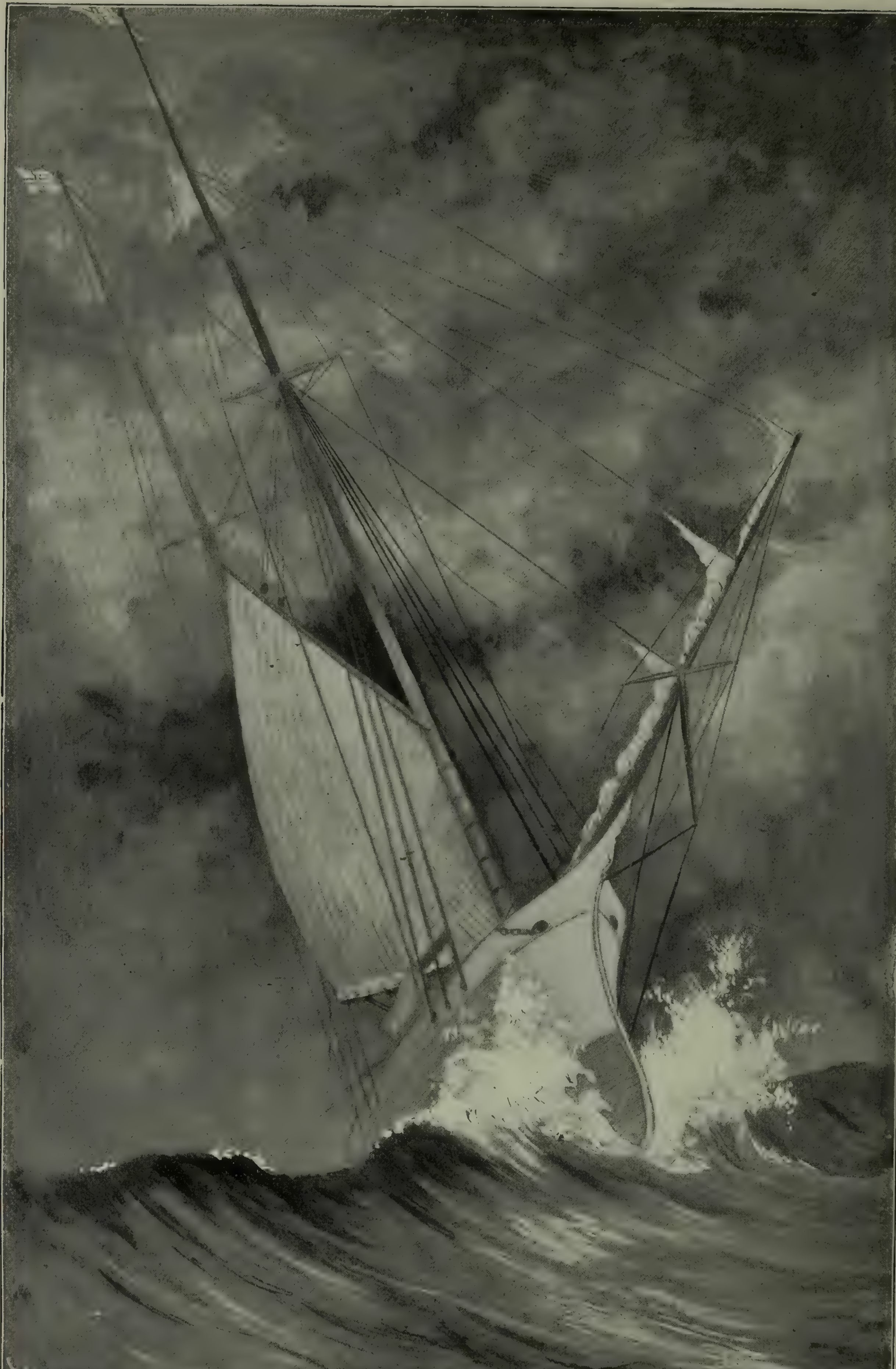
When lunch was over, we lay around in the sunshine on deck, and took our turns at the wheel. About the middle of the afternoon, and while the pilot was in charge of the deck, he called out, "Ahoy forward! Keep a sharp lookout for Boon Island light slightly on the weather bow." We all strained our eyes to their utmost, but nothing was visible, except one unbroken sheet of water.

Another hour passed in quiet, when a shout from forward announced that an object, looking almost like a pole, was just visible, rising out of the water nearly dead ahead. We got the glass on it and found it was a large light tower, possibly 150 feet high, but so far away as to resemble a stake. Our man at the wheel said it was doubtless Boon Island, of which he had spoken before; that from there he would get a bearing for Portsmouth, and that he hoped to carry us in before sunset.

But this was not to be. For some time we made good progress until, in fact, we could plainly make out the tower and even see the bluffs of the island itself; but about this time a dark bank that had been hanging just above the horizon seaward, began to roll in toward us, and it became evident that we would soon be enveloped in a fog.

"Can we make Portsmouth in this?"

The pilot doubted it. Then there was but one thing for us to do—go to sea and get a good offing. So about we came and steered for the open water. Scarcely had we got her on the other tack when the lighthouse disappeared, and we were again enveloped in a curtain of vapor so dense, that it was difficult to see one end of the little vessel from the other. On and on we plunged into the unknown world of water. Even those who stood nearest us looked like the ghosts of ancient mariners; and now the sea, which had been smooth and tranquil all day, with only that troubled sort of breathing swell that the ocean always exhibits, even in its calmest moments, began to heave wildly and to toss our vessel like a shell, in all directions; so that it was almost impossible to keep anything like a steady course. Everything movable began to roll about as though in a mill hopper; and the strangest part of it all was that the wind did not rise at all in proportion to the sea. Quite the contrary; for although we



"WE LAY PERFECTLY HELPLESS IN THE TREMENDOUS SEA."

shortened sail when the fog covered us, as we did not care to make much speed under such conditions, we soon wanted all our canvas to keep the ship steady and to prevent her from rolling her rail under. At the flag gun (for you must know we were a flag ship), there was not wind enough to blow out a lighted match.

About this time our attention was attracted by some little confusion about the forehatch, and presently two of the sailors lifted out of the depths below an instrument that looked like a cross between an old-fashioned pump and a hand-organ.

"What in —— is that thing?" Pardon, I forgot we had acquired, in Portland, the reputation of Salvation Armyites. Our curiosity was soon satisfied, for out belched the most unearthly sounds that mortal man could listen to and live. Our host said it was a new patent fog horn. We asked if the inventor survived, and if it was intended that this noise was to scare the fog away. We were surely safe, so far as collision was concerned, for any vessel approaching would doubtless think the sea serpent, or some other monster of the deep, was let loose on him. The lighthouse answered immediately, the keeper probably thinking a cattle ship was sinking near by, and that he heard the groans of the drowning beasts.

There being now no steerage way, we soon swung around into the trough of the sea. And then came a thrashing and rolling and churning that cannot be described. The foreboom seemed desirous of inspecting the topmast and the boats bent on looking in the cabin windows.

Supper was announced and the condition of things below was even more appalling. To keep your plate on the table was utterly impossible, and all liquids had to be taken by absorption, for as soon as you tried to put anything in your mouth, it was thrown violently in your face, and trickled affectionately down beneath your shirt collar. In about 30 seconds, my napkin held three potatoes, a plate of soup, some meat, with a full allowance of gravy; half a pitcher of ice water, a glass of wine, a saucer of preserves, a roll of charts, and—but memory fails me.

By this time it was dark, and we lay perfectly helpless in the tremendous sea. The fog lifted a little, after night set in, and we could see two lighthouses—Boon Island to the northwest and the Isle of Shoals light nearly due south. Shortly before midnight we turned in; of course, leaving a watch on deck, and tried to get some rest. At least, we hoped we might be rocked to sleep. I had hardly touched the pillow, when I found myself in the wash basin, with the ice pitcher wrong side up on my head, and the ice rolling about the cabin floor. A grunt from my companion who was sharing the watch below.

"Is that you or the ice pitcher?" He said:

"I don't really know; I just picked up something, but can't say which it was—myself or the pitcher. Have you a piece of rope out there? I want to tie one of us in the bunk, so we will not come together again."

In this way the night passed, and at four o'clock we went on deck again, with the old pilot, and found the fog had shut down once more. Nothing was visible for more than a few feet about us.

As I have said, some good people in Portland mistook us for Salvation Army soldiers. If they could have heard us, during these tempestuous days and nights, anathematizing the fog, the wind, the sea, and all things therein, they would never again suspect us of such affiliations. They would more likely have classed us as members of the historical "army in Flanders." When we first went upstairs there was no air; but soon light draughts began to ripple the water, and the boat started to gather headway. The sails steadied her, so that the pitching and rolling was almost stopped, and the motion became easy, graceful and pleasant. Every inch of canvas was soon set, and we dashed along into the fog, which the wind seemed to have no power to clear away. At breakast time it was blowing so fresh that the staysail and topsail came in and the yacht was headed off shore again, as we did not care to come up with the land in such a fog, especially as it was a lee shore. Puff after puff came heavier and heavier, as the day wore on, and before eleven o'clock, the fore staysail was furled. The sea began to look angry and black, with its huge, white-crested waves, large enough to swallow us. They sent deluge after deluge of spray over our weather bow, and the little vessel began to strain and labor again and the order came:

"Stand by to reef mainsail!"

The boat was sent up in the wind, the halyards eased, two reefs tied down, and for a time the schooner was much relieved by the reduction of canvas. The wind was fast rising again, and the ocean was so angry, that even this little spread was more than we could stagger under. About the middle of the afternoon we took in the foresail entirely, and sailed under double-reefed mainsail and Number 2 jib. This lasted until night shut down, when the order was given to reef the foresail, that we might lay to under it, in case of need. During all the next day, the fog rolled by in heavy masses, and never once did we have a horizon of half a mile. Night came on black and dismal, and as we clustered in the cockpit and watched the compass by the dim light of the binnacle, we were startled by a voice from below:

"The water's coming up on the cabin floor! She's leaking!"

Before we went below to investigate, we took in the remnant of the mainsail and jib, set the reefed foresail, brought her to the wind and laid her to. Then came the investigation of the water on the floor; but we had not gone far when we discovered that it was fresh, and, consequently, could not have come through the hull. This was a great relief in itself, and we breathed easily once more. We soon found a small leak in the pipe leading to one of the tanks of drinking water, which was the cause of all the trouble.

All through the dreary night, the yacht lay like a duck, with her head to the wind, riding the seas beautifully, but entirely motionless, her drift excepted. Once in a while a huge sea would roll over us, but, for the most part, we were dry and comfortable, and this in a sea that would have swamped many a boat of twice her size. The morning dawned with the fog banks still enveloping us, and the foam-capped waves on all sides, as far as the narrow limit of our vision would allow us to perceive.

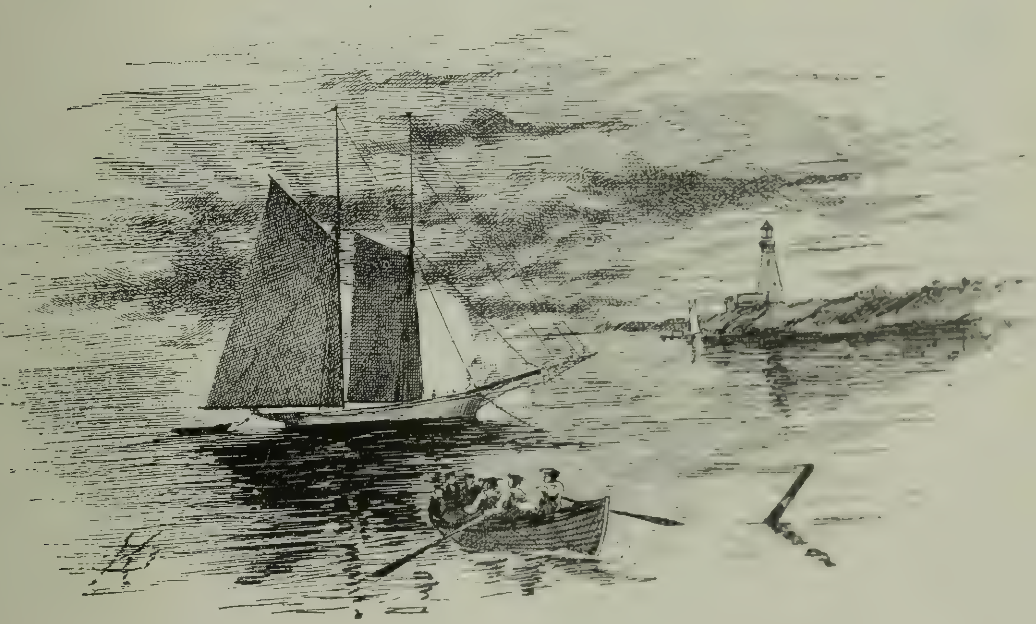
By 10 o'clock the wind had abated somewhat, and although still fresh, we put her on her course under double-reefed mainsail and Number 2 jib. The fog was still dense and we kept the horn tooting. Suddenly, looking out to leeward, we found we could see a greater distance than formerly. About a quarter of a mile away was a large working schooner, plunging through the sea at great speed, but the queerest part of it was, that up to about the middle of her mainsail, there was no fog whatever, and every rope and spar was clear and distinct; while her topmasts and the upper half of her lower sails were totally hidden by it. She appeared to be sailing with her topmasts in the clouds.

A few minutes later we emerged from the fog and found ourselves right under Halibut Point, and just north of Cape Ann. In a short time we found a good harbor, off a little town (a suburb of Gloucester), and anchored for the night. We spent the next few hours in sleeping.

We lay in port the next day, and on a Sunday morning we again weighed anchor, rounded Cape Ann, passed Thacher's Island, and were once more on our way home. The wind was fresh and the sea comparatively smooth, so we made good progress; but as the hours flew by, the wind increased constantly, and although it was, by no means, a gale, it was more than the little vessel required under full sail. One thing, however, was in our favor—we could lay our course, and every foot we made was in the right direction. While the little schooner was bowling along, with the wind about abeam, there came a snap and the gooseneck on the fore boom parted. This compelled the taking in of the foresail, and then she sped on her voyage as before, and as the wind was still fresh, the sail was not missed as much as might have been expected, for just as the sun went down, we shot into Provincetown harbor and came to anchor.

The next day the breeze was fresher than we wanted, but being nearly fair, the little vessel was driven right through toward Vineyard Haven. Through the dangerous shoals of Nantucket Sound, she seemed to leap from crest to crest, and every minute the spars or rigging were expected to give way, but all remained in place, and not a strand was parted. The pilot knew his soundings well and no reefs or bars were touched in those most dangerous of waters. Pollock's Rip, the Shovelfull and Handkerchief lightships were passed in safety, and the dangerous shoals of Monomoy were avoided. Nantucket Sound at last was reached and the vineyard sighted, but it was a great relief to all when the anchor dropped in the Haven.

We reached Newport and New London in good condition and without any serious mishap, and from the latter we came through to New York without stop, though the wind was ahead most of the time.



"Ma," inquired Bobby, "hasn't pa a queer idea of heaven?"

"Well, I think not, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard him say that the week you spent at the seashore seemed like heaven to him."—*Pottsville Review.*

A CALIFORNIA BASS.

CHARLES FREDERIC HOLDER.

THE sea-fishing of Southern California is peculiar. Some small fish can be taken from the piers that jut into the surf at Santa Monica, Redondo and Long Beach; but the shore line of almost the entire coast is sand, upon which beats the surf of the Pacific. The fishing, from the standpoint of real sport, is confined to the islands, off shore, which are rocky and precipitous, affording good ground for many fish that avoid the sandy beaches of the mainland.

The most available islands are San Clemente and Santa Catalina, which are reached in less than three hours, by a line of steamers from the mainland. The delightful nature of the trip, aside from the fishing; the good hotels at Avalon, and the ease with which it is reached from all over the State, have made this island a most popular resort.

Santa Catalina is about 22 miles long—a jumble of mountain peaks and ranges, with abrupt rocky cliffs rising directly from the sea, with deep water all about it, so that almost anywhere ships of the largest size can run in shore and touch their bowsprits to the rocks. This is the natural home of fishes of the bass family, and many kinds are found here. On my first visit I went down on the little beach one evening and soon was exchanging fish experiences with the islanders. I told the assembled anglers of a catch of black bass I made one year, at the Thousand Islands, which in size broke the record of a single catch for that year.

"How large were they?" asked one of my listeners.

"Five pounds each," I replied.

"Just the size we use for bass bait here," said the fisherman, dryly; and then followed fish stories which I believed only when I saw the fish. They were about a member of the bass family, that weighed up to 600 pounds and that would tow a boat about for an hour.

A few mornings later I started after the mysterious game. My man was on the beach when I arrived, the boat tugging at her painter as if eager to be off, and the slight swell was making the pebbles on the shore sing and talk.

Avalon Bay is a picture. It is a perfect semi-circle, forming the mouth of a cañon that winds away up into the mountains. As we pushed off there was not a ripple on the surface. We pulled up shore for perhaps a mile and came to anchor off a pebbly beach in water about 60 feet deep, directly over a big rock which my guide said rose here some 10 feet from the bottom. The line was about the size of the Eastern halibut line, perhaps a little larger; the hook large, and the bait a live 6-pound whitefish. A heavy sinker was attached, and the bait kept about 5 feet from the bottom. The boatman slipped the anchor, fastening the rope to a buoy which could be cast off at short notice. Thus equipped, we sat and waited, the boatman telling me of the island and its singular history; how it was discovered 350 years ago; of the bands of natives found by the Spaniards, of their strange disappearance, and of the many antiquities found on the island. All this, and more, he told, when suddenly the line which I held began to tauten and then to glide through my fingers. There was no jerk, no twitching—simply a businesslike walking away of the bait.

"Bass!" whispered my guide, as though fearing the fish would hear him. "Give him plenty of slack! So—now give it to him!"

The fish had taken perhaps 15 feet of the line when I struck my hook into his jaw. Next there came a response so terrific that my arms were pulled elbow-deep into the water, and the line went hissing over the gunwale of the boat. My oarsman had cast off the anchor float, and the moment I secured the line we went whirling away beyond the fish with a big white wave at our bows. It was some moments before I could gain a foot on the line, as every pull seemed to arouse the fish to fresh exertions; but finally, by a great effort, I held it and gained a few feet.

The rushes of the great fish were extraordinary. I have taken many large sharks, in various waters, but never had such a hand-to-hand struggle as this big bass gave me. It would come directly in with a rush, then turn and dash away with an impetuosity that was irresistible; then dart from side to side, fighting for its life with a vigor that soon completed my discomfiture, so that I took a turn about a cleat and declared myself beaten.

For half an hour this fish amused itself at my expense, and I gained upon it only by the humiliating method of taking a turn and hauling in foot by foot. Finally I had the fish in sight, and a vision of black and white dashed by, whirling the boat around. Another struggle, and I had the black sea bass at the surface, where it rolled over like a whale, deluging us with water with its powerful tail.

The game was well worth the struggle, and, as I had been told, looked like a gigantic black bass. It was nearly six feet in length and bulky in proportion. Above, the color was a rich mahogany; below, white and gray; its eyes as large as those of an ox, blue and expressive.

One such fish was glory enough for one day, and, after killing it, we hauled up the anchor and towed him into port—an operation that took us an hour and a half. Later it was hoisted on the beach and tipped the scales at 343.

The fish was the black sea bass, or jewfish, the *Stereolepis gigus* of science, a distant cousin of the bass that gives the angler such royal sport in fresh-water lakes and streams.*

Later in the season I saw one of these fish taken on a rod, with a 21-strand cuttyhunk line. It weighed about 160 pounds, and only succumbed after a struggle of over 2 hours.

THE JEWFISH—STEREOLEPIS GIGUS.

This fish is caught at the islands of San Clemente and Santa Catalina all the year round, though as a sport principally in the summer, when the latter place is thronged with visitors In the winter they school, and are often caught as fast as they can be pulled in, at times seriously interfering with the other fishing, the big bass dashing up and taking off the small fish of from 3 to 7 pounds as fast as they are hooked.

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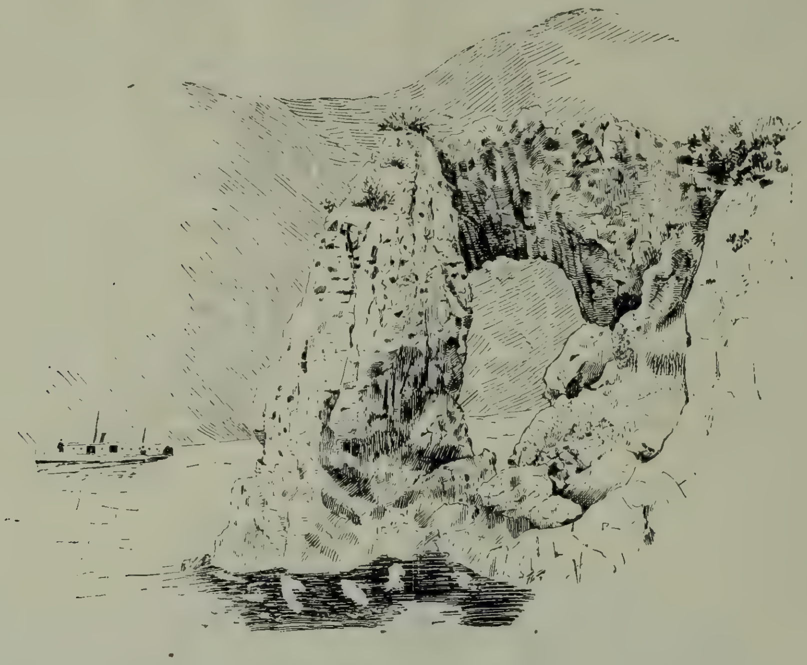
* Prof. B. C. Everman, of the Smithsonian Institution, writes of this fish as follows:

If your jewfish was caught on the Pacific Coast of America it is the California jewfish, *Stereolepis gigus Ayres*, one of the largest of the Serranidæ, or sea bass, family. This species is found on the coast of California, from the Farallones south to San Diego and Coronados Island, [illegible] rocks, in deep water

It is a huge fish, reaching a length of [illegible] feet and a weight of 400 to 500 pounds, and is the largest food fish on the Pacific coast. While it is probably abundant in suitable places, it is not often taken.

It feeds chiefly on smaller fishes, and is very voracious. Its flesh is of excellent quality, and when small enough to be available always bring a high price in the market.

To any one who enjoys vigorous sport and a fight with the giant of game fishes, I can commend this member of the bass tribe that, if reports are true, attains in the Gulf of California a weight of 800 pounds.



THE AUTUMN POET.

W. M. HAZELTINE.

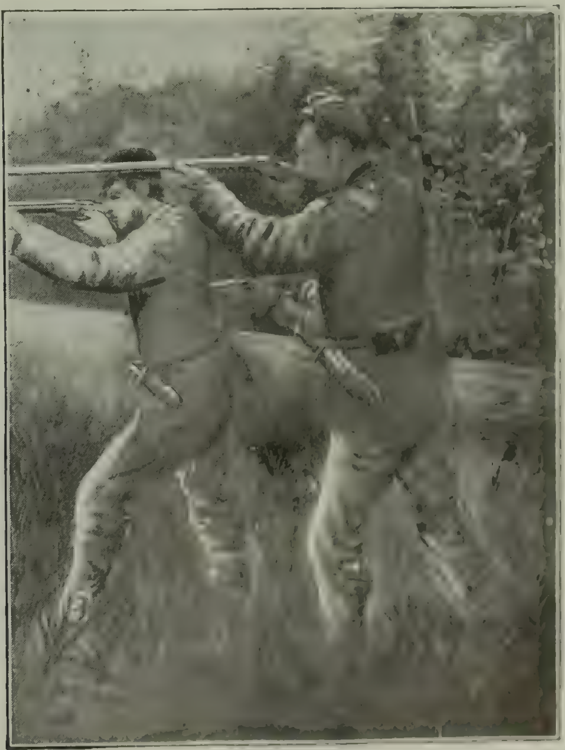
The poet sat on his old settee
  Smoking his corn-cob pipe,
While high above in the browning tree
  Were the young birds growing ripe ;
And loud in his ear the music welled,
  Of the sparrows' autumn song,
And the poet sang, "Oh, the springtime held
  The bloom of the flowers long,
            Ho! ho!
  The bloom of the flowers long.

"Oh, the mountains rise in a gorgeous couch,
  As the sun sinks out of sight.
The gold moon floats"—The tom-cats crouch
  And sing to the autumn night ;
And the poet sits in a thoughtful mood,
  While up through his curling locks
His fingers weave as a poet's should—
  While his wife sits darning socks—
            Ho! ho!
  While his wife sits darning socks.

MOOSE HUNTING IN CANADA.

THE CALL.

THE ANSWER.



THE FINISH.

From photographs by the late Mr. LAWSON BELL, of New York. Kindly loaned by Mr. A. O. PRITCHARD, of New Glasgow, N. S.

HANS THE WOLF HUNTER

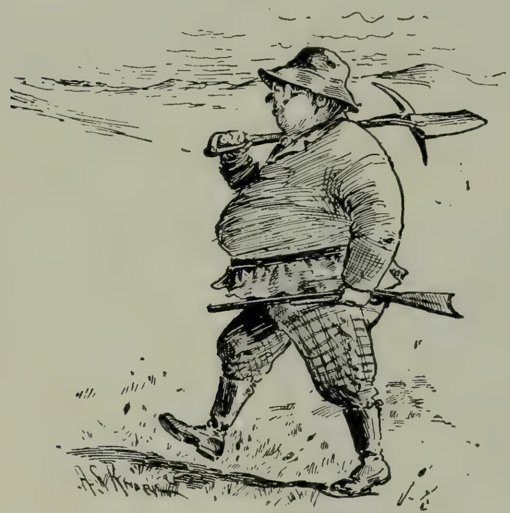
BY

S. N. McADOO

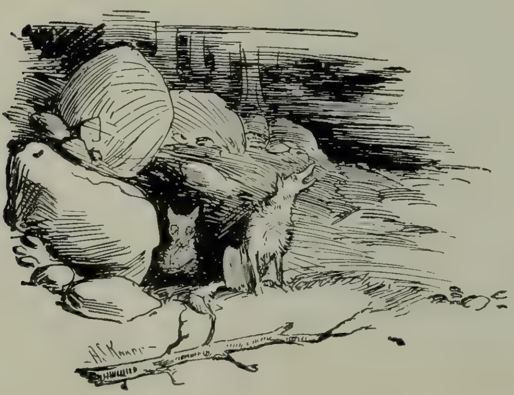
WHAT time the frogs begin their song,
And beasts in burrows feed their young,
My neighbor Hans is off among
The wolves, with animation.

Now Hans is neither tall nor slim,
The wash-tub much resembles him;
Three hundred kicks the beam with vim
When he's in consultation.

But when he strikes a lupine trail,
There's many a supple youth would fail
To keep the pace o'er hill and dale
Without some palpitation.



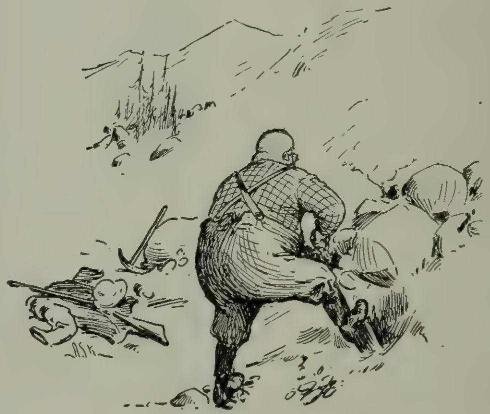
He tracks the game to its secret lair,
A naked bone or tuft of hair,
Or slightest footprint here or there,
Betrays the prize location.



But oft young wolves are hard to find;
Then Hans, with his ingenious mind,
In scalps of many another kind,
'Tis said, finds compensation.

But that, of course, is by-the-way,
And what I started out to say
Is that, upon a fateful day,
Our hero took his station.

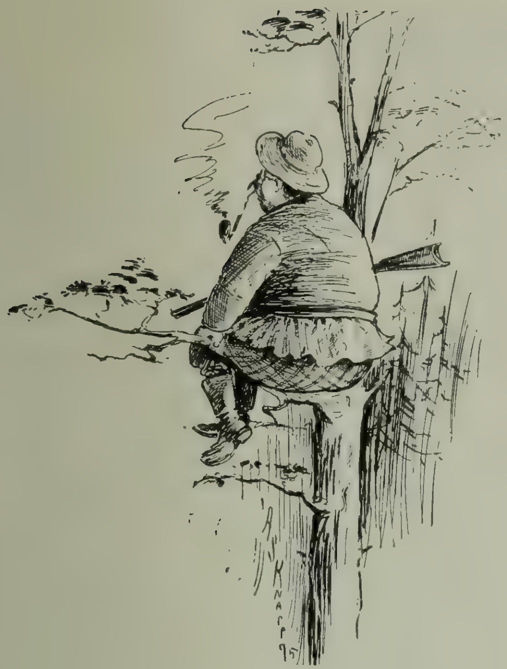
And then you ought to see him dig—
His shining pate *sans* hat, *sans* wig,
Bedewed with sweat-drops round and big—
I should say, perspiration.



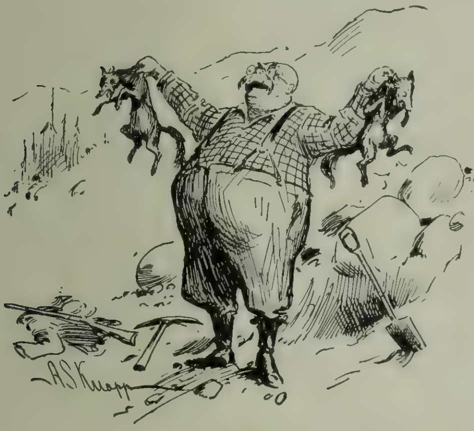
Until at last he stoops to greet
"Dose paby volfs, so schmart and neat—
Coom mit me to de coundy seat,
Coom shust for registration."

High-mounted in a hemlock tree,
Hard by a cave where two or three
Young wolves were waiting patiently,
Expecting some relation.

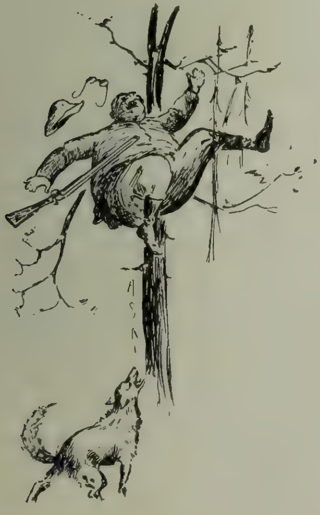
So Hans, whose brain is crammed with tricks,
As thick as ghosts along the Styx,
Took up his gun, and said, "I'll fix
To help at this ovation"



The day dragged slowly to a close,
The sun went down, the moon arose,
The owls began their tale of woes
With mystic incantation.



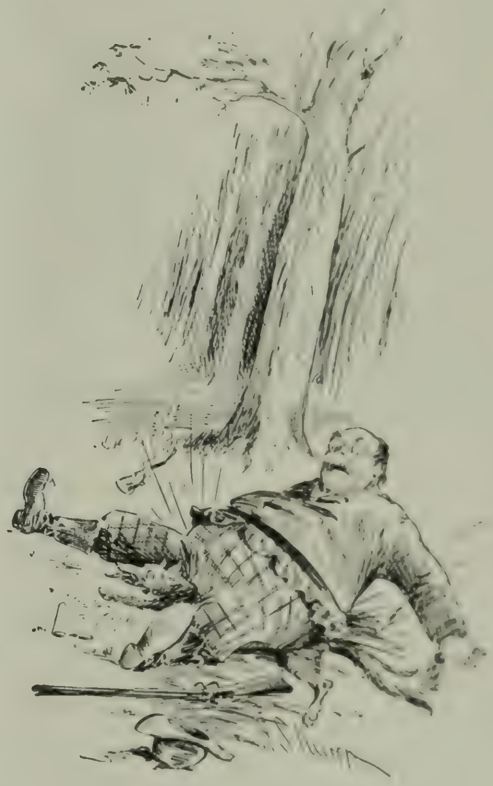
But Hans will end what he began;
As only a stolid Dutchman can,
He sat there hatching out his plan—
A kind of incubation.



But when the witching hour of night
Had filled the vale with full-moon light,
The long expected hove in sight,
And Hans was all flustration

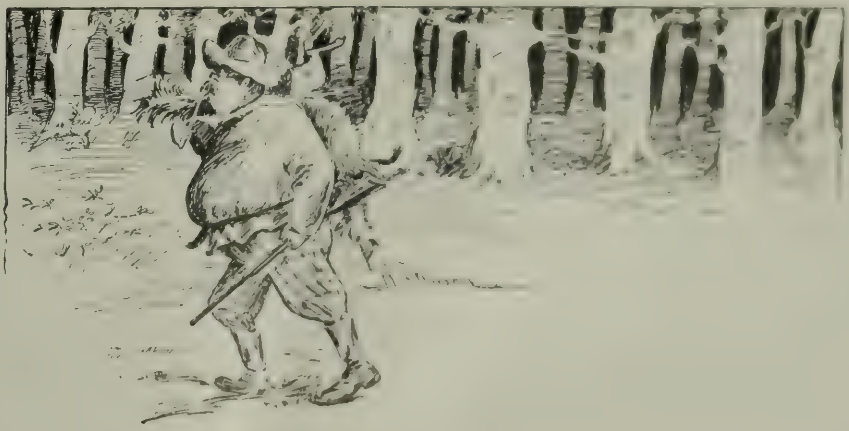
The wolf, which came without surmise,
Stood plumb below Hans' bulging eyes
"*Mein ye!* I haf one big surprise
For you—one castigation."

Then gently reaching for his gun,
He lost his poise! and all undone,
That wolf lay mashed as 'neath a ton
Of rock and ruination!



Now, wolves are killed by many a plan,
But never since the fall of man
Did wolf lay deader, flatter than
Beneath this visitation

This is the moral of my song,
'Tis good alike for old and young;
If you would hunt the wolves among,
Learn how from RECREATION



A DAY IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

This picture shows the result of a successful "Day in the Adirondacks." The lucky hunters are Hon. George Van Horn, ex-M. C., Cooperstown, N. Y., George Risendorph, of the same place, and A. E. Talmadge, ex-sheriff of Otsego County, and now proprietor of the Hamilton House at Stamford, N. Y. The weight of the largest deer—the one in the center of the group—was 285 pounds. The game was killed at Big Indian Clearing.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

Los Angeles, Cal.

EDITOR RECREATION:

Four of the prominent citizens of San Bernardino were arrested, Oct. 6, for violating the game laws, by shooting quails. On account of the prominence of the parties the case will attract widespread attention, and will be apt to have a wholesome effect on all other violaters of the game laws. City Trustee M. A. Pace, Deputy Marshal T. T. Stark, Policeman T. A. Carter and William Thode, a brewer, were hauled in by Arthur G. Fletcher, of San Francisco, Secretary of the State Fish Commission. The guilty men were hunting in the fields west of Rialto, and the officer found each with a quail in his possession.

Hunters have been boldly killing quails, in the San Bernardino valley, for two months, in open defiance to the law. Not only have these been shot for private use, but it is said that hotels and dining houses, along the railroad, have openly furnished birds to customers. The report finally reached the ears of Fletcher, who patrols this end of the state. He came here to see what could be done. Starting out from North Cucamingo one morning, dressed in hunting togs, he chanced to fall in with these "city officials." Fletcher found out who they were, and that each of them had been killing quails, the close season on which does not expire until Oct. 15.

When Fletcher had all the evidence he wished, he announced himself, and secured one quail from each shooter, to be used in evidence. Complaints will be sworn out before the district attorney, and the day's sport will probably cost each at least $20, the minimun fine permitted by law. It will also increase the local respect for the game laws a thousand fold.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

Up to date duck shooting here has not been good. The best shots have not averaged a dozen birds a day.

The striped bass season has nearly closed as the fish have practically stopped biting.

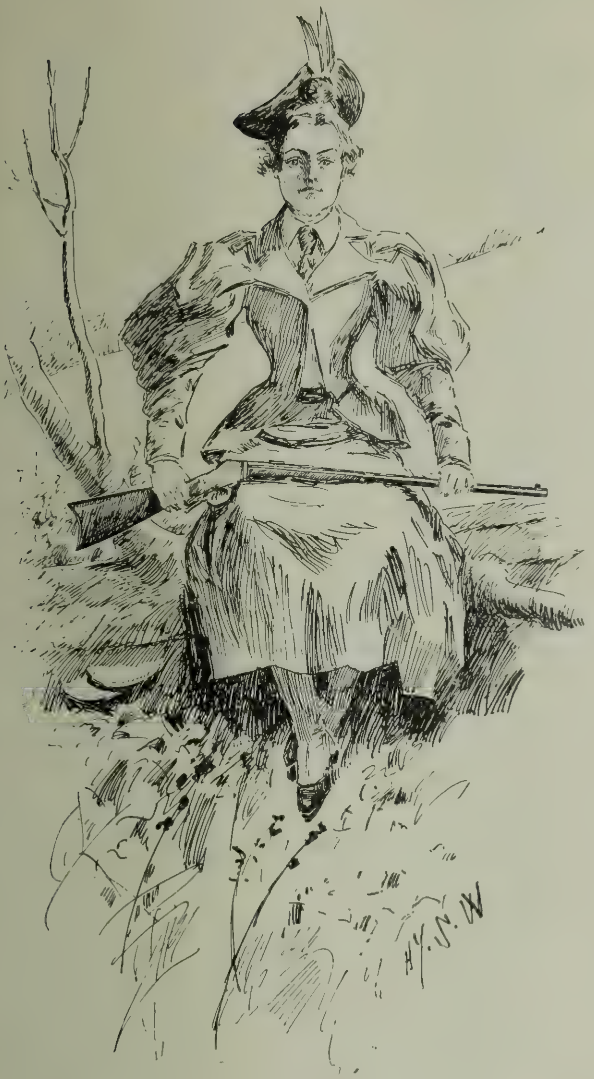
The top man at this business this season, is George Murray, who has taken 57 fish so far, though the average weight has been somewhat lighter than the run of last year.

Quails, rabbits and woodcock are practically extinct in this vicinity.

A. S. DOANE, Lattingtown, L. I.

HOW SOME WOMEN WENT SHOOTING.

JULIA C. WELLES.



There were 4 ladies and 6 gentlemen in our camping party. It was agreed that we should get as far as possible away from "carking care" and civilization, so it was decided to select a spot, then, as yet, unstartled by the steam whistle. One of the party who had "been there," described it as a "sylvan nook," which suited the romantic tastes of the only unmarried lady in the party, and whose huge trunks were the subject of more secret balloting than would have been comfortable for her to know.

One of the women was said to be a crack shot. We had learned, at the hotel fireside, of her prowess; of how, with slight assistance, she had killed a wild cat or two, and wounded a panther; that she knew the country, having shot all over it with her husband, while she could give a woodsman's yell sufficient to curdle the blood in the veins of an unreconstructed rebel. Of course, we women relied upon her with a babe's confidence.

After much time spent in stowing away the trunks, adjusting them with an eye to ballast, and taking an inventory of our larder, which consisted to an alarming degree of "firewater," necessary for snake-bite and the guide, as the gentlemen informed us, at the first stiff breeze we unfurled sail, and a merrier, noisier party never sailed up the Kissimmee.

It was noon of the next day when we reached our camping spot. A sylvan nook it really was, with that oppressive stillness which characterizes such nooks—doubly so at midday.

The dropping of the heavy dew in the heart of this "primeval forest" fell with disturbing distinctness on our senses. The voices of our companions chilled us to the marrow while our own took on a hollowness strange to our ears.

"How could you have stood it?" asked the young woman of the one who had "shot all over the country with her husband." The other woman laughed gleefully, rounding it up with a whoop which brought all to their feet, and made even our male companions, who were getting out their tent paraphernalia, turn pale.

It was a relief to hear the ring of the hatchets as the stakes were being driven. A streak of sunlight penetrated the dense forest, touching the new, white canvas of the first tent, sending a shadow branch along its waving side.

"Isn't it delightful?" exclaimed the huntress.

"I think it will be," said one poor woman, comforted a little by the sun's rays.

"I never felt so lost before in my life," said the young woman.

"To-morrow, when the men get off, we'll go out and shoot some birds. I'll show you how;" the shot said confidently, taking her rifle out of its bagging. "It's not so lonesome here as you think. There's an Indian settlement not far from here, a little ways back in the country. The men are always off hunting, and the squaws stay at home. I used to make nothing of going over there with my husband, and while he went off with the Indians I would stay around with the women and amuse myself with the papooses. That's how I learned to make those curious feather things you all saw."

"I wish I hadn't come," said the young woman, gazing tenderly at her trunks, as, pivoted first on one end and then on the other, sinking a good half-foot into the bed of wet earth and leaves, our men, lacking the dexterity of the railway luggage porter, laboriously hauled and tugged at them, on their way to the tent. There, sighing a peculiar sound of words under their breath, they turned to meet the thankful but tearful gaze of the young lady.

"With a never-failing supply of fish, no need of laying in such a stock of canned goods," said the oldest man of the party, bearing aloft a tin pan filled with pickerel and a bass on top, all freshly caught and dressed by the water's side, ready for the coals. The men were hungry and ate voraciously. The coffee, made in a new tin pot, by the ladies, was delicious, and under its stimulus even the most timid of us cheered up. We had food, shelter, and good company. To-morrow we should enter upon our career.

A night's sleep in the open air cannot fail to have its good effect; and to those of us used to sleeping in stuffy rooms all our lives, the effect was magical. The aroma of coffee and a savory fry of fish were most inviting, and done full justice to, even by those of us who never had any appetite in the morning at home.

The huntress of the party sat in the door of the tent in true Indian fashion, and tenderly polished her rifle, while the rest of us who "were afraid of a gun," stood admiringly at a safe distance.

After seeing the men depart and giving them a hilarious send-off, our crack shot turned immediately to business.

"Come, now, leave those tins to the guide to clean. Let's go and see if we can't get some birds."

"But I don't like to go alone," said the young lady.

"You're not going alone. We're all going—I'm going, and you can't get lost. We won't go far the first day;" as, shouldering her rifle jauntily, she led the way. Trustingly we older women followed. Only the younger wished "that we had some one along."

"Oh, she's one of those who can never do anything without a man tugging at their heels," said our Diana, contemptuously.

We had been walking about two hours without incident, save once, when our shot "winged something," and brought down a song-bird whose red plumage, as it lay in the pitying hand of the young woman, "would look well on a gray hat," the shooter informed us.

At length one of our number, more bold than the others, ventured to ask if we had not gone far enough.

"Oh, no; when we get half way you can see the Indian settlement. But we shall not take that in to-day; we will leave it for some other time."

The sand, which by this time had sifted in over our shoe-tops, was beginning to chafe our feet painfully. We were in a dense thicket, with no sign of a trail. "There doesn't seem to be any way of getting out of here," said one.

"Oh, that's because you are unused to these woods," was the flippant reply. "That wild sweet orange tree you see over there I discovered once myself. We'll soon come to a clump of palmettos."

"That was a wild sweet orange tree you said we passed an hour ago," said the bold one again.

"Oh, that's not the one. Are you getting afraid? Know these woods? Well, I should say so," and she gave a whoop which brought us all together with a piteous little chorus of moans and "Oh, don'ts!"

"I'm tired, and my feet burn so!" cried the young woman.

We had passed several wild sweet orange trees, but they were not the right one. Finally there was forced upon us the certainty that we were lost, and even our crack shot had to admit that we had gone a little out of our way; whereupon, the bold one of our party began to question her sternly.

"How many hours' walk was it from our camp to the Indian settlement?"

"About two hours."

We had been out now between 3 and 4 hours with no sign of a settlement. We felt that we had just been wandering around in the forest, traveling over the same ground—perhaps going around in a circle, "for I always notice," said one, "that when we come to a wild sweet orange tree we turn a curve."

"The next time we come to a wild sweet orange tree, we'll turn about and retrace our steps, and when we think we have gotten half way between that and where the next sweet orange tree ought to be, we'll strike off at an angle," said the brave one, taking the leadership completely out of the hands of our crack shot, whose own courage gradually showed signs of oozing, as, silent and moody, she followed now, trying to carry her rifle with an air of indifference, while her silver-mounted game bag remained empty. The young woman had mournfully buried the songbird in the forest and had tenderlycovered it with leaves.

Soon we encountered the wild sweet orange tree again, and she who had assumed the leadership looked upon us with a grim smile of despair as we reached our landmark, halted and turned about. We retraced our steps, keeping steadily in the opposite direction. This we did for an hour or more, which we calculated would bring us somewhere near where we left the right path.

Here we struck what seemed a trail. This did not lead to our camp, for we had noticed no such trail in coming. But it evidently led to somewhere—even our shooter, now an humble follower, showed an eagerness to take it.

"Our camp lies to the east of us, I think, but we are not sure of the way. Here is a trail; if it should take us to an Indian settlement, and I surmise it will, we may be able to hire a guide and pony," said our new leader.

Hope was returning, but our feet were blistered and every step was torture. We had cut our shoe-tops across, to let the sand out, and every little while would have to stop and stub our toes against some tree trunk to let the sand out at the toe of our sandals, which had sifted in over the top.

A curl of blue smoke, through the trees, brought an exclamation of glad surprise from all of us, in which our crackshot faintly joined. She was now wearily dragging her gun along the ground, her game bag lying in the hollow of her arm. She refused our help to carry it. We truly pitied her, for misery had made us all akin now.

Our guide had surmised correctly. The trail led to an Indian settlement. That we were objects of curiosity we saw, as some tall Indian would come up singly and with folded arms stand in front of us, looking out at us from under his brows curiously. The women and children crowded about. Our friend's rifle interested the youths amazingly. One tall fellow took it out of her unreluctant hand, glanced along the barrel, grunted approvingly, studied the short stock contemptuously, and tossed it back to her. Next to the rifle, our rings and ear-rings attracted the most attention. We asked for some one and something to convey us to our camp. They said the men had all gone out that morning on a long hunt and taken the ponies with them.

"Could they not send some one of the young men we saw, or couldn't they, one of the squaws, go?"

They shook their heads, "no." We offered the ear-rings. One lazy buck took them, hung one of them in his ears, and handed it back with a grunt of disgust. Evidently it was not big enough to tempt him.

"Did they know where our camp was?" They nodded assent.

What should we do? It was growing late and we were anxious to get back to camp, knowing the anxiety there would be on our account, when husbands and brothers should return.

"Would they show us, then, what direction to take?"

The young buck indicated with a sweep of his hand to the East, and we departed, glad to escape, even to the terrors of the forest.

Our bleeding feet were, if anything, worse for this short rest, for they were now stiff and numb, and we felt as if we had nothing to stand upon. But we must keep tramping. We had walked about three-quarters of a mile when the rustle of boughs and the sound of soft footfalls arrested our attention. Our inexperienced ears could not detect the nature of it.

"A wildcat," whispered one.

"A snake," shuddered another.

The branches were being parted from behind and a full-plumed Indian stepped into view.

The young woman swooned. Our crackswoman, too foot-sore and weary for any new sensation, gazed in a blind, dazed way. The Indian, without displaying any surprise on his part, stood poised on one foot like a winged Mercury. We saw now that the plumes on his head were not the feathers of the war-path, as our bewildered senses at first thought them, but the outspread wings of a wild turkey, strapped to his back.

"White squaw 'fraid," he said, reassuringly. Upon which we ventured desperately to ask if he knew where our camp was. He signified that he did; that he had been there to sell his turkey. We told him, with unconcealed joy, that we would buy his turkey if he would carry it to the camp for us.

"How much white squaw give?"

The leader, who had placed herself in front of the swooning member, replied:

"One dollar."

He shook his head and was putting down the other winged foot, when we hastened to ask:

"How much?"

"Dollar—half," he said, stoically.

She had profited by her experience of the morning in trading with the Indian, and after a show of mature deliberation, consented.

Our crackswoman gladly laid the burden of her rifle upon his shoulders, while we followed him in single file. We learned a valuable lesson in the art of pedestrianism, and that there were some movements not taught by the Delsarte method.

Fascinated, we watched him as we followed, trying to imitate him, as with step light as that of a fawn he peeled his foot off the ground, and for our astonishment would occasionally, with a sidewise movement, cover up up his footprints.

He understood English better than most of his tribe, being accustomed to trading with the whites, and, as we recounted our recent predicament he addressed us as "Big Fool White Squaw," "Little Man White Squaw," "Gray Head Big Fool White Squaw," and "Red Nose Fool White Squaw," which titles we acknowledged with more appreciation than we ever did the neatest turned compliment in our lives.

Our appearance in camp was a sensation to the guide who had been dispensed with. The others, on returning and not finding us there, had started out in search of us, and were at that moment scouring the woods. The Indian promised to find them and inform them of our safe arrival, which he did; and it was a very shamefaced group they saw upon their return, while it required the remainder of our stay in camp for our bruised and stiffened members to heal. Some of us wear scars on our feet even to this day.

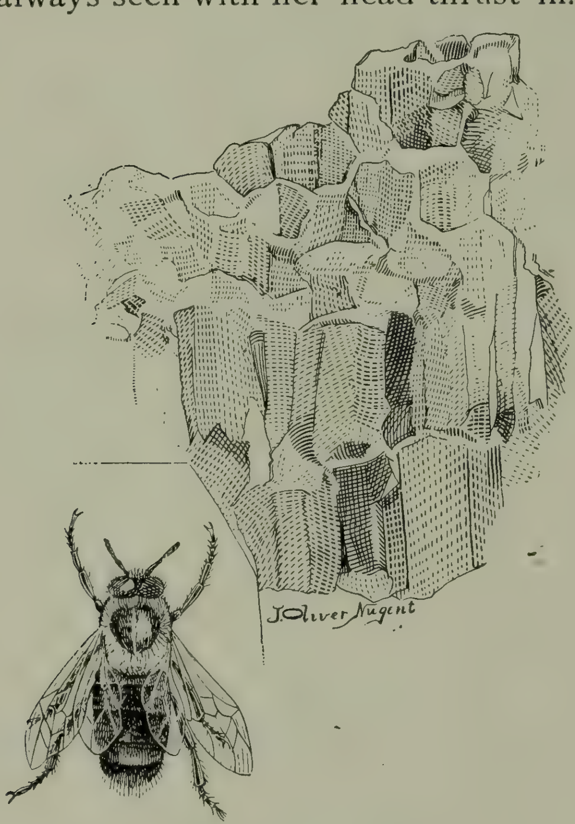
SOCIALISM AMONG BEES.

Jas. Wier, Jr., M. D.

For the purpose of demonstrating the workings of a perfect society, as found among the lower animals, I will take the honey-bee and its habits. The queen of a community of bees is the foundation stone upon which the whole superstructure of their limited monarchy is reared. Without a queen (I prefer the term common mother, but will use the term in general use), there can exist no colony. She is an absolute *sine qua non*, and around her revolves the entire domestic economy of the hive. She is the center of interest to every member, and the object of their constant and unceasing attention. Even when dead they are loth to give her up, and always pay her royal honors and loving attentions after she is cold in death. They must have a queen, either full grown or in embryo, or they cease to exist.

A fully organized community of bees is made up of three kinds of individuals: workers or neuters, drones or males, and the queen, or perfect female. There are two kinds of workers, the honey-gatherers and wax-workers, and the nurses. Bees, by a systematic course of nursing and feeding, have the power of changing the sex of individuals. No other known animal has this power. If bees are deprived of their queen and a piece of comb containing young neuters be given them, they will select 1 or 2 of these sexless individuals and immediately begin a process, the result of which is, that they are changed into perfect females. This they do by building them larger cells and by feeding them on royal jelly, or the food which is prepared for the real female young. These young neuters must not be over 2 days old. If more than 48 hours old the royal jelly ceases to be efficacious, and the young neuters become only workers, a trifle larger in size than ordinary.

Bees, however, seldom or never make mistakes. They never select neuters, for this experiment, over 2 days old. They proceed in the following manner after selecting the particular grub which they wish to transform into a perfect female. The grubs in the cell adjacent to that of the favored one are removed. The workers take down the walls between these 3 cells, thus making 1 large cell. Then, leaving the floors untouched, they raise around the selected grub a cylindrical tube which follows the horizontal plane of the other cells. At the end of the third day, they gnaw away the cells below it, using the wax of which they were formed to construct a pyramidal tube, which they join at right angles to the horizontal one. The diameter of the tube diminishes gradually from base to apex.

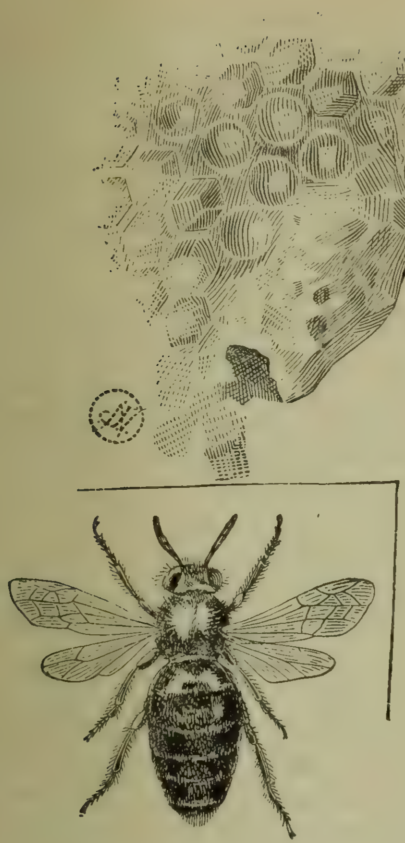


DRONE AND CELLS.

During the 2 days that the grub inhabits this cell a bee may be always seen with her head thrust in. When one quits another takes her place. These bees keep lengthening the cells as the grub grows older, and they keep on feeding it, placing the food within its mouth. The grub moves in a spiral direction, slowly working itself downward, until it arrives at the orifice, when it is ready to assume its pupa state; then the workers close the opening. Thus, by simply enlarging a cell and feeding a worker grub on food of a certain kind, they change the sex of that particular individual. They thus give to this otherwise unfertile, and in a measure, sexless creature, the organs, form, and desires of a perfect female, endowed with all the qualifications necessary to perpetuate the race. The queens reared in this manner from workers larvæ differ in one respect from those reared from true female larvæ—they are deaf and dumb.

Before the queen emerges from her cell a perfect insect 16 days must elapse. She remains in the egg 3 days; when hatched, she feeds, as a grub, 5 days; when covered over by the workers she commences to spin her cocoon, and this takes another day. She remains quiet for 2 days and 16 hours and then assumes the pupa state, which lasts exactly 4 days and 8 hours—thus making, in all, 16 days. The young bees, unlike ants, do not require assistance when emerging from their cells. They grow through the lids on top of the cells and thus come into the world unassisted.

The queen will allow no rival near her throne. If permitted by her subjects, she would put to death every young queen in the hive before it emerged from its cell. The bees permit this if the community is small, and there is no necessity for a swarm to go forth. When the colony is large and emigration necessary, the old queen leaves the hive at the head of the swarm, and a new queen reigns in her stead. It sometimes happens that two young queens emerge from their cells at the same time. When this occurs they immediately engage in battle, and fight until one is killed. The survivor puts to death all the other young queens that may remain in their cells. These young females make continuously a piping noise, like the squeak of a very young mouse. The reigning queen is rendered furious by this cry, and, if permitted, rushes to the royal nursery and plies her sting till all is silent. The workers stand passively by and watch these murders.

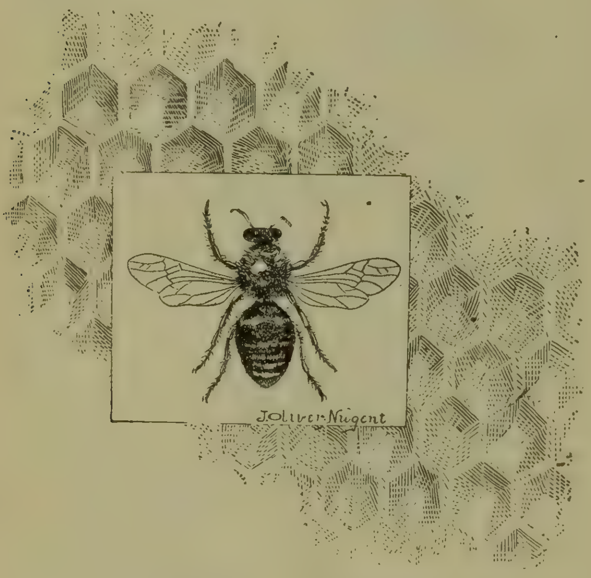


QUEEN BEE AND CELLS.

When the queen leaves the nursery, the workers tear down the cells, drag out the victims, and cast them out of the hive. Huber introduced a fertile queen into a hive already provided with a queen. Soon after she was introduced, a circle of workers hemmed her round about, not to compliment her and pay her homage, but to prevent her escape. While they were doing this, other bees assembled around the legitimate queen and kept her prisoner also. Whenever the last mentioned queen appeared inclined to move toward the stranger, the bees made way for her. As soon as she saw the strange queen, she rushed furiously upon her, seized her, and at once stung her to death. Sometimes a strange queen will attempt to enter a hive. The gate-keepers, which are always on guard, will not allow this, but will hem her in closely. They sometimes keep her prisoner so long that she starves to death. They never sting her, however. She is royal, consequently sacred.

If bees lose their queen through death or otherwise, they will not accept another until their period of mourning is over. This lasts about 24 hours. If at the end of this time a stranger queen is introduced into the hive, the inhabitants receive her with joy and immediately elect her communal mother of the colony. When this is very large and several swarms must leave, the bees show an almost human intelligence. As has been said before, the old queen leads the first swarm. Now, if there are 2 more swarms to go out, there must be furnished 2 more queens to lead them. To provide against the murderous onslaughts of these insect Semiramises on the nursery, is the worker-bees' chief duty. As soon as they discover that a young queen has cut through her cell lid, they fasten down the lid and keep her prisoner. She thrusts out her tongue to show that she is hungry, and they give her honey. They keep her shut up for a day or two until she is strong enough to fly. Then they let her out, and she leads her particular swarm from the hive. The next queen to lead out a swarm is treated in like manner. Thus all the swarms are provided with queens and leave the hive.

The first queen to come out, after the last swarm has left, becomes the queen of the hive. She is permitted to murder all the young queens still remaining in the royal nursery. Kirby and Spence say that, "When bees thus delay the entrance of young queens into their world, they invariably let the oldest out first." They probably know the age of each young queen to the fractional part of a second, but how, we know not. Huber marked all the royal cells in a hive as soon as the workers covered them in, and they were liberated according to seniority. He also discovered that those covered first, emit the piping cry first. Huber argued from this that the bees knew the ages of the young queens from this cry. I am inclined to believe, however, that this is an erroneous conclusion. The queens reared from worker larvæ are dumb, yet they are always liberated according to seniority. It has been claimed that no guards are ever placed around the cells of the mute queens. This is a mistake. Bees are too sensible to risk the welfare of their community in such hap-hazard manner. It sometimes happens that two of these artificial queens appear at once. This also happens, sometimes, with real queens. When there is only one artificial queen there is, really, no necessity for a guard, yet 2 or 3 bees may be seen near this royal cell all the time. It my opinion the artificial, or, if I may use the term, manufactured queens, are more carefully guarded than are the real queens.



WORKER AND CELLS.

If a queen is detained in a hive by stormy weather, which always prevents swarming, her horror of the royal cells and their occupants is strongly manifested. She generally succeeds in killing some of the young queens, but soon ceases her murderous onslaughts and rushes frantically about the hive, carrying consternation and dismay wherever she goes. She will leave the hive the moment the weather becomes propitious. As soon as a queen is received as the accepted communal mother by a hive of bees, she becomes the object of their constant and unremitting attentions. They pay her homage and, at the sound of her voice, bow down in abject humility. No matter what they may be doing, if the queen utters this peculiar piping cry, every bee who hears it stops as if paralyzed, bows her head, and remains for several seconds without motion. Then, slowly and timidly, they raise their heads and resume their interrupted occupations.

If a queen is removed from a hive the bees, at first, do not seem to notice it. In about an hour they begin to show some signs of perturbation. They run about in great agitation. Those who first discover their loss, cross antennæ with others and communicate their sad tidings to them. Soon the whole hive is in an uproar. Workers rush to the entrance, fly outside, circle around several times, as though searching for the beloved mother, and then return to the hive. This tumult lasts for several hours and then gradually quiets down. They remain apathetic and disconsolate for about 24 hours, and then begin the process of rearing another queen, artificially, from worker larvæ. If, after being removed, the old queen is restored to the hive, the bees at once recognize her and pay her every attention. If a strange queen is given them during the first 12 hours of their mourning, they keep her close prisoner until she dies. If 24 hours have elapsed and a strange queen be given them, the first bees to notice her will examine her carefully, pass their tongues over her body and stroke her with their antennæ. The circle of bees increases and all vibrate their wings and produce a loud hum. The other bees hear and come to see what is going on. The intelligence is rapidly transmitted through the whole company, which salute her with rapturous applause and declare her communal mother. When she begins to move, the circle opens to let her pass and all follow her footsteps.

Reaumer put some bees into a hive without their queen, and then gave them one that was half dead from the cold. He had kept her in a box for some time, in which there was a little powdered chalk. She had become thoroughly covered with the powder. The bees immediately received her as their communal mother, cleaning her, and warming her, even turning her on her back for this purpose. Even when bees have commenced to rear a queen from worker larvæ, they stop when a queen is given them. They know that their great aim is accomplished and that there is no necessity for further labor in queen-making. While a queen remains a virgin she is treated almost with indifference, but as soon as impregnation has taken place, the homage of the bees becomes unbounded. Wherever she goes she is surrounded by a circle of devoted courtiers. They offer her honey, caress her with their antennæ, and lick her with their tongues.

Reaumer relates an instance of this affection of bees for their queen that is startling in its pathos. He found a queen drowned, and apparently quite dead. Bringing her home, he placed her among some workers he had found in the same place and in the same condition, most of which he had restored by warmth. No sooner had these revived workers perceived their queen than they appeared to be filled with compassion, and at once began to lick her. They did not cease their ministrations until she showed signs of returning animation. Then they loudly hummed their joy at her recovery. Half dead and bedraggled themselves, yet their great love for their communal mother made them totally forgetful of self, and they went at once to her assistance.

The honeymoon of the queen and the drone takes place in mid-air. The queen returns to the hive, but the king of a day dies shortly after his nuptials. He rarely survives his marital felicity longer than 6 hours. In 48 hours after impregnation the queen begins to oviposit. She lives about two years and during that time lays 250,000 eggs. The laying of worker eggs begins early in the spring. After this, the male eggs, generally some 2,000, are laid. Queens can lay fertilized eggs, *i. e.*, male and female, at will. They are enabled to do this through their having a curious organ called *spermatotheca*.

Bees swarm generally from the middle of May to the latter part of June, though I have seen swarms in April and in August. I saw one swarm in 1890 as late as September 3. On the morning of the day on which bees intend to swarm, few bees will be seen to leave the hive. The night previous has been spent in busy preparation for the migration. There has been a hum and a bustle noticeable during the entire night. In all probability, those who are to go out with the queen in her search for a new house have told all their relations good-by. The queen has harangued her subjects and exhorted them to follow wherever she may lead. Suddenly she rushes to the entrance, followed by a vast crowd of emigrants. Accompanied by these she mounts into the air, and wings her way into that new country where a new community is to be established.

The drones, or males, are born in May and are put to death in July or August. The bees chase them about the hive and sting them to death. They not only kill the mature drones, but the young and immature ones also. In hives deprived of a queen, and where the bees are rearing a queen from worker larvæ, they are never molested. Their fury against the drones is governed entirely by the utility or inutility of the latter insects. When the queen is impregnated, which lasts for a lifetime, they know that they have no further use for the males, which, if left alive, would only consume their winter stores of provisions, without conferring any benefit on the commonwealth, so they destroy them. The workers make the wax, gather the honey and take care of the young. The wax from which the cells are made is secreted in their laminated scales between the abdominal plates. A bee will rest herself on the floor of the hive, firmly fix herself with her toes and vibrate her abdomen rapidly. This causes the scales of wax to become dislodged and to fall to the floor. These the bee seizes and works to the proper consistency with her mandibles.

The nectar of flowers does not become honey until after it undergoes certain chemical changes in the honey-bag of the bee. The bee takes the nectar from the flowers, carries it home in her honey-bag, and regurgitates it into the cell from honey. Bees are the most cleanly animals in in the world. They will allow no filth in their habitations, but will carefully deposit such on the outside. If a strange animal, such as a grub or a moth, comes into the hive, they immediately kill it. If it be too heavy for them to carry out, they bury it beneath masses of a resinous, gummy substance called *propolis*. This substance they extract from poplar and kindred trees, and use also for stopping up all cracks, etc., in the walls of the hive. In the honey-bee, socialism is ideally perfect. The good of the commonwealth is everything, and, in serving the commonwealth, the individual weal of each inhabitant is achieved.

NOW THE NEZ PERCES ARE AT IT.

Warren's, Idaho.

Editor RECREATION

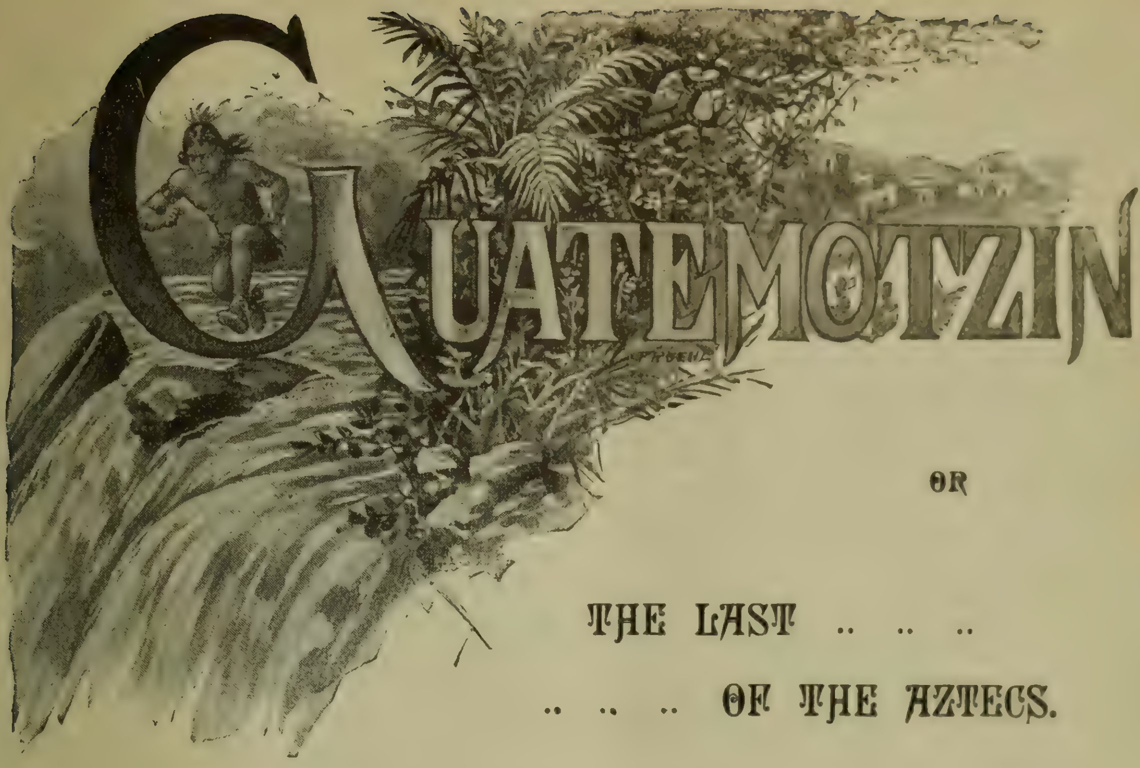
I want to make a kick, and one in which I am indorsed by all the citizens of this mining district. Ten days ago the deer were here by hundreds, in their annual migration to the Salmon River, where they winter. The woods were full of them. They could be seen every day along the trails and from our cabin door. Then came several bands of Nez Percé Indians from the Camas, or Lapwai reservation, near Lewiston. They made their camps in the main passes, at the summit of the divide, to kill or hold the game back, and from morning until night every ridge is dotted with Indians in skirmish line. Not a deer can pass, and with the constant fusilade and the howling dogs, the poor beasts have been killed, frightened and scattered all over the country. Four Indians camped 2 miles from here, killed 44 deer last week. A band at the head of Slaughter House creek killed over a hundred; and as there are a number of other bands camped all along the divide, the slaughter must be frightful. Two of us hunted all day yesterday and saw only one deer, and almost no fresh sign. A week ago we could have seen 50 on the same ground. Some of your correspondents think redskins don't slaughter game. We know they do. At every Indian camp the drying racks and tepees are loaded with venison, and there are piles on the ground, while poles and limbs of trees are hung full of fresh and grained hides. These vandals not only butcher the game, but they scatter it, and keep it from its winter range.

The sight of one of these Indian camps is enough to drive a sportsman wild. Any one band of these Nez Percés will kill more deer in a week than all the citizens of this section would have killed this fall.

These same Indians recently received their choice of their lands in allotment, and $675,000 in cash from the Government. They must hereafter stay at home and not be found hunting east or south of the Salmon River. This is the last season they will be allowed to butcher game here, and if the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and the agent who has charge of these Indians do not keep them at home, there will be another Jackson's Hole affair; and the hole in the Nez Percé tribe will be too big to patch.

I don't know what position Governor McConnell, of this State, takes in this case, but if he is a friend of sportsmen, and a lover of law, order, and decency, he will brace up, as Governor Richards did, and aid us in this matter. There are no guides doing business here, so the Eastern Indian admirers can't say they are the ones who make this kick. Just the same we won't have this game slaughter repeated another season, come what may.

M. W. MINER.



GUATEMOTZIN

OR

THE LAST .. .. ..
.. .. .. OF THE AZTECS.

DR. EDWARD J. TUCKER.

CHAPTER X.

DARK DAYS.

We will pass over a period of three years, which I devoted mostly to my studies.

Steve took a lease of the farm for 20 years at a rental sufficient to meet my current expenses, but, always mysterious, he desired to word the lease, "For farming or other purposes." My suspicions had been aroused at his feverish efforts to obtain control of the property, so I refused to allow him to draw up the lease other than for the sole purpose of farming or raising stock, for which the Wyoming Valley is noted. He was disappointed and refused to sign the lease until I invited Mr. Yost over to discuss his proposition. Steve then concluded to sign, agreeing to employ father at a stated salary.

Two years after I entered college, Mr. Sheldon's increasing feebleness compelled him to resign his charge. My father, who had become quite friendly with the old gentleman, invited the Sheldons to make their home at the farm. I was called to consult as to the plan, but did not approve it, for Steve had developed into a taciturn, morose man. Though but 22 his hair was already streaked with gray, his face was without color, and his eyes were deeply sunken in his head. He had never again become congenial with me, and on the few occasions I came home spasms of pain would convulse his features, and he always found some pretext to absent himself from the farm during my vacations. His face would flush with pleasure when Jessie appeared, paling instantly afterward, and, though I said not a word to Jessie on the subject, I knew Steve was slowly grieving his life away.

This knowledge distressed me, and I determined, as soon as I graduated, to marry Jessie and take her to the far West, when I hoped Steve's passion would wear away, and that time would heal his passion; but, to be summoned home to consider the advisability of Jessie and her father living under the same roof was too homeopathic for me. I opposed the plan strongly, but my opposition only had the effect of placing both the old gentlemen on their mettle, while Steve fixed his great, hollow eyes on me as if he alone understood my reason for opposing them. I was at a loss how to defend my position and appealed to Jessie, but, talk of a woman's intuition! My appeal was lost on her. She gazed on Steve, and said, "I am sure the quiet and restfulness of this dear old place will restore father's health, and while I attend to him I can nurse Steve, who, I am sure, is quite ill, though he will not acknowledge it."

Steve turned away as both the old gentlemen turned their inquiring eyes on him. As Jessie never alluded to Steve's attachment for her, I believe she had forgotten it in her absorbing love for me, especially as she did not meet him for a year after our engagement.

It was finally settled the Sheldons should come to the farm and pay a moderate sum for board, as they had a sufficient income to enable them to live in affluence, had they so chosen. Steve and father would gladly have had them without compensation, but Mr. Sheldon informed them he had preached all his life without salary, because his income was more than ample to supply his simple needs, therefore he would feel more at ease if allowed to pay his board.

This being the first intimation I had had of my sweetheart being an heiress, Jessie turned to me, smiled, and said:

"You see, Allen, I will not come to you a portionless girl, so there is no need to work so hard as you have been doing."

I considered a moment whether it were not best to marry Jessie at once, as my income together with hers would be more than sufficient to enable us to live in comfort. I have no false pride, and though I did not doubt her love and honesty, I did not believe in placing temptation in their way; she had chosen me in preference to him, so I did not fear for her on that score.

I returned to New York after promising to spend the Christmas holidays with Jessie. Steve drove me to the station, and as we walked the platform waiting for the train, he coughed once or twice, and clearing the lump that seemed to rise in his throat, said:

"From the present indication of the political horizon, it seems to me that war between the North and Sonth is inevitable. Companies and regiments are being formed in Pennsylvania, and I shall join one of them as soon as the first shot is fired."

"Steve!" I cried in consternation and pity, "my poor brother, has it indeed come to this?"

"I desire no pity, Allen Olney," he rejoined, wearily passing a hand over his brow, as though the light was painful; "least of all from you. I am weary of this life; in fact, there is nothing but sorrow and longing for the unattainable. I have tried to live down my despair, but it requires a stronger will than mine, so I welcome this war; for all pain will be forgotten in one swift shot, and then will come peace and oblivion. I did not introduce this topic to sadden your own life, but only to state, in case I am gone before the holidays, you are to look under the floor in my bedroom, three paces from the east window to the center of the room, and you will find a receptacle which contains a paper you are to keep for Jessie's sake. It is my legacy."

Before I could reply he wrung my hand, sprang into the buggy and gave the horse a cut of the whip. The train came around the curve at the same instant and rolled into the station. I cogitated upon what Steve had told me, and decided I would have made the same choice had not my love been requited.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM THE GAME FIELDS

A DISGUSTED HUNTER.

Rochester, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION :

I arrived in the land of civilization a few days ago from the Methow region, in Northern Washington. I was greatly disappointed and disgusted to find that all kinds of game is exceedingly scarce there, if not driven out entirely. If the sale of game, pelts and heads could be stopped, this rapid destruction would be checked, and men would not journey hundreds or thousands of miles and spend time and money, only to find that the game of all kinds is disappearing at such a rate that disappointment often stares one in the face, where only a season or two before royal sport was to be found.

This is literally true, for on my recent trip our party of 5, hunting several days, in different directions, and moving camp frequently to cover fresh ground, saw only 1 head of big game—a deer—which offered a glimpse too brief even for a snap shot. This state of affairs comes from such slaughter as that mentioned by you in your trip to the Ashanola, years ago, when you found a sportsman (?) from Victoria, B. C., in camp with 10 mountain sheep heads which he had killed. Three or four years ago, when I hunted with Richter, he told me of a man who wintered a year or two before near where we hunted, and who took away with him in the spring over 60 sheep heads, all big fellows.

Admiral Seymour, of the British navy, who was stationed at Victoria several years ago, made a trip of 6 or 8 weeks in the Bridge River country, in B. C. He took out, so I was told by reliable men who saw the party when they returned, 28 huge heads (bighorns) and an equal number of bucks heads, bearing extra large antlers. The following year he did the same, using a camp following of 10 or 12 Siwashes to drive the game to his station.

The rancher to whom we confided the responsibility of piloting us to good hunting this season, was an offender of the same stripe, for he told me how, 3 years ago, he killed over 20 bighorns in 10 days, and carried 19 of the heads to a taxidermist at Vernon, B. C., who paid him $5 each for them!

My friend and myself paid him several times as much as he realized from his butchering trip, simply to take us where we might get a shot or two at this noble game, and he was unable to find a single specimen of big game of any sort, with the exception of the deer already mentioned.

And this was the result of a trip of 19 days through a wild country containing no ranches and little frequented even by prospectors, and which appeared to be a veritable paradise for game.

Our guide, an ex-trapper and a fairly capable man, was as much surprised and disappointed as we. He did not offer to abate a nickel of his charge, however, although he had guaranteed that we should have "plenty of sport, and find sheep, goats and deer."

We shall soon have no hunting trips worth commemorating; no literature, except in the way of reminiscences for such publications as RECREATION, unless this destruction is checked.

I am glad that you are "agin" all fishing and shooting contests, having in view the killing of the largest amount of game. Such affairs are relics of barbarism, and men should be ashamed of themselves who would propose such butchering contests. A few outspoken remarks, like those you addressed to Mr. Mowry, will go a long way toward crystallizing a public sentiment which I am sure exists and which only needs arousing from its dormant condition to frown down such exhibitions forever.

Now agitate the matter of prohibition of sale of game; *i. e.*, the use of it as a market commodity; for therein lies the temptation to its pursuit and untimely destruction. Let each state follow the example of Maine and restrict the amount of game allowed to be killed by any one person, and enact that all game in transit be accompanied by its owner or in some way identified as belonging to the man who killed it.

Of course, there is game to be found in much less time from Winthrop than where we went in search of it—goats and deer and some bear—but having used all our time and money in cutting trails through and to the supposed game paradise, and wandering around in it, making calls on the residents who were not there, we had no time or opportunity left to seek game in near-by localities where it really lived, though in numbers sadly reduced from those of former days.

CHAS. H. KINGSBURY.

MORE ABOUT THE BIGGEST HUMBUG OF THE YEAR.

From *The Great Divide*

In the September number of *The Great Divide* we exposed the false pretensions and the humbug of the book entitled "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains," published by Frank S. Thayer, of Denver. This just exposé of a palpable fraud has brought forth a circular, from Mr. Thayer, which is quite on a par with "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers" in the matter of disingenuousness and humbuggery.

The circular is æsthetic in design, printed in two colors, and carries water on both shoulders. As an illustration of how near a publisher can come to the truth and never touch it, we reproduce this circular. It is as follows :

THE Publisher of "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains" hereby offers a reward of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS to anyone who will prove, directly or indirectly, that the pictures shown in this book, as taken by Mr. A. G. Wallihan of Lay, Routt County, Colorado, and for which an introduction was written by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt of New York, are anything but genuine, and taken from life as represented.

FRANK S. THAYER,
PUBLISHER.

Denver, Colorado, September 5th, 1895.

We wish we could reproduce here the glowing red color of Mr. Thayer's initial letter T with which his circular opens. The design is that of a volcano casting forth smoke, fire and melted lava, which we presume is a symbolical representation of Mr. Thayer's mental condition. It is a coincidence that T is the initial of Mr. Thayer's name, and that the T in his circular seems to be having a red-hot time.

If the circular meant what it appears to mean, *The Great Divide* would claim the $1,000, and present the money (when it got it) to the "Society for the Prevention of Crime;" but the circular doesn't mean what it appears to mean any more than "Hoofs, Claws and Antlers" means what it pretends to mean. In a word, the circular says one one thing, means another and explains nothing.

THE PROOF.—The book contains 33 pictures of wild animals, 26 of which are real, but nearly all of these are either elk, deer or antelope, in different positions.

Seventeen of these bear the copyright imprint of Mr. Wallihan, and no doubt, as Mr. Wallihan is an honest man, all of the pictures are genuine.

It might be of value to hint that in all probability these are the pictures that were sent to Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, and only these are the pictures that prompted him to write the glowing letter which Mr. Thayer uses in his book as a preface.

This is suggested because Mr. Theodore Roosevelt is a sportsman and an honorable man, and would not under any circumstances, indorse a lot of stuffed animals as live ones.

The stuffed animals in the book are as follows:

The picture entitled "On Guard," Rocky Mountain goats; shows five of them standing and lying, just as they were stuffed.

"Who Are You?" A group of Rocky Mountain sheep, arranged in most natural positions, but all stuffed.

"An Untamed Pet," a wildcat on a fallen tree, stuffed as natural as life.

"King of the Plains," a group of three buffalo or bison. This is really an artistic piece of photography, and the bison are a credit to the taxidermist, because they are stuffed, as natural as life. There is really an excuse if this picture deceived Mr. Roosevelt.

"In the Berry Patch," two grizzly bears, beautifully arranged to be photographed. They look as natural as life, but they are stuffed.

"Building a Home," a picture of two beavers in a marsh, very artistic, but stuffed.

"A Jumping Jack." This jack rabbit could not have been better if he had been really alive; but he was dead as Julius Cæsar, and stuffed.

"A Successful Colony," eleven prairie dogs and two owls (13, an unlucky number), all posing in a most aristic way. It's sad but true, they are stuffed.

But there is no need of criticising this book any further; it is simply a fraud. The name of an honest and honorable man and some genuine pictures have been used by Mr. Frank Thayer to defraud this great American public. Be it said to his credit he advertised the book liberally, and made hay while the sun shone.

His public announcement offering $1,000 to any one who directly or indirectly "knocks the stuffing" out of his "still life" pictures is covered with equally as much care as the stuffed pictures are covered by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's introduction.

The pictures taken by Mr. Willihan are no doubt genuine, but they represent only 5 kinds of animal life. To make a long story short, every man, woman or child that has purchased this book has been deceived; in other words, "stuffed," by Mr. Frank S. Thayer, who surely deserves the title of "The Stuffed Prophet of the Rocky Mountains."

A CLUB HUNT.

The Antlers' Club, with headquarters in Rochester, N. Y., is comprised of the following gentlemen:

C. H. McChesney, president; C. L. Hoyt, secretary and treasurer; J. L. Willard, commissary; F. E. Shepard, assistant commissary; E. H. Danford, historian; W. H. Learned, "Adirondack Bill;" S. B. Williams, D. C. Wilson, W. P. Fredericks, all of Rochester, N. Y.; G. R. McChesney, D. W. Pardee, E. N. Wilson, Frank Seaman, all of New York City; W. C. Hutchins, Johnstown, N. Y.; Jas. Nolan, Buffalo, N. Y.

The club had its annual outing in the Adirondacks in October. The following gentlemen were present as substitutes, etc.:

Henry Bentz, New York City, substitute for Mr. Seaman; F. E. McCord, Rochester, N. Y., substitute for Mr. Nolan; D. Salter and J. K. Hunt, invited guests.

A member of the club writes:

"We were in camp near Everton, Franklin County, on the east branch of the St. Regis River. Our quarters were at the Mountain View House, from which 73 mountain peaks can be seen, on a clear day. We furnished our own supplies, employed our cooks, had the hotel to ourselves, and you can imagine we had a jolly time. The first day of our hunting, which was Oct. 1, we were unsuccessful, though Mr. Hunt had a shot at a 5-prong buck. The next day Mr. Danford succeeded in killing one, and my score was 2 fine deer. This, I am sorry to say, compelled me to stay in camp for the next 8 days. Mr. Wilson also shot a large otter. On the 5th, Mr. C. H. McChesney and Mr. Bentz secured 1 deer each, making a total of 5. Several members of the party had opportunities enough to have secured twice the number, but owing to the cold weather or buck fever, I hardly know which, they failed to score. Bear were seen by Mr. Hutchins and by Mr. C. H. McChesney at different times. A large number of grouse were killed. The scenery is grand, the mountain air exhilarating, and our food tasted so good that every one was sorry when it came time to break camp, knowing that it would be another long year before we should meet again. I have neglected to mention that we had four guides—W. H. Harvey and Daniel McNeil, Jr., St. Regis Falls, and Normal and Warren Peck, Santa Clara."

ANENT BEARS AND GOATS.

Editor RECREATION:

There are more bears in the Chelan country this year than at any time since 1891. The finest bear killed there, for many years, was caught in a 45-pound steel trap last April. It was a large dark cinnamon, and the skin, which was an exceptionally fine one for these parts, brought $32 when sold by J. L. Prouty, the New York commission dealer. The dense brush and extreme roughness of the country make bear hunting difficult, and the surest way of getting skins is by the use of traps. However, several bears have been shot lately, and a friend of mine, who is camped up in the hills near the head of the lake, sends me word that he has killed a black one. He uses a 45-90 single-shot Winchester, and one shot, just behind the eye, dropped the bear in its tracks. When with him and three other friends, up near the source of Railroad Creek, I saw some small bear tracks, but we got no game on that trip. The brook trout-fishing was grand, though, and we had all we could use.

Readers of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* must have noticed the admirable illustration of a mountain goat in the August number. I have never seen these animals associated with any fighting powers, but that they can and will fight has been proven to my entire satisfaction on two occasions. Two young friends of mine followed a wounded one on to a ledge that ended abruptly against a high wall of rock. Hostility on the part of the goat was wholly unexpected, but finding itself cornered it turned and, with head lowered and hair on end, advanced toward them, not with a bounding spring, like that of a buck, but at a slow, jog-trot. He looked extremely fierce, and one of the boys, whose rifle was empty, yelled to his companion, "Shoot! shoot quick, or he'll be on us!" The other fired, at close range, and the goat fell dead; but the situation would have been a bad one for a hand-to-hand encounter, had it come to that.

Several years ago a visiting sportsman came to Lake Chelan, bringing with him a large dog, somewhat resembling a Scotch deerhound. He had an idea that the dog would be useful in goat-hunting, and, although he was told that the mountains were so rugged and steep that dogs were useless, he resolved to try a chase after a white goat. He soon had the oppportunity. When high up among the roughest of the cliffs and canyons, the dog managed to come up with an old billy. A first-class circus ensued, which I would have dearly liked to have seen; but it ended in the total defeat of the hound, who was fearfully used up, being torn and ripped in several places and nearly killed. The old goat was one too many for the dog. He would tackle no more of them and although the stranger did get his game it was with the rifle, the only manner in which this or any other big game should be hunted.

I have sometimes wondered of what use is a mountain goat. Even the young are very inferior eating, and an old "nanny" is beyond the average stomach. I was eating the choicest part of a kid some 6 weeks ago, but elected to stay by the brook trout. The job of skinning a rank old billy-goat is about the worst of its kind I know of. I would much prefer skinning a skunk (and I have done both), but two large goat skins, taken late in winter, make a wonderfully springy, elastic bed when lain one on the other. I know of no skin that equals them in this respect.

C. GREENWOOD, Lake Chelan, Wash.

METHOW NOTES.

Winthrop, Wash.

Editor RECREATION:

Albert Hedges, the mail carrier who travels the Chiliwhist trail, from Malott, signed a number of bears recently. About 2 weeks ago he met a bear with a couple of well-grown cubs. He reported his discovery to "Methow George," a Bostonized Siwash, who found the cubs and treed them, shooting one and crippling the other. At this stage of the game the old one put in an appearance, ready for a fight, but George was loaded for bear, and now has 3 bearskins to dispose of.

A few days later, Mr. Hedges ran into 2 more bears, and straightway strapped on his gun. Yesterday he surprised a big brown bear, close to the trail, and did a little shooting on his own account, but bruin made good his escape unharmed, and Mr. Hedges is now looking for a bear that will stand fire.

Not many of Uncle Sam's mail agents can thus combine business with pleasure.

Messrs. St. John and Thurston spent a few days in the mountains at the head of Eight Mile Creek. They shot 2 deer and 3 goats. While camped at the mouth of the creek, 8 miles above here, a black bear with 2 cubs made them a call at dinner time. The visitors were cordially received and added to the ménu without loss of time. Mr. St. John is an experienced hunter and an old-timer in this country.

Prospectors from the Twispt report goats and bears in considerable numbers. Frank Carney shot a goat near his camp the day before his return.

Peter Bryan brought in 3 deer a day or two since. He needed some venison, and generally knows where to look for it. Last season he surprised a mountain lion making free with a deer he had killed and hung up the day before. In response to a salute from the rifle the lion sprang from a tree where he had taken refuge from Pete's dogs. In avoiding the wounded animal, Peter stepped backward and tumbled down the side of a steep gulch. The lion, with a dog fastened to either side, came after, the whole group rolling down to an accompaniment of growls, snarls, and yells that would do credit to a great moral show at feeding time. They arrived at the bottom in a somewhat mixed condition, but Peter managed to extricate himself in time to kill the lion before the beast could make away with the dogs, and took his skin to pay for the venison he had eaten.

Contrary to general expectation, the mines in the Slate Creek district shut down early in the summer. In consequence, less prospecting was done, up the South fork of the Methow, and the game has been so little disturbed that what was once the veritable stamping-ground of the white goat, will afford good hunting for a while longer.

C. H. K.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The two species of quail—the California Valley quail, and the larger mountain partridge—that have been introduced in this section of late years, are firmly established, and are doing well. Just at this time of year they are found in favorite localities in bands of a hundred or more. Their last year of protection expires in '96. After that date they will undoubtedly be able to hold their own against the guns.

We have no pheasants near us, but the Oregon ruffed grouse and the blue mountain grouse are found here, and the white-tailed ptarmigan on the mountain tops.

Ducks are coming in rapidly—principally mallards. The Nesqually flats are now a great resort for sportsmen. At this time of year large herds of teal congregate about the mouth of the river. They are a small hairy species and of no special value, but very interesting.

The run of salmon is still unfinished. The humpbacked salmon have completed their run, but the silver salmon are still abundant, and a few dog salmon are beginning to put in an appearance. The red salmon will probably bring up the rear in a month or two.

The deer that have been sent in to be mounted this fall prove to be about equally divided between the white-tailed and black-tailed varieties. Evidently both are common to this locality.

Tacoma has outgrown her one gun store and now has two large first class establishments that do a thriving business. Both are owned by sportsmen and an outsider can drop in at either place, and be warmly entertained on the subjects of guns, dogs or bicycles. GEO. G. CANTWELL,

Puyallup, Wash.

FROM AN EASTERN VIEW.

Lattingtown, L. I.

EDITOR RECREATION:

I should like to say a few words in reply to the article entitled, "The Other Side," published in your October issue.

While Mr. Banta is, I believe, correct in his statement, that the game has been destroyed by the white and not by the red man, he does not seem to take into consideration, the fact that there has been a slight increase in the population of this country since "Lo" held sway.

Though I have no data to which to refer, I doubt that this country ever supported a population of sixty or seventy millions of Indians, living almost entirely on game.

Though comparatively few white men of the present live on game, the vast majority of men, particularly those of Anglo-Saxon descent, like to hunt, kill and eat game as well as their red predecessors ever did: and this great increase of population, and the improvements in firearms, would have exterminated the large game without the aid of the skin hunters.

Personally I know little in regard to this slaughtering, as I have not been west of the Mississippi since '79. I have, of course, read of it, and one or two instances have come under my personal notice.

I have a friend in the raw fur business, in New York City, who received, in one shipment, about 2 years ago, 300 antelope hides from a single skin hunter. This was, he said, an unusually large consignment to receive from one man.

I was in his place, on another occasion, and saw 140 bear skins he had received that day. Of course these came from all over the country, but as there are probably several hundred other people in the raw fur business, if they all receive corresponding shipments it is easy to see the end of the big game.

Mr. B. attacks my favorite sport, that of shooting wild fowl over decoys. He claims no sportsman would use them. I have killed but little game, other than wild-fowl, since '87, and can truthfully say, that if a man take a 12-gauge gun and kill 15 or 20 birds, over stools, in a day's shooting, in this vicinity, he must do good shooting.

It requires in my opinion, far more judgment and skill to shoot over decoys at this place, than to shoot on a pass, or at a tank, in the West and for the following reasons.

First. We are lying in a boat, or a battery, in a seaway, and must take into consideration the up-and-down motion of the boat; a very considerable item in a heavy roll with the birds flying low.

Second. As we shoot here, from 1 to 3½ miles off shore, the birds are liable to come in from all quarters, and though you are cramped up in a small space, you must be ready to shoot instantly, in any direction.

Third, and most important. The birds vary greatly in their speed, requiring prompt judgment as to where to hold. For instance, the first bird that comes up, may come nicely and slowly to the decoys and directly in front of you—an easy shot. The next may come from behind you, see you before you see him and get on a hustle at the rate of 90 miles an hour, apparently. Such a bird will test your skill to the utmost. You seldom have two shots alike in succession.

Now if shooting of this description don't beat standing on a pass, or at a tank, and banging into bunches, that are steadily flying, all day long, I am willing to admit Mr. B. to be entirely correct in his statement. We seldom have any flock shooting here, but generally the birds stool singly or in pairs.

A. S. DOANE.

Yale, B. C.

Editor RECREATION:

Mr. J. W. Moxley, a sportsman well known in this part of the country, tells an amusing story of capturing a bear cub, in Montana. He says: "In company with a man by the name of Broadridge, who, by the way, has an impediment in his speech, I was walking through the woods in search of game, when we sighted a bear cub, up a small birch tree. Wishing to capture it alive, I laid down my rifle and climbed after it. The cub climbed up until it reached a crotch, near the top, where, shoving its shoulders through it took such a firm grip with both fore legs, around the stem, that it defied my utmost efforts to dislodge it by pulling on its hind legs. Of course the cub, during this operation, was squealing lustily, and snapping at everything within reach so that I did not dare reach near its forward part. Finally the idea struck me that I could bend the tree over. I took a firm grip on both hind legs and swung myself clear of the tree. After swinging backward and forward several times the tree bent over about half way, and then would neither go back or down, a foot further, and I was suspended about 15 feet from the ground.

"My companion now undertook to give me some advice.

"'S-s-stick t-t-to h-h-him, J-J-Jack; h-h-he'll s-s-soon p-play o-out. D-d-don't l-l-let g-go.'

"By this time, between laughing and getting tired, I let go. The tree went back, and threw the cub some distance in the opposite direction. We tied it securely, and I packed it into camp, taking care to look over my shoulder every few steps to see that the mother did not suddenly appear, but she never showed up."

R. B. EATON.

Carritunk, Me.

Editor RECREATION:

On Oct. 2 Mr. John Codman, of Boston, with W. P. Forsyth, of The Forks, and myself as guides, started on the Arnold trail, at Carrying Place, for Quebec. The first day out we reached Big Carry Pond, 9 miles from the Kennebec. Oct. 3 we traveled over the Carry Mountain to Dead River, 6 miles; then up the river 6 miles. Oct. 4 we continued up the river as far as Eustis, photographing all the important places; Oct. 5 up the river to Ledge Falls, where we found a piece of flint, supposed to have been lost by Arnold. That day we reached the Chain of Ponds and stopped at the Megantic Club camps. On Oct. 6 we remained at Chain of Ponds, photographing the ponds and scenery thereabouts.

Oct. 7 we proceeded up the river to Crosby Pond, the head-waters of Dead River, where we camped that night and all the next day on account of rain. At this place we did the only hunting of the trip. I went to Hathanboy with Mr. Codman, where we saw 2 deer, but did not succeed in getting either of them. Oct. 9 we went to Arnold Pond; then over the Boundary Mountain to Rush Lake and Lake Megantic; up Spider Lake to the Megantic club-house. This was the longest and hardest tramp of the whole trip.

Here we left Mr. Codman to proceed on his journey to Quebec, while we returned home.

We saw no moose tracks and only one caribou track, but deer seemed to be numerous. Quite a number of deer have been killed here since the opening season.

GEORGE C. JONES.

Writing of the pictures of "Moose Hunting in Canada," printed on page 267, Mr. A. O. Pritchard says: "The photographs are from the camera of the late Mr. Lawson Bell, of New York, a gentleman who spent much of his time in the forests of Pictou and Guysboro counties, Nova Scotia, hunting moose and caribou. The 3 men represented in the cuts are Mr. W. B. Moore, John Paul, a Macmac Indian, and Ronald McQuarrie, one of the best hunters and moose-callers in the province. Mr. Moore has many friends among American sportsmen who occasionally visit our woods in quest of the moose. Hunting has been his favorite pastime from boyhood, and he regards the camp, with its bed of spruce boughs and its log fire, as the *summum bonum* of his existence.

"The horn used by the caller is made of a piece of birch bark. With this he is able to produce a sound closely resembling the cry of the male or female moose. In 'The Call,' the hunter is supposed to be imitating the cry of the cow moose. In the 'Answer,' the hunters are anticipating the advent of the unwary monarch of the woods, who, in response to the call, rushes frantically through the dense underbrush, bounds over windfalls and every other obstacle. In the last scene, 'The Finish,' he is covered by the rifles of his lurking foes.

"Should these pictures come under the eye of any of the friends of the late Mr. Bell, they will revive memories of a kind, congenial spirit that passed so suddenly away from the scenes of a busy world."

Hackensack, N. J.

Editor RECREATION:

I am in receipt of your letter inclosing one from Mr. G. Berg, with clipping from RECREATION in regard to rail-shooting on the Hackensack marshes.

As I sent you the item he quotes, allow me to express my deep regret at the discourteous and shabby action of Captains W. and F., when called on in response to my letter in your magazine. However, I cannot say that I am greatly surprised, for, as Mr. Berg says, when such men have booked ahead a few parties they are usually indifferent as to the morrow. Reading between the lines of Mr. Berg's letter I infer that he is a thorough sportsman, and am sorry he should have received such treatment at the hands of men whom I had recommended.

A large number of rail were shot on the marshes this season, though not as many as last, as we did not have the right sort of weather. There were, in addition to those shot in a legitimate manner, a great many rail killed at about half tide by flushing the birds with dogs. I will personally write Mr. Berg next season, giving him such information as will lead to his having a day of the best shooting we can furnish on the Hackensack. RALLUS.

Here are some records made by sportsmen who have been hunting in the Maine woods:—Paulding Farnham, of the Union League Club, killed in the Mount Katahdin region, one of the finest specimens of moose seen this year. It weighed over 1,000 pounds, and is to be mounted whole, and placed in the club rooms.

R. H. Vaughn, of No. 29 Broadway, New York, general traffic manager of the Missouri, Memphis and Gulf railroad, shot a magnificent moose, on the St. John waters, and is having it mounted whole. The spread of the antlers is about 4 feet 6 inches. His wife accompanied him on the trip and killed a deer. He will exhibit the moose at the second annual sportsmen's exhibition at Madison Square Garden in March. Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Watts, of No. 70 West 55th street, were also fortunate. Mr. Watts killed a deer, and Mrs. Watts a moose. It was a big fellow, and she is the proudest woman in the country.

T. S. Allis, of Derby, Conn., killed a deer; H. T. Adams, of Jersey City, a deer; W. W. Crampton, of New Haven, a caribou; P. Chrystie, of High Bridge, N. J., a caribou; Dr. Escobar, of New York, a moose; C. R. Hooker, of New Haven, a deer; J. E. H. Hyde, of New York, a caribou; Dr. J. B. Meeker, of No. 101 West 85th street, New York, a deer; Joseph Mead, of No. 136 Remsen street, Brooklyn, a deer; Charles Sunkel, of Hoboken, N. J., a deer, and J. T. Sherman, of No. 64 Leonard street, New York, a deer.

I see that several of your contributors are airing their views on their favorite guns, powder, etc. This is right. It is only by the reporting of our experiences in such a valuable medium as your magazine, that we can arrive at the facts as to what is best.

Mr. O. D. Lyon's feat of killing a gray wolf, at 18 yards' rise, with a Remington shotgun and Walsrode powder is truly wonderful. I shoot Walsrode myself and know all about its remarkable penetrative force; but wolves are scarce, and it hardly pays to hunt them. Geese are more plentiful, and I want to tell your readers that when shooting them at Dawson, N. Dak., last fall I killed 3 at 3 successive shots, at 37, 41, and 59 yards respectively. I was shooting over decoys, in a wheat-field. The birds fell dead, from low-flying flocks, and I measured the distances carefully. I was shooting 31 grains of Walsrode, the same as Mr. Lyon's charge, with 2⅛ oz. No. 5 chilled shot.

My gun is a 12-gauge Daly, and I give it a large part of the credit. I believe it is the hardest-shooting gun in the market to-day, though it costs little more than half the price charged for some of the others. Its workmanship is simply exquisite, the best materials are used in it, and its safety pin is *safe*.

AILSLEE, St. Louis, Mo.

Blackfoot, Idaho.

Chickens, ducks, antelope, deer and elk are plentiful hereabouts. As soon as I can make a trip into the Hills will report success. They are killing a large hare here, larger than the jack-rabbit; slate-colored, with white tail. Can you give me the proper name of it, English and Latin?

BURT HARRIS.

I referred this question to Prof. B. C. Everman, of the U. S. Fish Commission Washington, D. C., who writes in reply:

My two summers in Idaho have enabled me to collect a good deal of information on Idaho hares. The one Mr. Harris inquires about is undoubtedly *Lepus Campestris*, Bachman. The white-tailed jack-rabbit. It is known to be tolerably common throughout the greater part of the sage plains of Idaho, and extends north, through the valley of Birch Creek and Lemhi River, to Salmon City, at least; also in Little Lost and Pahsimeroi Valleys, and over in Salmon River and Challis Valleys; also on Big Lost River.

Besides the above species the following are also found in Idaho.

2. *Lepus Tevianus*, Woodhouse. The black-tailed jack-rabbit. This is probably the one which Mr. Harris calls "jack-rabbit." Its range is about the same as that of *Lepus Campestris.*

3. *Lepus Sylvaticus Nuttallii*, Bachman. Sage cotton-tail; same range.

4. *Lepus Bairdii*, Hayden. Snow-shoe rabbit; common in thickets at Alturas Lake and on upper Salmon River.

5 *Lepus Idahoensis*, Merriami. Idaho Pygmy rabbit; known only from Salmon River mountains and head of Moose River.

Dawson, North Dak.

We had one of the most successful hunts here last winter that I have ever seen. We started out at 10 o'clock, A. M. and by one o'clock had bagged three large wolves. The first was started just one-half mile from town. The dogs did fine work, turning the wolf before he had run 200 yards. He gave the dogs a hard fight before they killed him. The second one was a fighter and gave the dogs a hard chase, fighting them for over a mile before they killed him. The third was the largest and the gamiest of all. He had only 100 yards the start of the dogs, but gave them a hard run of over 6 miles before he made a stand. Although very tired, from the long chase, he gave the dogs the hardest fight they ever got, yet with little help from us they killed him. Taken all in all, it was the grandest day's sport of the season, and all were well pleased with the result.

Among the visitors from out of town who enjoyed the sport were: Mr. Willard Nye, of Boston, and Mr. Richard Austin, of Cambridge, Mass.; Mr. Geo. E. Hise, of Colfax, Iowa, and Rev. John A. Lamery, of Oaks, N. D.

J. J. GOKEY,
Pres't Dawson Gun Club.

Prof. A. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, reports the discovery of a great river which rises on the water-shed to the north of the head of the Ottawa, and flows into James Bay. Mr. Bell ascended the Ottawa, the Gatineau, crossed the divide to the north, and then entered the head-waters of the new stream. He explored it thence to its mouth; says it has an average depth of 40 feet, rarely interrupted by rapids, and that it is navigable for steamboats for hundreds of miles. There is but one human inhabitant on the river, an Indian, who claims a hunting-ground as large as several ordinary counties.

"With the exception of some small tracts," says Prof. Bell, "the whole country is covered with the original forest. Game was unaccountably scarce, but fish were plentiful in all the lakes and streams. On reaching Rupert's House we crossed the bay, in a schooner of the Hudson Bay Company, to Moose Factory, and thence ascended the western branch of the Moose River to the Canadian Pacific Railway."

Mr. Chas. Payne, Wichita, Kans., has an elk head, the measurements of which are as follows:

Length of Main Beam, . .	61½	in.
Circumference between third and fourth Prong, . . .	7½	"
Length of first Prong, . . .	21½	"
" second " . . .	20½	"
" third " . . .	16¾	"
" fourth or Royal Prong,	24½	"
" fifth Prong, . . .	15¼	"

The head is on exhibition at the office of W. H. Force, 78 Front street, New York.

I should be glad to have measurements of any large game heads, with names and addresses of owners, with a view to ascertaining where the best in existence are to be seen.

Although there is still room for improvement, we have now the best game and fish laws in New Jersey we ever had, and we are endeavoring to rigidly enforce them, at least as far as Bergen County is concerned. The Game Protective Association is constantly on the watch for violators of the law, and the county game warden and his assistants are equally vigilant. The latter alone have made some 20 arrests, the result of which has been 18 convictions. Two remaining cases await trial.

Warden Ricardo had 4 men up before Justice Collins last Sunday for violation of the Sabbath law, which forbids carrying a gun in the woods or fields on Sunday. The result was that it cost 2 of the men who had shot-guns and game-bags, and who swore they were target-shooting, about $25 each. One man "shot a snake," and that cost him $20 and costs of court. One man, who hadn't fired a shot, and who brought his gun back clean, was also fined $20 and costs. So you see we are watching things closely in this county. ORITANI, Hackensack, N J.

Above my desk hangs the head of a majestic elk which was killed by Mr. James D. Husted, of this city, on the Continental Divide, in northern Colorado, in 1887. The main beams are 54 inches long, 13½ inches around the burr and 10 inches around the horn, just above the burr. The spread of the antlers, at the tips, is 39 inches, and at the widest point 42 inches. There are 5 natural, or regular prongs on each antler, and a very peculiar feature of this head is that the right antler has an extraordinary palmated formation between the second and third prongs, counting from the tip ends, resembling that of a moose. This measures 13½ inches in circumference. Extending backwards from it are two peculiar prongs, one of which is 12 inches long and the other 5 inches. The brow antlers are remarkable. The right one droops downward, somewhat like that of one species of caribou, and at the point turns up abruptly, in a sort of hook.

BRUNO HOBBS, Kansas City, Kas.

Our boys' club held its annual rifle shoot, on the range yesterday, and although the wind blew briskly, some good shooting was done. Harry Boynton won the silver championship medal from Guy Gannett, last year's champion.

We have just returned from our summer vacation, with fair records. In June Stanley Morton and Guy Gannett caught 40 bass at Cobasecoutte lake, in a week, the largest fish weighing 3 pounds. Later in the season Guy caught about 200 more small-mouth bass. My brother and I camped out 2 weeks on Sebastacook lake. We shot jack snipe and English snipe, but ducks were scarce. We caught about 75 pickerel on this trip.

BERT DUNTON, Augusta, Me.

How much further will a 10-gauge kill a bird than a 12-gauge? I am about to buy a new gun, and am in doubt as to what to get. Will a gun with 32-inch barrels do better than one with 28-inch barrels? Is there any better American-made gun than the Parker, for long distance and hard shooting, and for all-round work? I have reference to guns priced to $125, or thereabouts. I would like to hear from some of the readers of RECREATION in regard to these matters, with all prejudice laid aside.

W. H. F., Alpine, Tex.

The shooting around here, on ruffed grouse and woodcock, has been very poor. In fact, I have not seen a woodcock this season. Hope to run across one or two on the flight. The pot-hunter is getting in his work all the time. He does the most execution by tracking game on the snow. The owl, hawk, fox, skunk, weazel, etc., have to be fed, also, and prefer game to anything else. Only a hard worker and crack shot can get half-a-dozen grouse a day, now.

"VELVETEENS," Shelburne, Vt.

"BILL" SMITH, the hermit of the North Woods, was found dead in his bed recently, near Saranac lake, by some young people who had driven 40 miles to see him. For 40 years Smith had lived alone, with his dogs, on the "Oregon road," the most lonely of Adirondack trails. He was a giant in stature, measuring 6 feet 6 inches in height, and had a wonderful growth of hair and beard, the former reaching the floor when he stood erect. He taught himself to read and was a close student of the Bible, but never saw the inside of a church. He was 69 years old and was buried near the log cabin he built 38 years ago.—Watertown, N. Y., *Standard*

The annual migration of deer has commenced. We are only half a mile from their principal crossing-place, in the pass to the Salmon River, and it is no more trouble to get a deer than it would be to get a pair of big sleeves in 23d street. Billy was out about an hour on Sunday, got 3, and could have got 2 more. I think there were 12 or 15 mule deer killed within a mile of here last Sunday, and nearly as many yesterday. Bear are numerous around here now, and there will be plenty more as soon as there is more snow to drive them down.

E. A. JACKSON, Warrens, Idaho.

THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD STEAMSHIP COMPANY, 2 Bowling Green, New York, has just issued one of the most beautiful booklets ever put out by any steamship line. It is entitled "To Far Away Vacation Lands." The book is written by Mr. Frank Presbrey, well known as a descriptive writer, and is very freely illustrated in exquisitely grouped half-tone engravings. The company sends it out gratuitously. Write for a copy, mentioning RECREATION.

Keene, N. H.

The readers of RECREATION, everywhere, doubtless will rejoice with all loyal Granite Staters at the recent summary justice meted out to violators of the New Hampshire game laws. In the Nashua police court, October 9, Greenfield and Lyndsboro pot hunters were fined heavily for snaring ruffed grouse, commonly known as partridges, in a wholesale manner, and for shipping them out of the State. One man's fines aggregated $221.

EDW. W. WILD.

Few men have sufficient self-restraint to hold a gun on a buck for several minutes and then voluntarily let him escape; but that is what W. H. Fairbank, of the Grasse River Outing Club, did last September. As it was his last night in camp, he wished to get a good-sized buck to bring out with him, so he mercifully spared the little fellow that showed up first, and gave him a chance to get another year's growth.

Quail are about as plenty as usual. The three closed seasons did not help them much, apparently, in the northern sections of the State. Down Cape Cod way, quail are reported plentiful, as many as 30 in a day being bagged by one party. Grouse are scarce about here, but from 2 to 6 are often killed in a half day. Ducks began to fly in good earnest about Nov. 1, and offered fine sport, although many coot and some ducks were taken all through October.

H. E. BACTIN, Merrimac, Mass.

Editor RECREATION:

Whenever I see an article in any paper, where a so-called sportsman boasts of his large bags of game, it always makes me wrathy, and my opinion of any such is, that he will one day be held to account for such wanton destruction of God's creatures. No one enjoys hunting and fishing more than myself, but when it comes to taking game just for the pleasure of killing, then we become guilty of murder in the sight of God.

W. N. FOWLER, Ann Arbor, Mich.

I noticed an article in October RECREATION in regard to Western dealers not advertising. I think if they realized that RECREATION has more subscribers in the West than any other publication of its class, they would be induced to place advertising with you.

J. C. NATTRESS, New Whatcom, Wash.

Do you know the largest sheep-horns on record? There is a pair on South Fork that measure 30 inches in length, and 25 inches around the base. J. W. Haney, of Warrens, Idaho, killed the sheep on Big Creek, near Chamberlain's Basin.

M. W. MINER, Warrens, Idaho.

Have just returned from a short hunting trip in the mountains with Dr. Noll and wife, of New York. The doctor shot a bull elk, a large buck mule deer, and a fine black bear. We saw few other hunters.

S. N. LEEK, Marysvale, Wyo.

Have had very good success with woodcock in Middlesex County this season. Expect to try partridge in Sussex County tomorrow. Jersey is not destitute of game yet.

W. BALDWIN AXFORD, Jersey City, N. J.

On Oct. 24 a friend and I bagged 13 woodcock, 1 snipe, and 2 hares, on the ground where my pictures were made. Fine, strong fellows.

E. P. ROBINSON, Sidney, O.

Quails and ruffed grouse are reported plentiful on Long Island, and many good bags are reported. Wm. Rhodes, of Saville, is said to have killed 22 quails; Commodore F. W. Corrothers, of Brooklyn, 30; the Terry brothers, 30; ex-Sheriff Petty, 21. At the Robins Island Club, Dr. Fleet Speir, Chauncey Marshall and friends, of Brooklyn, Wilbur H. Force and friends, of New York, and the Messrs. Brandreth, of Tarrytown, participated in the sport. The pheasants, partridges, prairie chickens, and quails have never been so plentiful there as this season.

George J. Gould, Henry S. Manning, Henry W. Maxwell, George B. Post, A. A. V. Post, and Adolph De Barry spent the opening days of the duck season on the Havre de Grace Flats, Md., and all report fine shooting. George Gould killed 70 ducks; Maxwell, Grier, Moore, Manning, and De Barry also killed large numbers. Chas. P. Flint killed 75.

There has been a disease among the chickens and ruffed grouse here, and they are not nearly so numerous as last year. Big game will afford fine sport, but only 2 head may be killed by each hunter this year.

E. L. I., Lake Dauphin, Manitoba.

Our duck season opens on the 15th of October, and prospects are excellent in my old duck-grounds in Ventura County, about 70 miles north of this city.

H. J. BURKHARD, Los Angeles, Cal.

Have just returned from a very successful 10-days' hunting trip in Colorado. Was with my old guide, Sam B. Himes, of New Castle, Col. We killed 2 fine bull elk.

E. A. WHARTON, Manhattan, Kas.

DON'T forget that the best and most appropriate Christmas present for any one who loves to be out of doors, is a yearly subscription to RECREATION. This magazine is a thing of beauty and a joy for—a whole year.

Chickens, ducks, antelope, deer, and elk, are reported plentiful in this locality.

BURT HARRIS, Blackfoot, Idaho.

A mine is like a woman's dress
Oft when you hunt around,
It takes a year or two before
The pocket can be found.

Blobbs—What nonsense it is for the newspapers, in their accounts of weddings to describe the bride being led to the altar.

Slobbs—How so?

Blobbs—Well, most girls could find their way there in the dark.—*Williamsport Grit.*

POSSIBLE SMILES.

Outsider—Mr. Surplice, why is it that you have service before daylight?

Mr. Surplice—Oh, we have to do that, not to interfere with the bicyclers.

And everywhere that Mary went
That lamb was at her heel;
It couldn't do it now, you know—
For Mary rides a wheel.
—*Courier-Journal.*

Maud—Oh, Aunt Tabitha, I've had a glorious time—I've been to a bicycle tea.

Aunt Tabitha—Bicycle tea? Well, for pity's sake—was the stuff fit to drink?
—*Courier Journal.*

He—Do you believe that a woman can look modest in bloomers?

She—Well, that depends largely on what kind of a man is looking at her.
—*Exchange.*

Said the pilot to the cycler:
"Let us clasp a friendly hand;
I'm a wheelman on the water—
You're a wheelman on the land."

Now the lordly "gobble, gobble"
Of the proud Thanksgiving bird,
In a pleasing wobble, wobble,
Through the pumpkin vines is heard.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

A professor in the medical department of Columbia College asked one of the more advanced students: "What is the name of the teeth that a human being gets last?"

"False teeth, of course."—*Los Angeles Express.*

Chollie—Chappie, why don't you come out in the country? Don't you get weawy of widin' 'woun' in the same old park evwy evenin'?

Chappie—Naw; y' see I make a vawiety—I take a different bicycle evwy time.

Miss Seaside (haughtily)—I beg your pardon, sir; you have the advantage of me.

Mr. Lawn Tennis (jauntily)—I should say I had. I am the fellow you jilted at Long Branch last summer. One yard, you say?

He—Sweetheart, you're a brick!

Sweet Sixteen—No, dear; only clay. I haven't been pressed yet.

Of all sad words that e'er were writ
The saddest are these: "Will you please remit?"

It is better to give than to receive, but he that giveth his friend Recreation for a year maketh both the giver and the recipient feel mighty comfortable. Selah.

WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.

A friend has just handed me a copy of Recreation, and I am so delighted with it that I must have it regularly hereafter. Let my subscription begin with the August number. Robt. F. Kern, Urichsville, O.

Inclosed find $1, for which please send me Recreation, beginning with the August number. I have all the other numbers, and hope to have it as long as I can read. It is the best and cleanest paper I ever bought. My wife and children admire it as much as I do.

I leave to-night for a ten-day trip on the Gunnison River, for trout.

Dr. Solomon Bock, Denver.

Inclosed please find 75 cents for binder. I now have my Recreation from October, 1894, to October, 1895, bound. If I ever get so I cannot go to the woods and mountains, for escape from the toils of life, I can read these magazines and live in the fond remembrance of former days.

[Hon.] C. H. Wood,
Moss Point, Miss.

Inclosed find New York draft for $3 for my renewal and Mr. Stedman's; also, one copy "The Battle of the Big Hole," to be sent Mr. Stedman. This will complete his library of your books, and he says, "Tell Shields he must be a little off if he thinks I would do without Recreation. Can't get along without it."

Louis Groneweg, Dayton, Ohio.

I am pleased to see Recreation is having the success it deserves. I have inquired at many places where I have been this summer as to the demand for it, and have been told, without exception, that it is especially good for so young a publication, and that it is rapidly increasing.

J. McB. Stembel, Capt., U. S. A.

I have been taking Recreation since the first number was issued, and must say I have never seen a magazine that could compare with it. Its only fault is that it is not published often enough. I would as soon chop up my fishing rod as do without Recreation. Ben Collins, Buffalo, N. Y.

Recreation is the best magazine I have seen on sports. Am taking one now, for $2.00 a year, which is not half so good, either in reading matter or illustrations. Shall commend Recreation highly to all my friends Fred M. Adams, Elgin, Ill.

No other periodical fills the wants of sportsmen as Recreation does. Its stories are the genuine campfire articles. I would not be without it for double the price.

Austin T. Schantz, Morton Park, Ill.

Recreation is the best thing of its kind published. It far excels some other magazines which charge more than double its subscription price.

E. A. Brininstool, Los Angeles, Cal.

Recreation is the best magazine of its kind in the world.

Robert F. Hetherington, Dallas, Tex.

Perkins—Tots is a devoted cyclist, isn't he?

Simpkins—Devoted? He just lives on his wheel—he has a man come round once a week and teach him how to walk.

NOTES FROM CANADA.

A meeting was held at Waterloo to organize a gun club. Mr. John E. Macfarlane was elected president and Mr. R. F. Shaw secretary. The membership fee was placed at $1. It is the intention to have regular trap shoots during the autumn.

Arthur Irwin, manager of the Philadelphia team, has declared his intention to go to Toronto as manager of the Eastern League club of that city.

Mr. W. S. Burgess, of Three Rivers, has been to Springfield, Mass., where he made arrangements to have his winter bicycle manufactured. The manufacturers predict a grand success for this Canadian patent.

The last finals in the fall races of the Argonaut Club were rowed at the latter end of the month. A. J. Boyd's crew won their heat in the semi-final fours and E. A. Thompson's crew also won. The starters in the final were E. A. Thompson's, F. H. Thompson's, H. W. A. Dixon's and A. J. Boyd's crews. F. H. Thompson's crew won after an excellent race, by about 4 feet.

A subject of much curiosity was lately seen at one of the Montreal railway stations. It was a young moose, which occupied a separate baggage car in the yard. The animal, which was captured in the Algoma District, was on its way to Dr. Seward Webb's park, in the Adirondacks.

An inter-school association has lately been formed in Montreal, for the purpose of advancing and improving athletic sports among boys, and for establishing and maintaining in the schools a uniform test of standing in athletic sports. The name of the association will be the "Canadian School Athletic Association."

The prospects for a professional baseball league in Canada next year are excellent.

When Sir Henry Irving, the great English actor, was in Toronto this month, Ned Hanlan, at the actor's request, presented him with a section of the shell in which Toronto's oarsman defeated Trinckett on the Thames in 1880, and again out-rowed Laycock in 1881 for the world's championship. The shell weighed 26½ pounds and was built by Warin, of Toronto, from Canadian white cedar. It will be added to the actor's collection.

The organization of a Dominion Quoiting Club was perfected at the conclusion of the Heather Club tournament at Toronto. Efforts will be made to induce the clubs in Quebec and the lower provinces, who are at present playing under the rules of the North American Caledonian Association, to join the newly formed organization.

William Watt, of Montreal, won first prize in the second series of the tournament of the Heather Quoiting Club at Toronto. The winner up was William Chester, of Toronto, but Watt disposed of him in a capital game by a score of 41 to 32.

C. S. Whiting.

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

The intelligent sportsman, when he goes hunting, likes to become still more intelligent. He likes to learn of the geography, topography, geology, history, and all the physical characters of the country he visits. Dr. S. T Davis, of Lancaster, Pa., is this kind of a sportsman, and has written for his own kind. His book is called, "Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland; with a History of England's Oldest Colony, from 1001 to 1895."

Much the greater part of the book is devoted to a study of the island and its people, as will be seen from the following chapter headings:

Introduction; Physical Features of Newfoundland; Fauna and Flora of the Island; The Fisheries; Agriculture in Newfoundland; Mineral Resources; Government and Finances; Education; Transportation; The Aborigines; Preparations for the Trip; From New York to St. Johns; The Capital and Its Sights; Off for the Hunt; Record of the Hunt. The author has handled all these topics in a most interesting, graceful, and racy manner, and while some of his readers may wish he had given more space to the always absorbing theme of the hunt, yet all will find, before closing the book, that he has made the story so full and so complete that you can shut your eyes and see the whole panorama, from the finding of the first "sign" to the loading of the heads and skins on the steamer for the voyage home.

There is no doubt that Newfoundland has more caribou than any other country of equal size. The great objection to hunting there is the exorbitant license fee of $100. This will, no doubt, be repealed in the near future. Then you may want to go there to hunt. If so, send for a copy of Dr. Davis' book and read it. If you ever expect to hunt caribou anywhere, you should read it. Or, if you would like to hunt them and "can't get away," or if you don't care for that kind of hunting, still you would enjoy reading this delightful story. For sale by the author.

AFTER SEA BASS.

Miss S. Louise Bruce.*

In the autumn of 1894, the sea bass were plentiful at the mouth of the St. John's river. My father had been intending for some time to go and try for them; and when he did go, with a friend and two boatmen, something, I do not remember what, prevented my going. I was greatly disappointed, and still more so when they returned in about 2 hours, with 21 bass, the largest of which would weigh fully 45 pounds and the smallest not less than 25. A few weeks later he said he was going again. Then I set my foot down and said he should not go without Mamma and I. He replied that it was rather rough to take ladies out; but finally decided to have us go.

It did not take us long to get ready, into the boat, up sails, and away for the fishing grounds, against a head wind and tide.

When we had dropped our anchor and our sails, we began to feel the sea. It was rough, and our little 23-foot yawl-rigged yacht danced as if she were trying to keep time to a quickstep, a galop, and a waltz, all at the same time.

When sea bass bite, they bite, and when they pull, they pull. They waste no time in playing with a bait. They commenced to bite soon, but we missed several strikes and none were caught for some time. Finally I felt a sharp jerk at my line, then a rush, and away went the line through my hands with the speed of an express train. Of course, when I felt the line go, I shouted that I had one; so when the line slackened all at once, you can imagine how I felt. But no, he was not gone, and after a hard struggle I got him to the top of the water and finally into the boat.

Not long after that, Mamma dropped her line and leaned over the side as if she did not feel just right. She felt "bad" several times, but kept on fishing just the same. There was another boat not far from us, with several men in her. One of them had to give up entirely and stretch out on the seats. How he stayed on them, in such a sea, I cannot comprehend. The other men looked as if they too thought they would feel better on dry land.

Mr. B——, a gentleman who was with us, insisted on standing up; and the bows he made and the fancy steps he took were laughable to see. I thought he would surely go overboard, but he did not. He hooked something that took his line with an irresistible rush. It got off, and when he pulled up his line his hook was perfectly straight. We supposed it to have been a large shark, as nothing else could have straightened a big bass hook in that manner. My father hooked something that he had a severe fight with, and when, at last, he got it alongside it proved to be an immense sting-ray, or "stingaree," as we call them, which must have weighed 300 pounds. It could not be got aboard, but had to be shot, and several shots were required to kill it. Papa then lassoed its tail and cut out the sting, which is fully 6 inches long and the thickest one I ever saw. He caught another sting-ray, but not so large.

When Mamma thought she had fed the fishes long enough, she gave the word, and we got our anchor, hoisted our sails, and started for home. She was glad to get ashore, and so was I, though thanks to kindly Nature, I never "feel bad" on the water, thought the continual motion of the boat made me feel somewhat fatigued. We did not make a large catch, only 7 bass and 2 sting-rays, but it was certainly fine sport, what there was of it. I would not have any one suppose that the fish caught on these two occasions, something like 700 pounds, was wasted, for there are a great number of poor people in this vicinity, both white and colored, who accepted portions most gratefully.

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[*] The writer of this is only 16 years old. Few girls of her age have had such experiences as she narrates. —*Editor.*

A BOOK ON INDIANA FISHES.

Washington, D. C.

Editor Recreation:

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Indiana Geological and Natural History Survey, just issued, contains a descriptive list of the "Lampreys and Fishes of Indiana," prepared by Dr. O. P. Hay, which will prove of great value to sportsmen and others interested in the fishes of that region. This paper contains carefully written diagnoses of the families and genera represented, and full descriptions, in sufficiently untechnical language, of the 144 species found in the State. Keys, more or less natural, are given, by means of which the various species may be easily identified. The total number of species given in the list is 144, though it is given in the introduction as 150 in round numbers; and this number is probably more nearly correct, as several species which Dr. Hay overlooked are known to occur in the State.

The great majority of these 144 species are, of course, minnows, darters, and other small fishes which are scarcely known to anyone except the ichthyologist—and the small boy, who, rightly constituted, is always a true naturalist.

The game fishes—those known to every angler—are well represented. Both species of black bass are abundant, and it is doubtful if there is another State in the Union that furnishes as fine black bass fishing as does Indiana. In the hundreds of small lakes in the northern part of the State, the large-mouthed species abounds, and in the rivers and creeks the more gamy small-mouth bass is everywhere abundant. Any reader of Recreation who wants the finest bass fishing to be had anywhere can get it by going to Lake Maxinkuckee, in northern

Indiana, This beautiful lake is full of bass that are unsurpassed in their game qualities. Only 3 miles from the lake is the Tippecanoe River, which is renowned both for its beauty and for its abundant supply of small-mouthed black bass. There are excellent hotels at the lake, whose rates are reasonable, and the facilities are good for reaching the Tippecanoe River and other neighboring waters. Lake Maxinkuckee also furnishes splendie "jack salmon" fishing, but the fish is not a salmon at all. It is the well-known wall-eyed pike or yellow pike. Besides these more noble fish, the lake literally swarms with yellow perch and sunfish, which are not to be despised, and which furnish great sport for the women-folk and children who like to fish.

But to return to Dr. Hay's list. It is a work that every angler in Indiana waters should possess, for with its aid he can identify anv and every fish he may catch. Why should the angler not identify his strange fish himself? It is an easy thing to do when you once learn how; and this book of Dr. Hay's will teach you how.

It can doubtless be obtained from the Indiana State Geologist, or any county auditor.

B. W. ENERMAN.

I left here October 16, for Leesburg, Va., in the company with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Stith, and arrived at that place at 11 A. M. We were met there and driven to the ferry, distant 5 miles. It goes without saying we had a good time, but I had to be home today. I left some of the party up there, and if it rains and turns a little warmer they will catch all the bass they want.

This far the fishing has not been good, owing to the dry, hot weather and low stage of water. The upper Potomac is a beautiful stream though, and there are plenty of bass in it. It is a paradise for anglers when the conditions are right.

CHAS. S. WHEELER,
Washington, D. C.

Bethlehem, Pa.

Please accept many thanks for the Bristol steel fishing rod you sent me for 10 subscriptions to RECREATION. I wanted to try it before writing to you, so one day after school I went to the river, and although I did not catch many fish, I found I could cast with this rod easier and farther than with my split bamboo. The Bristol is a daisy.

W. G. HARK [aged 16 years.]

The Greatest bit of recreation offered for the coming winter is a remarkably cheap cruise to the Mediterranean, including a visit to Rome, Athens, Constantinople, Jerusalem, Granada, Naples and other points of interest. The entire cost of the trip is only $550, including everything necessary. For full particulars, address,

H. HAUPT, JR., Evanston, Ill.

Suppose the fish don't bite at fust,
  What be yew goin' ter dew?
Chuck down yewr pole, throw 'way yewr bait,
  An' say your fishin's threw?
Uv course yew hain't; yewr goin' ter fish,
  An' fish, an' fish, an' wait,
Until yew've ketched yewr baskit full
  An' used up all yewr bait.

Suppose success don't come at fust,
  What be yew goin ter dew?
Throw up the sponge an kick yewrself,
  An' go ter feelin' blew?
Uv course yew hain't; yewr goin' ter fish,
  An' bait, an' bait again;
Bimeby success will bite yewr hook,
  And yew will pull him in.

"I. S. Osborne has 300 hogs on Hagerman Heights." --*Pecos Valley Argus.*

Your uncle, James Hagerman, has spent something over $150,000 in trying to make "the Heights" an ideal winter home, for himself and family. He built a $20,000 house, a $10,000 barn, a $50,000 system of water-works, planted a $20,000 orchard and a $10,000 vineyard. Then he lived up there on the hill a whole month and found that the wind howled through his whiskers so dismally, and killed so many hundreds of his trees and vines, blew away so much of his land, in the shape of dust, that he couldn't live there at all. So it seems he has planted the whole outfit to alfalfa and rented it to this Mr. Osborne for a hog pasture.

"How have the mighty fallen!"

Mary had a little lamb,
  A sausage link and some cold, fried liver;
Some hard-boiled eggs, a slice of ham,
  And all the beer her ma would give her.

She had some doughnuts, soup and cabbage,
  Some biscuits, hot, and butter;
She drank some ale from a wooden pail,
  Then picked her teeth with a sliver.

She went to bed with an awful head,
  Likewise with a fearful stumick;
She howled with pain again and again,
  Then shuffled off, kerflumick.

This is the land of trout. I never saw such fishing as we get here. Have shot some black tails and bear. Saw 200 or 300 large elk. Am going after them this month.

LESTER B. HARTMAN,
Fairholme, Wash.

Of all sad words that an angler can say,
  The saddest are these;
The biggest one got away.

CHRISTMAS is nearly here and you, of course, want to make your friends happy. Then send each of them RECREATION for a year

EDITOR'S CORNER.

The American News Company's order for September RECREATION *was 5,200 copies, for October 6,000, and for November 6,500; an increase of 1,300 in 60 days. The company buys 800 to 1,000 a month on supplementary orders, in addition to those taken on standing order. Ask them whether this is so.*

New subscriptions are coming at the rate of 500 to 800 a month.

The edition for September was 12,000 copies; for October, 14,000, and for this number 15,000.

My subscription books are open to examination at all times. If any advertiser will select 100 names from the books, at random, and write the men, asking them whether they are subscribers to RECREATION, *I will pay for stenographers' services and postage, both ways. If he will select the names of 10 men and telegraph them, I will pay telegraph tolls, both ways. Is not this fair?*

Here are some of the more prominent and attractive features of the January number of RECREATION:

"The San Juan Islands," by Maj. John Brooke, U. S. A.; "A Little Girl's Story of Army Life," Laura Fairfax Plummer; "Propagating Big Game," R. W. Rock; "Notes on Canoeing," P. D. Frazer; "A Stuffed Deer," Ad. Moreland; "An Idyl of the Indian Territory," Jerome Clark; "A Wet Camp" (poem), C. F. Davis; "A Day at Bayport," Louis Smith.

These stories will be illustrated, from photographs and original sketches, and there will be a great fund of short articles and paragraphs, bringing news from the woods, the waters, the mountains and the fields. Don't fail to see the January number of RECREATION.

WITH this issue RECREATION closes its third volume, and with the next number will start on its fourth. It has made the most remarkable success that has been achieved by any periodical in modern times. It was started in the darkest days of the panic, and in five months was on a paying basis.

The magazine will be materially enlarged during the next year, and greatly improved in other ways. This will require an additional expense, to meet which I need a largely increased circulation. If you are a friend of RECREATION, and if you wish to see the size of it doubled, help all you can to double its subscription list. Call on a few of your friends and induce them to take it for a year.

J. F. DOUTHITT, 286 5th avenue, dealer in tapestries and wall paper, consented, after a good deal of argument, to place an advertisement in RECREATION for three months. On receipt of the second number, containing his announcement, he wrote me that he would like to renew the contract for six months. This proves that RECREATION is a good medium for advertising any kind of high-grade merchandise, no matter what. It also proves that Mr. Douthitt keeps high-grade goods, and such as appeal to refined, cultivated people; for such are the readers of RECREATION.

I had a delightful day's shooting, with Clint Wilmerding and a party of his friends, at his delightful country seat near Morristown, N. J. Birds were fairly plentiful and good bags were the rule. It was worth twice the price of admission to see Clint's field spaniels work. They are merry little fellows, and it is difficult to get them to stop working long enough to eat a lunch.

AN important addition has been made to my premium list. The American typewriter is one of the very best of the cheap machines. It sells at $8.00 cash, yet I *give* it to any one sending me 8 subscriptions, at $1.00 each. An excellent opportunity for boys and girls. Who will be the first to earn one? See list on page xx.

WHEN making up your list of Christmas resents, don't forget to include a subscription to RECREATION. All of your friends, to whom you send this magazine, will feel grateful to you for a whole year.

I would like to buy several copies each of RECREATION for October, 1894, and January and February, 1895, for which full retail price will be paid.

The officers of the American Canoe Association are considering the advisability of holding the next annual meet at Grindstone Lake, in the St. Lawrence.

THE Horse Show at Madison Square Garden is as great a success this year as ever, the attendance averaging 20,000 to 25,000 daily.

C. H. Douglass, of 157 La Salle street, Chicago, has sent RECREATION 423 subscriptions. He is indeed a friend worth having.

The W. K. C. Show will be held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19 to 22 inclusive.

BICYCLING.

IF THERE IS ANY FORM OF RECREATION THAT IS THOROUGHLY RATIONAL, IT IS RIDING A BICYCLE. IF A RATIONAL, PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN HAD BICYCLES TO SELL, HE WOULD NATURALLY ADVERTISE THEM IN A HIGH-CLASS MAGAZINE, DEVOTED TO OUT-DOOR SPORTS, AND CALLED RECREATION. WOULD HE NOT?

THE MATHEMATICS OF WHEELING.

The mathematics of bicycling show, with surprising force, the wonderful ground-gaining powers of a high-grade wheel. One revolution of the pedal of an average bicycle drives the wheels ahead 15 feet. In covering 15 feet each wheel revolves twice—that is, 15 feet to each stroke of the pedal. A mile is covered in 352 strokes of the pedal, 10 miles in 3,520 strokes, and a century run in 35,200 strokes. These figures are apt to stagger a man who knows nothing of wheeling, and he fails to see where the fun comes in.

A rider in England recently rode 475 miles in 24 hours; that is, he drove the pedals 167,200 times.

On the basis that a man's step is 2½ feet, in covering a mile he takes 2,110 steps, or about six times as many steps as a cyclist makes strokes in covering the same distance. In covering 10 miles, the pedestrian takes 21,000 steps; in covering 100 miles 211,000 steps, and in walking 475 miles he would take over 1,000,000 steps. Probably he would be footsore and weary by this time, and his steps would be shorter, therefore more numerous. If he covered the distance in a week he would be a wonder.

Some interesting comparisons of a similar character have been made by the *Scientific American*. "The great distance covered by bicyclists with ease," it says, "shows conclusively that the human walking apparatus, although it may be the best possible contrivance for all the uses for which it was designed, it is not to be compared with wheels for the purpose of getting over the ground. A single observation of a wheelman going at moderate speed shows that, with an effort which in walking would result in two steps of say 2 feet each, or a total advance movement of 4 feet with the wheel, the advance movement would be two bicycle steps, or downward pressures of the feet, each resulting in a forward movement of 7½ feet, or 15 feet for one entire revolution of the pedal shaft, and this with less exertion than is required to take two steps. In fact, it would be easier for the bicyclist to make the 15 feet on a level, with one pressure of one foot, than to take two steps.

"Now, in view of these magnified steps made by the bicyclist, it would be interesting to know what the stature of a man must be to make, in walking, the same distance made by the bicyclist with the same number of movements of the feet. Clearly, the step in this case must be 7½ feet long, which, at the lowest estimate, represents three steps of an ordinary man. It would, perhaps, be nearer the mark to say 4 steps, but to be on the safe side we call it 3."

An illustration is given showing the comparative size of a wheelman and a pedestrian built to keep step with him. "The pedestrian must be at least 18 feet high. The man with his great stature would, after all, fall far short of making the speed of the bicycle. There is nothing like rotary motion. The wheel would be the winner in any race. While the bicycle has the advantage over the extremely tall pedestrian, it is obvious that the tall wheelman has no advantage over the short one."

The wheelwomen of this city have entered the political field. They are led by Mrs. Eva Sawyer Merry, who has been busily canvassing for names and money for the Federation Cyclists, which held a mass meeting recently in Lenox Lyceum for the purpose of adopting a constitution and electing permanent officers. There are already 600 members of the federation, and many hundreds more will no doubt join.

Mrs. Merry will be joined in the work by Mrs. C. L. Bolton, Miss Yatman, Mrs. Boardman, Mlle. Lagaczi and other women as enthusiastic on the subject of bicycling as she is.

The Chicago Cycle Show will be held at Tattersall's, in that city, under the management of the National Cycle Exhibition Company, January 4 to 11. The address of the company is 334 Dearborn st.

S. C. Cox, of Chicago, who was recently transferred from Class A to Class B by the L. A. W., established a new record at Fountain Ferry track, Louisville, going the one-third flying start, unpaced, in 43 seconds.

A. F. Senn lowered the two-mile record, flying start, unpaced, to 4m. 29s. The record was 4m. 30 3-5s.

Cyclist—Well, old man, how do you like the looks of my bike?

Mr. Hayseed—Land o' Goshen! see how the fool thing's built. Whyn't put them two wheels side an' side, an' you'll git over th' groun' like smoke?

"One is dressed to kill and the other killed to dress." The conundrum has been misplaced. It was something about a dude and a Christmas turkey

P. J. Berlo rode a mile at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 10, in 1:46 4-5.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

G. W. Cole & Co.,
111 Broadway, City.

I have been using for years, on my shotguns, rifles and pistols, about every kind of lubricant and so-called rust removers and preventives, on the market, and your "3 in 1" is far superior to anything that has been brought to my attention.

As a lubricant alone, it seems to be an ideal compound, but its chief value lies in its completeness as a rust preventive. I have heretofore been compelled to go over my guns once every two weeks to keep them free from rust, but since using "3 in 1," I have not been under the necessity of doing anything more than seeing that they were carefully cleaned and oiled, when I could lay them away and know that whether it was one month or six, I should find them in the condition they were in when cleaned.

Last winter, I cleaned with your "3 in 1," a valuable Greener gun, put it in its case, and left it for several weeks in a damp bedroom, in a country house, and on examination, made a short time since, found it in perfect condition. Until I find something superior to yours, I shall unhesitatingly commend it as the best thing for the purpose ever known.
W. R. Bronk,
2 Wall street, New York.

The Marlin Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., has issued a new catalogue that contains much of interest to riflemen. This little book is gotten up in much more artistic shape than is usual in the case of gun catalogues. It has a gold embossed cover and the engravings are much finer and more pleasant to the eye than you are accustomed to see in such publications. Furthermore, the book is small, compact and can be easily carried in the pocket. Another new departure is noted in the fact that the cartridges, especially the new smokeless types, are shown on the same pages with the rifles to which they are adapted.

Heretofore the Marlin people have made only small bore rifles, but, with the opening of this season, they place on the market a line of 40 and 45 calibers, adapted to the modern smokeless as well as the black powder cartridges. They are also adapted to moose, bear, elk, etc. Lovers of big game hunting will find in the new 45-90—but the best way to find out all about these new rifles is to send for the new catalogue.

Your attention is called to the investment advertisement of the Petit Manan Land and Industrial Company, of Maine.

The company owns 2,565 acres of land, known on the Maine coast as Petit Manan, a peninsula extending into the Atlantic ocean some seven miles. There are 22 miles of coast line bordering on Dyers and Pidgeon Hill Bays and the ocean.

This immense property lies 10 miles due east from Bar Harbor, is easily accessible by land or water, and possesses more real genuine attractions than any other tract of land on the New England coast. Sixteen miles of beautiful roads have been built, 300 lots have been sold, wharves have been built, a bathing pool of 12 acres in extent is completed, several cottages are in course of construction, and between 50 and 60 more will be built this winter and the coming spring.

Full information furnished on application to either office, by parties interested in the stocks or the lots. This is an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. It will only cost you 2 cents to inquire further.

Petit Manan Land & Industrial Co.,
Belfast, Me., or Boston, Mass.

The passenger department of the Plant System has issued a beautiful little book entitled "The Gun and Rod in Florida." It contains many handsome pictures of shooting and fishing scenes and a lot of valuable information for sportsmen.

Write B. W. Wrenn, G. P. A., Savannah, Ga., and ask for a copy. Inclose a 2-cent stamp and mention Recreation.

WHEN YOU GO TO FLORIDA

Travel by the safest, fastest and best route—the "Clyde Line." Only two-and-a-half days from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., without change. No transfers; excellent steamships, discipline and service; finest cuisine; lowest rates. Write "Clyde Line," New York, for descriptive matter, mailed free.

When making your next trip to Boston, do not fail to take the Boston and Albany 4 p. m. limited train. This train is entirely equipped with new and elegant vestibuled Pullman cars.

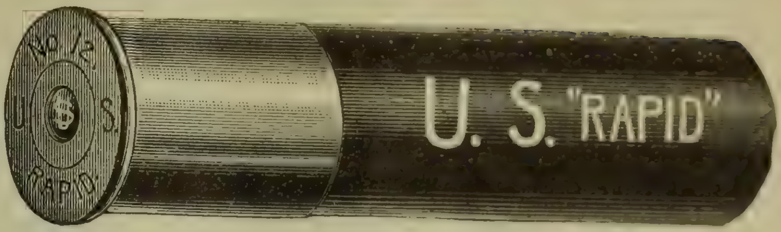
A new monthly newspaper, called the *Savannah Line News*, is issued by the passenger department of the Ocean Steamship Company, Pier 35, N. R., New York. It is for free distribution. Send for it. Mention Recreation.

The 4 p. m. trains from New York to Boston, via Boston and Albany Railroad, have new and elegantly equipped cars, just received from the Pullman shops.

Send in your dollar and the name and address of your friend. The receipt which I will send him will bear the legend, "Merry Christmas. Compliments of"—you, for instance.

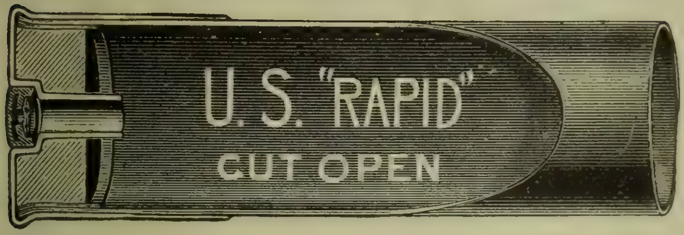
Take the 4 p. m. limited train, via Boston and Albany Railroad, to Boston. New and elegantly equipped.

U. S.



RAPID

SHOT SHELL.



FOR

Nitro

Powders.

Penetration increased with pattern 15 per cent. improved. Results same with every shell. None so regular ever produced before. Head of shell and battery cup one piece of metal. No gas escape, no balling of shot, no upsetting of charge.

U. S. CARTRIDGE CO.

AGENTS

U. T. HUNGERFORD,
29 Chambers Street, N. Y. City.
CHAS. SONNTAG CO.,
San Francisco, Cal.

Lowell, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

HINTS FOR THE DARK-ROOM.

F. C. Lambert, in *Photo. Times.*

1. A place for everything, and everything in its place, is nowhere of more practical importance than in the dark-room. This applies, with especial emphasis, to those articles — bottles, dishes, brushes, etc. — which one is liable to want during the operations of changing or developing plates, etc.

2. When the eyes are more or less handicapped, in the dim light, it is a great help to have things so arranged that the sense of touch aids that of imperfect sight, by having the various bottles, measures, etc., used for developing, of different sizes and shapes. Each one is recognized the instant the finger-tip touches it, and this soon becomes of such value that it will prevent mistakes in using the wrong thing—an accident by no means unlikely when the attention is concentrated on some new problem, or when prompt action is called for to save a faulty exposure.

3. Each bottle will, of course, have its own label, describing its contents, but usually the light is too dim to allow you to read the label. It is expedient to mark each bottle with a distinctive letter, large and bold, with either black varnish or white enamel paint. Thus, P, for the pyro bottle; A, for ammonia; B, for bromide, and so on.

4. Before commencing development, or any other operation which requires the light to be turned low, spend a few minutes (1) in clearing away everything that will not be needed, and (2) putting all those articles which are likely to be wanted each in its own place, so that, should anything unusual be needed, it shall be at hand.

5. It is not easy to see the graduation marks on the measures. This may be partly met by taking a hard lead pencil, bringing it to a good point, and then rubbing it into the fine lines cut on the glass. Or the marks may be blacked with a little black varnish, thinned with turpentine and applied with a fine paint-brush.

6. Everyone knows that the human eye takes time to accommodate its sensitiveness to great differences of contrast. For instance, passing out of sunshine into a dark cellar one feels blind at first and unable to see by the light of a candle; but presently this light enables one to see much that at first was invisible. We photographers all know how the sensitiveness of our vision increases after being in the red light of the dark-room a short time.

On entering the room, first arrange, by a good light, all things needed. Then slowly lower the light until it is almost absolute darkness, close the eyes and rest them a few minutes. Then, on opening them again and only slightly raising the light, you will feel not only the great comfort of the rest, but will be able to use less light than usual and see more clearly the growth of the image than if you entered the dark-room from bright daylight and began at once to fumble about, upset things and generally to waste time and to experience discomfort.

Two Irwin girls became infatuated with the idea of having their pictures taken with their heads coquettishly stuck through a torn newspaper, and visited a photograph gallery for that purpose. When the pictures were finished they were horrified to see—what they had failed to notice—that in the newspaper they had stuck their heads through, just beneath their laughing faces, was a clothing firm's advertisement, headed, "Our pants are lined in the seat."—*Harrisburg Call.*

"Astronomers are not agreed that *all* the surface markings on the moon can be explained by volcanic action," says *Popular Astronomy.* "Those who believe that the volcanic theory accounts for the so-called crater formations with central cones, are not satisfied with such an explanation for the origin of the walled or rampart plains. They confess that the origin of these features and some others are beyond their explanation."

For hardening gelatine films, Dr. Jenney recommends plunging them for five minutes in a solution composed of: water, 1 litre; alum, 500 grammes, and 3 to 4 grammes of tannin.

The Atlas Steamship Co., 24 State street, New York, runs a line of commodious steel steamers between New York and Jamaica, Hayti and Costa Rica. Passage, including meals and stateroom, costs only $5 a day for the entire voyage.

Write for beautifully illustrated pamphlet giving full particulars. Mention Recreation.

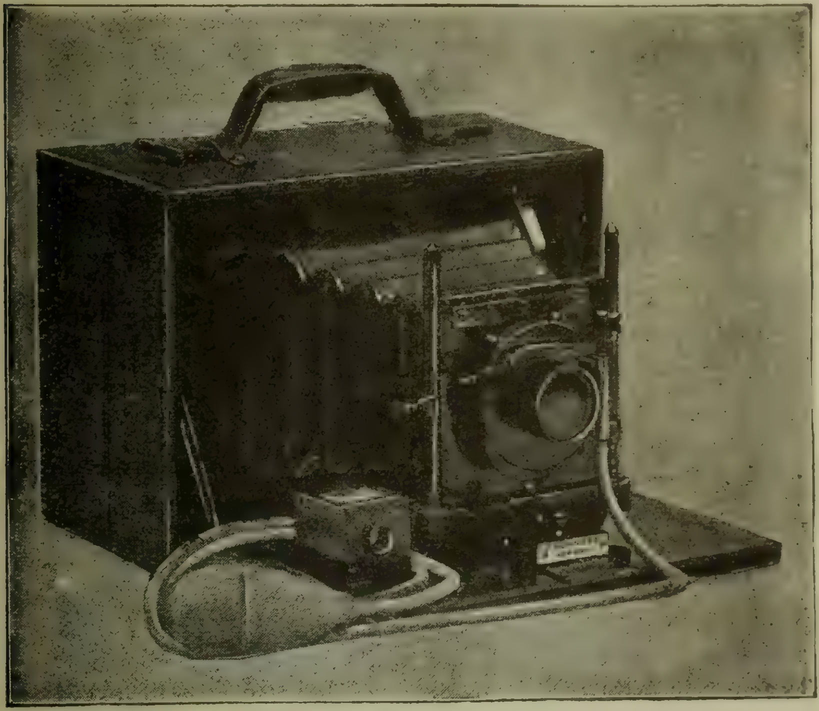
Read Mr. J. R. Painter's advertisement of music-boxes on page xiv. I have examined his goods carefully, and know them to be first-class in every way.

I have been out shooting only a few times this fall, but had good sport in each instance. Have killed about a dozen ruffed grouse and about the same number of woodcock. The fall flight of the latter has not set in yet, but I think this moon will bring them. There is a good crop of grouse this fall, as there were plenty left over from last year, and the season has been favorable for breeding.

Leonard Bunting, Greenfield, N. Y.

THE FOLDING MONTAUK. '95 Prizewinner.

The Folding Montauk combines the experience of our friends with other cameras and our own ingenuity to the end that it has all modern improvements and a number of new features. It has swings, adjustable front, etc., etc., of our own design. In finish it surpasses all others, and is undoubtedly a thing of beauty and a joy forever.



Will make Snap Shots in all Kinds of Weather.

There is Nothing Equal to our Camera. Don't take the so-called Just as Good.

PRICE.

Fitted with Gundlach Double Rapid Rectilinear Lens and Shutter

For Pictures	4 x 5.	$25.00
" "	5 x 7.	32.50
" "	6½ x 8½.	50.00
" "	8 x 10.	75.00

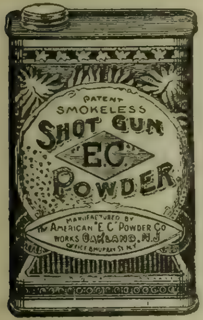
Pointer!

You may be certain of one thing, no Lens is equal to a ROSS, London made. If you can afford it have one fitted to your camera at once.

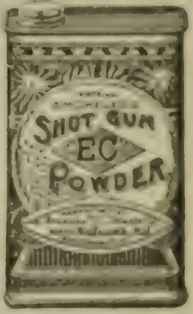
Invitation.

You are cordially invited to inspect our warerooms, the largest and handsomest in the world and examine our complete stock of everything pertaining to photography.

C. GENNERT, 24 and 26 East Thirteenth Street, New York.



E. C.



SMOKELESS POWDER

At Jack Parker's tournament, Detroit, 1895, the following marvelous scores were made, proving the wonderful regularity of "E. C." Powder.

DIAMOND MEDAL TEAM RACE.

Upson, Redwing,	99	Wood, Parker,	98

out of 100 targets shot at.

The Handicap Championship Cup was won by a gentleman breaking 50 straight with "E. C." Powder.

For Duck Shooting "E. C." is by far the best, as it is the only smokeless powder that holds its patterns with heavy charges.

THE AMERICAN "E. C." POWDER CO., Limited,
OAKLAND,
BERGEN COUNTY, N. J.

For Sale by all Dealers.

CRUISINGS IN THE CASCADES

A NARRATIVE OF

Travel, Exploration, Amateur Photography, Hunting, and Fishing,

With Special Chapters on Hunting the

Grizzly Bear, the Buffalo, Elk, Antelope, Rocky Mountain Goat, and Deer; also on Trouting in the Rocky Mountains; on a Montana Roundup; Life Among the Cowboys, Etc.

BY G. O. SHIELDS, ("COQUINA")

Author of "RUSTLINGS IN THE ROCKIES," "HUNTING IN THE GREAT WEST," "THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE," etc.

12mo. 300 Pages. 75 Illustrations. Cloth, $2.00; Half Calf, $3.00.

The learned writer, scientist, and sportsman, Col. W. D. Pickett, better known as "P.," says of this book: "The true lover of nature who delights to occasionally escape from the annoyances and worriments inseparable from so-called civilized life, and to wander amid scenes that tell only of the infinite power, the beneficence, and the grandeur of the Great Ruler; who delights to worship in the grandest of all His temples—the mountains; who realizes and feels His presence on every mountain peak, in every dark canyon, in every rushing wind, in every gentle zephyr, and who, amid such scenes, above all realizes his own weakness and littleness; he it is who will take pleasure in following the author amid some of the grandest and most beautiful scenery on this continent. If, added to this, the reader should be imbued with some of the tastes and sympathies of the sportsman, additional zest will be given in the pleasant, graphic, and truthful descriptions of fishing and hunting incidents. The young sportsman who is desirous of hunting large game, will find many indispensable hints as to their habits and the best methods of pursuing them. This book will meet with universal favor."

Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, author of "The Still Hunter," and other popular books, says: "It is one ot the most entertaining books on field sports yet published. Mr. Shields always has something to say, and says it in a way that makes one see it. He is never dull, and there is an air of truth about his work that fully satisfies the reader."

Mr. Orin Belknap, known and loved of all sportsmen by his familiar pseudonym of "Uncle Fuller," says: "The author of this work has placed the sportsmen of America under lasting obligations by his pleasing descriptions of his adventures in the wilds of these little-known mountains. Any writer who calls the attention of American sportsmen to the wonderful opportunities for legitimate sport—worth a trip across the continent, or a life-time of the tame enjoyment of Eastern sportsmanship—hidden away in the mysterious gorges of the Cascade range, deserves the thanks of each and all who ever shouldered gun or rod. May this book prompt others of America's adventurous lovers of the wilderness to more thorough search for the hidden wonders of these mighty hills."

"Boone," the writer of so many charming reminiscences of days among the hills, says of this book: "To the reader whose calling in life, or whose personal limitations shut him off from the privileges enjoyed by Mr. Shields, there is given in these pages descriptions of scenery so vivid as to enable him to realize the grandeur in nature of the land that gives us birth. There are given him descriptions and traits of animals, in their wild state and in their native haunts, that he may never see save in collections. Let me commend it to all into whose hands this book may come—and they ought to be many—to give it a *careful*, not a cursory reading. On second, and attentive reading, I was really struck by the accuracy of the author's descriptions of the bison, elk, antelope, grizzly bear, and mountain goat; and the delineations from his little camera make the whole work graphic indeed."

"Sillalicum," another well-known and popular contributor to the sportsmen's journals, has this to say: "Mr. Shields evidently saw everything that could interest the sportsman, farmer, lumberman, or tourist, and has described the country and its objects of interest in an interesting, truthful way, with the eloquence of the artist, and the enthusiasm of the sportsman. No book ever published on Western sports is so delightfully written. A perusal of its pages places the reader among the scenes described, and he imagines himself looking at the rushing schools of salmon; he hears the murmuring of the mountain stream; the whispering of the alpine zephyr; and can almost catch the gleam of the mountain lake as it washes the foot of the cragged peak on which roams the white goat."

Says W. B. Leffingwell, the gifted author of "Wild Fowl Shooting," and of "Shooting on Upland, Field, and Marsh:" "I have rarely encountered, anywhere, such vivid descriptions of life in the mountains, as are found in 'Cruisings in the Cascades.' My blood tingles as I follow the author, through these pages, in his encounters with the noble game he found in the great hills; and I long to lay aside the cares of business, of literary work, and seek those mighty fastnesses wherein he had such grand sport."

"Men who enjoy jaunts into the woods in search of big game will find this book extremely interesting."—*New York Herald.*

"'Cruisings in the Cascades' is by far the best thing Coquina has ever written." —*American Field.*

"It is a handsomely printed and finely illustrated volume, made up of spirited sketches of travels, explorations, hunting, and fishing. It is charmingly interesting. The author mingles solid facts of great value with accounts of his wild adventures, and tells the story with an off-hand style that banishes sleep from tired eyes."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"Mr. Shields handles a much diversified group of subjects with a master hand, and adheres throughout to a singularly pleasant and original way of expressing himself. His chapter on 'Trouting in the Rocky Mountains' is as delicious a bit of word painting as we have ever met with."—*Sports Afield.*

"'Cruisings in the Cascades' is Mr. Shields' latest, and, we think, best publication. It will be heartily appreciated by American sportsmen. One of the most important chapters in the book is that on the Rocky Mountain goat. Heretofore there has been but little written on that animal, and Mr. Shields has treated the subject in a thorough and careful manner. He has recorded much valuable matter with regard to this animal which can be referred to by naturalists and sportsmen with profit. Many of the illustrations in the book are from photographs taken by the author, and are unusually good."—*Shooting and Fishing.*

"Coquina is widely and favorably known as an entertaining, practical writer on out-door sports, and 'Cruisings in the Cascades' will add to his well-earned fame in his special field. His pen-pictures of wild life and wild sports in the Far West are accompanied by many excellent illustrations of fish and game, and of the scenes and places visited, adding greatly to the attractive character of the work."—*Recreation.*

"The pages are breezy and the illustrations numerous and attractive, the camera having been freely used by the author in his travels."—*Turf, Field, and Farm.*

"Mr. Shields' touches on numerous subjects. Nothing seems to escape his keen eye, and whatever he describes becomes vivid to the mind of the reader, full of interest and clearly defined. His pen-pictures of hunting adventures, boating, and the sports of the ranch, tingle with the warm glow of quickened pulse-beats and rapidly coursing blood."—*Book Chat.*

"The author's style of writing would make even a dull subject enjoyable, but with such a theme—his own extended and rich experience—we have a book whose wide circulation seems assured. There are enchanting sketches of scenery, pleasing stories of mountain climbing, of hunting and fishing; excellent estimates and delineations of Indian character, drawn from personal contact; a fine description of salmon and their habits, and such accounts of bear, elk, deer, and goat hunting as to make the blood of the hunter tingle in every vein."—*Public Opinion.*

"Mr. Shields is not only a hunter, but an angler, and an amateur photographer, and on his excursions in the mountains has made good use of his opportunities. As a narrative of adventure the book is entertaining, and as a record of sport it will delight many readers."—*The Literary World.*

"It is sure to meet with a large sale."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"It is by all odds the most fascinating book on big game hunting ever published." —*The Journalist.*

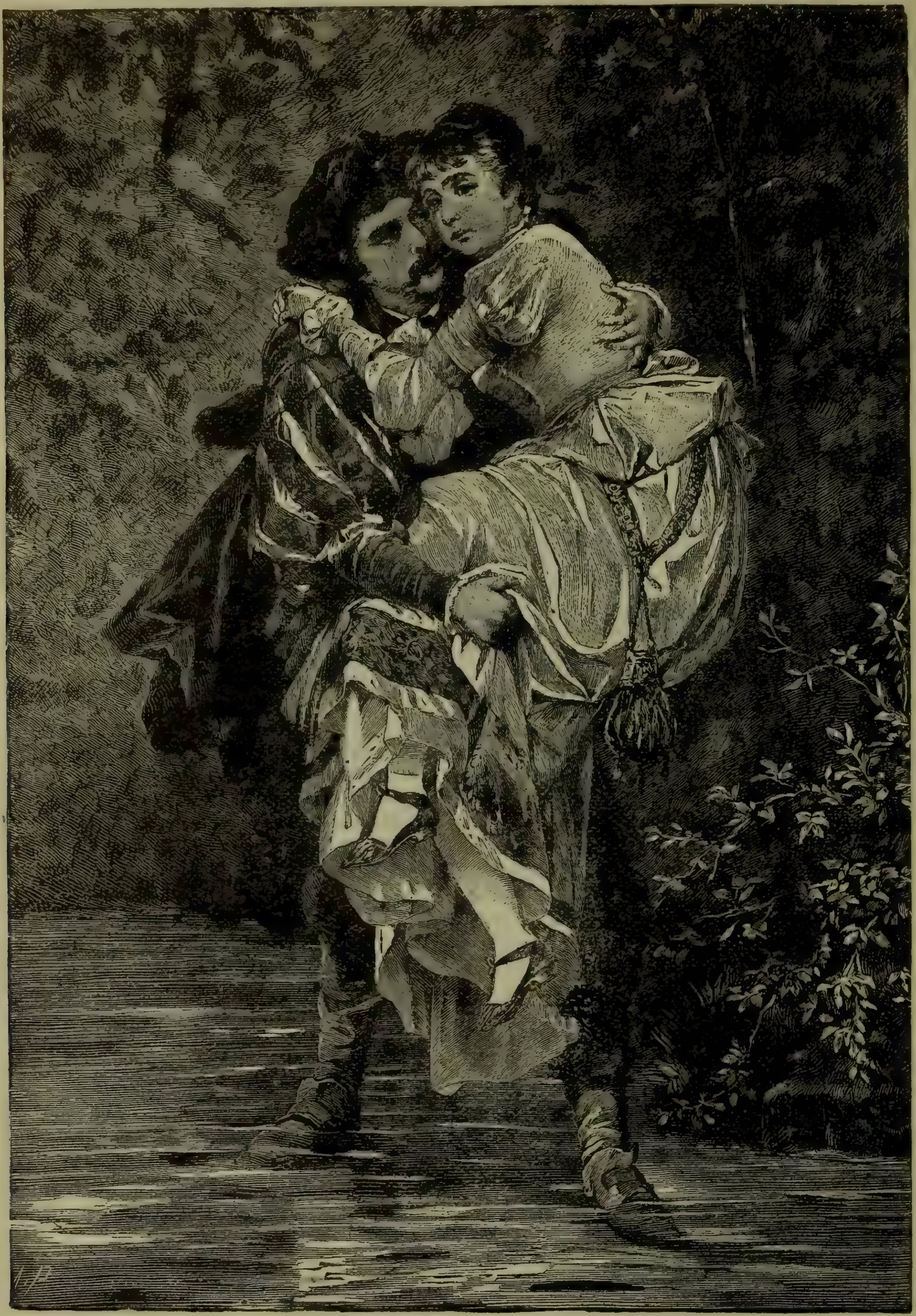
"The illustrations are, for the most part, made from photographs, and are one of the chief charms of the book. Those who have read 'Rustlings in the Rockies,' by the same author, are familiar with the charm of his style."—*Photographic Times.*

"It is beautifully printed and profusely illustrated, detailing a great variety of adventure in travel, exploration, hunting, and fishing. Mr. Shields is an enthusiastic lover of nature in all her wilder forms, with an eye quick to see the beauty and grandeur of river and plain, and forest and mountain, and a ready pen to describe them. He is a keen and tireless sportsman, a quick and accurate judge of men, with that curious quality of humor that enables a man to see and enjoy the oddities, even in perilous passages, all grounded on the restless spirit of the born rover. To the great majority of men, for whom wild adventure possesses an irresistible fascination, this book is full of the most absorbing interest."—*Chicago Times.*

This book will be mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price, by the Author

C. O. SHIELDS,

19 W. 24th Street, NEW YORK.



CROSSING THE BROOK.

TAPESTRY PAINTING, BY J. F. DOUTHITT.

Tapestry Paintings.

2,000 tapestry paintings to choose from, 38 artists employed, including gold medalists of the Paris Salon.

Decorations.

Write for color schemes, designs, estimates. Artists sent to all parts of the world, to do every sort of decorating and painting. We are educating the country in color harmony. Relief, wall-paper, stained glass, carpets, furniture, window shades, draperies, tiles, parquette floors, wood-work, etc.

Pupils taught decoration.

Wall Paper.

New styles, choice colorings, designed by gold medalists, from 10 cents a roll up.

Send for Circular and Samples.

Art School. Six 3-hour tapestry painting lessons, in studio, $5.00. Complete Printed Instruction by mail, $1.00. Tapestry paintings rented. Full size drawings, paints, brushes, etc., supplied. Nowhere, Paris not excepted, are such advantages offered pupils.

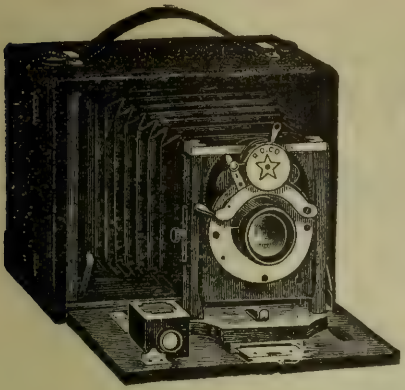
Tapestry Materials. We manufacture tapestry materials. Superior to foreign goods, and at half the price. Book of samples, 10 cents.

Douthitt's Manual of Art Decoration. The Decorative Art Book of the Century; 200 pages; 50 full-page original illustrations; $2, postage prepaid.

The Goddess of Atvatabar, A Trip to the Interior World. "Jules Verne in his happiest days outdone." 318 octavo pages, 44 illustrations. Price, $2, postage prepaid. Paper cover, 50 cents.

J. F. DOUTHITT, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

SPECIAL ARTIST FOR DEN AND CLUB DECORATION.



PREMO CAMERA

BEST FOR THE SPORTSMAN.

Owing to its extreme compactness, portability and ease of manipulation, the PREMO, is especially adapted for the use of all Sportsmen. Just think of a complete 4x5 Camera, measuring only 4¾x5½x6½ inches, and weighing but two pounds. The IDEAL CAMERA for Tourists, Bicyclists, Canoeists, Camping Parties, etc.

SEND FOR
PREMO PAMPHLET
Giving Full Particulars.

Rochester Optical Co.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Peter Möller's Cod Liver Oil

IS ESSENTIALLY A MEDICINAL COD LIVER OIL,

as it is prepared from the **livers** of **cod-fish only** that are perfectly **fresh** and **free from indication of disease.**

THE OIL IS EXTRACTED

at a proper temperature, and is kept from atmospheric contact from the beginning of the process of extraction until it is safely corked up in bottles.

Put up only in flat, oval bottles, sealed with date of production in perforated letters.

Send for pamphlet on "NORWAY'S LOFOTEN ISLANDS."

Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

Fat Lady—I wish to look at some wheels, please.
Bicycle Clerk—Bureau castors we don't keep, mum, furniture store in the next block.—*E. C., in Courier Journal.*

THE FOREHAND GUN WHICH YOU SENT ME FOR A CLUB OF 35 SUBSCRIBERS TO RECREATION IS THE NEATEST AND TRIMMEST WEAPON, FOR THE PRICE, I HAVE EVER SEEN.

R. H. MERTZ,
GLADSTONE, MICH.

My copy of August RECREATION has not arrived. Please send it, as we all like the magazine so well that it is indispensable in my family. My little boy, 8 years old, looks for it as eagerly as I do. It is a household gem.
A. N. [illegible], M. D.,
Hot Springs, N. C.

Please find $4 for four new subscriptions to your splendid magazine. It is the best thing of its kind I ever saw. Every one likes it. I have as many more subscribers on the string.
A. [illegible], [illegible], Vt.

As yet my August number of RECREATION has not arrived. What can be the matter? I cannot get along without it. I would rather go without my breakfast than miss RECREATION.
L. A. [illegible], [illegible], N. Y.

I inclose you $1 for subscription to RECREATION. I get more pleasure out of your magazine than I can for 20 times the money spent in any other way.
[illegible], M. D.,
[illegible], Mo.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES.

To Any Person Sending Me

Two Yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will give a copy of "Hunting in the Great West," paper.

Three subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of "The Battle of the Big Hole," cloth.

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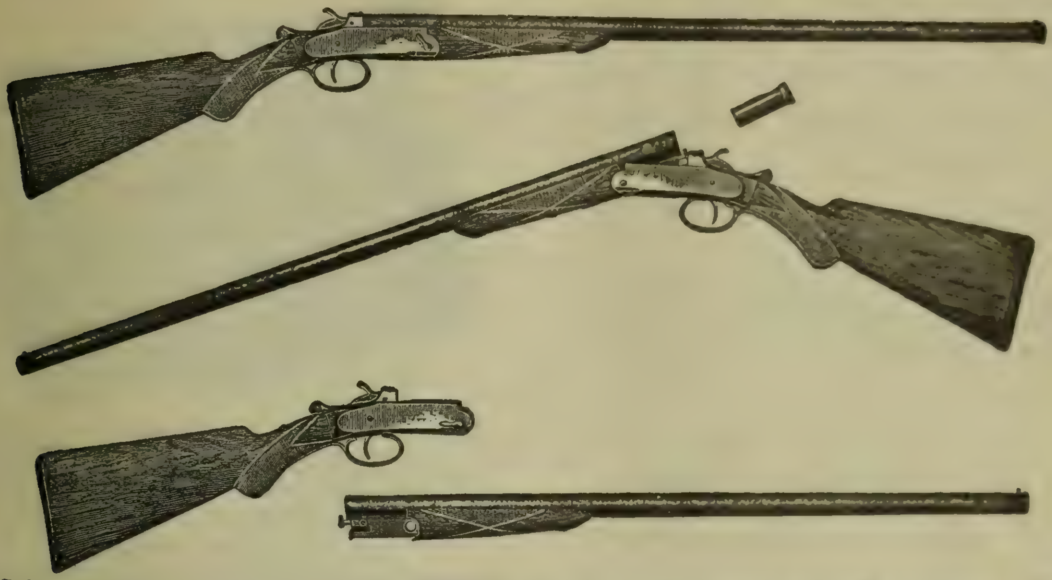

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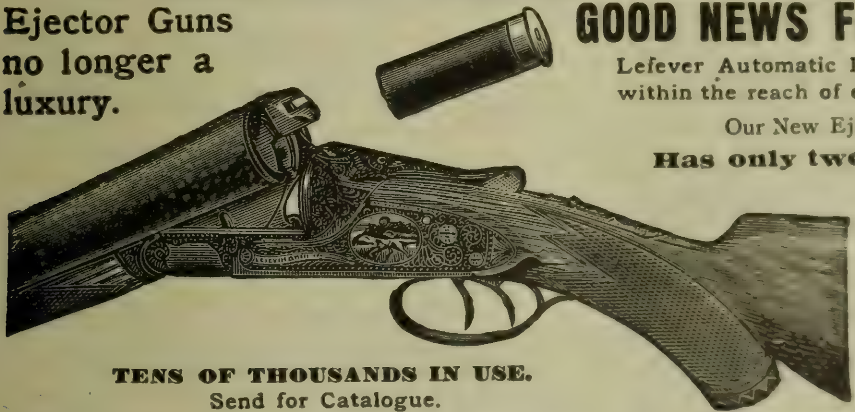

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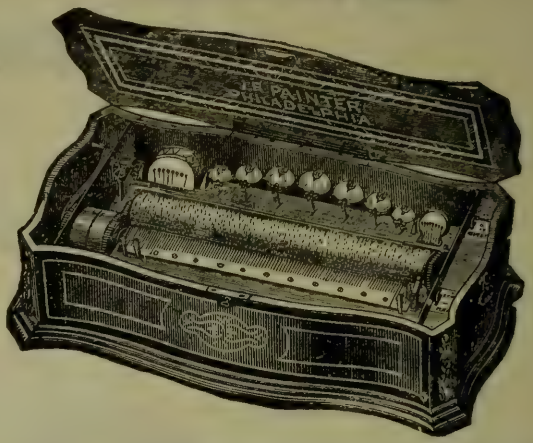

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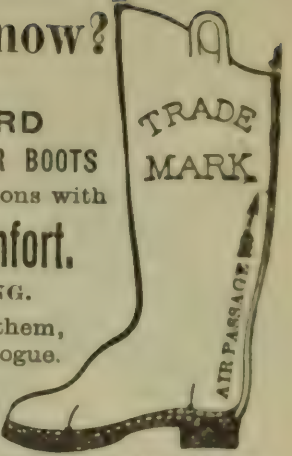

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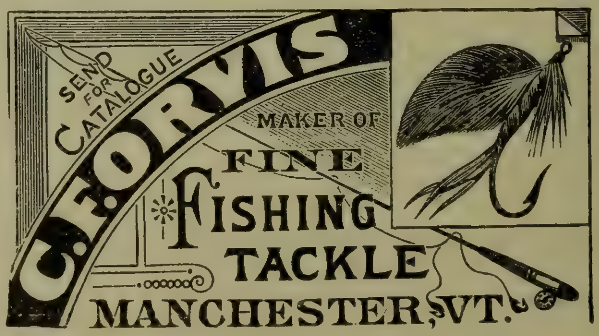

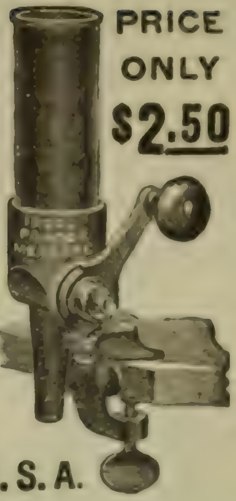

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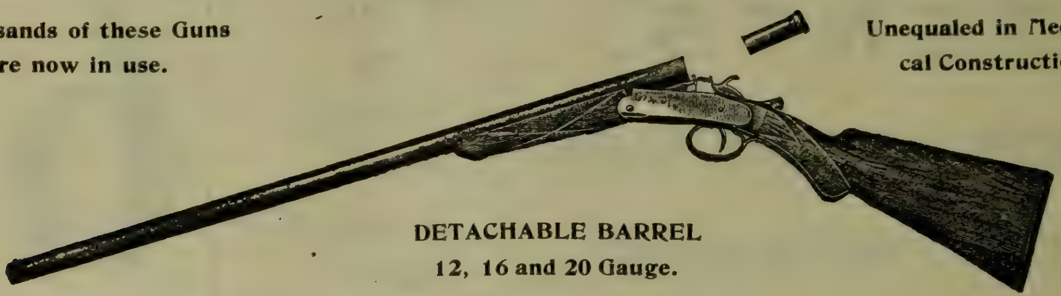

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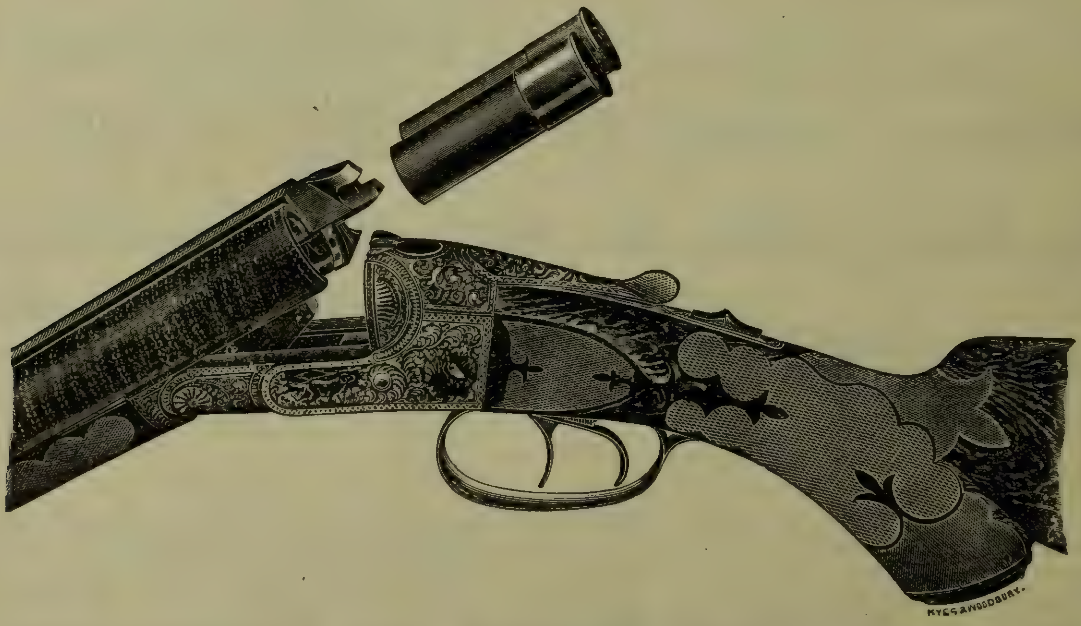
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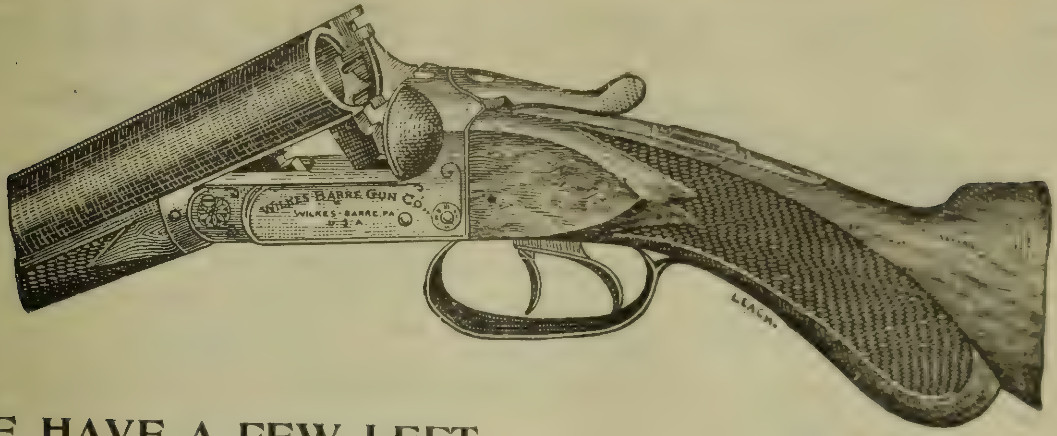
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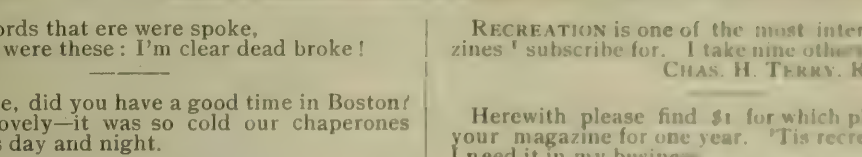

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Rose—Just lovely—it was so cold our chaperones wore ear-muffs day and night.

Billy—Jack, did you have any fun while your wife was away?
Jack—Didn't I? I put up every stove-pipe in the house without a word of instruction.

Mrs. Hopkins—Mrs. Perkins, is your husband much of a fisherman?
Mrs. Hopkins—Oh yes, he's an elegant fisherman but then, you know, he never catches anything.

RECREATION is one of the most interesting magazines I subscribe for. I take nine others.
CHAS. H. TERRY, Reading, Pa.

Herewith please find $1 for which please send me your magazine for one year. 'Tis recreation, [illegible] I need it in my business.
D. B. VAN WAGENEN, M. D., Suffern, N. Y.

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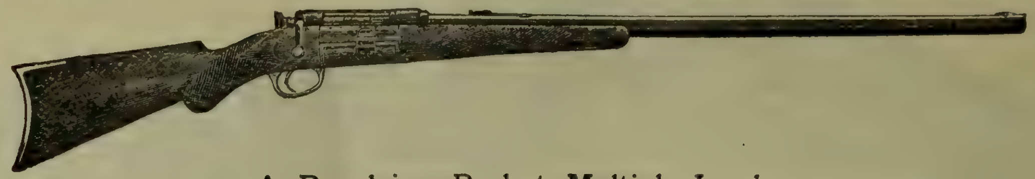
Julia—Great goodness! Edith, you know it is all I can do to get up in time to see it set.

A woman offered her landlady a worthless check in payment for a week's board! She tried to check her board, so to speak.

THE 6 M. M. BLAKE.



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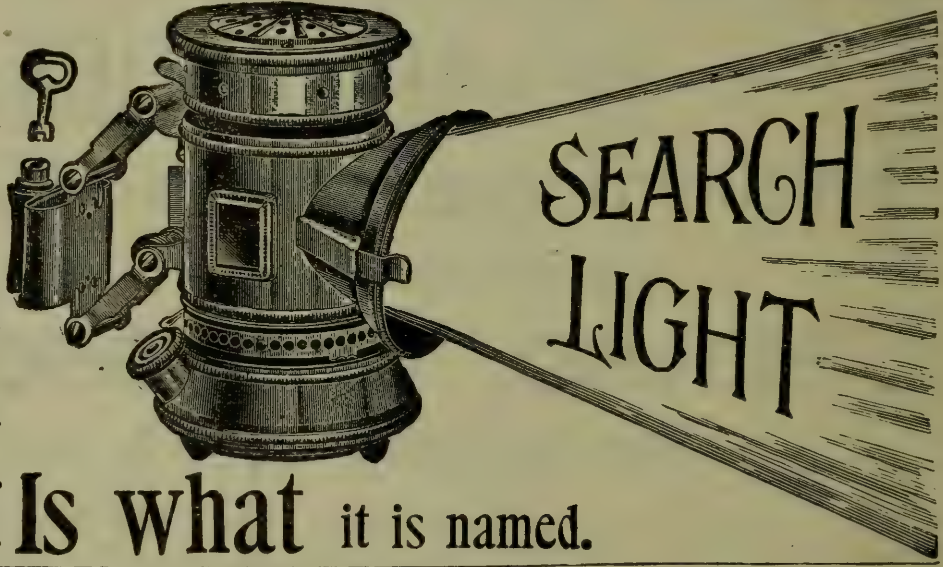

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Lanoka, Ocean Co., N. J.

A party of four of us left New York, on Monday, Nov. 4, via the Central Railroad of New Jersey, for Waretown, N. J., to have a day's duck shooting on Barnegat Bay. The day was rather calm and the ducks were doing very little trading, being content to stay on their feeding grounds. We however bagged 24 ducks, 1 loon and 20 snipe. I should be pleased to furnish information to anyone who will address, J. R. B.,
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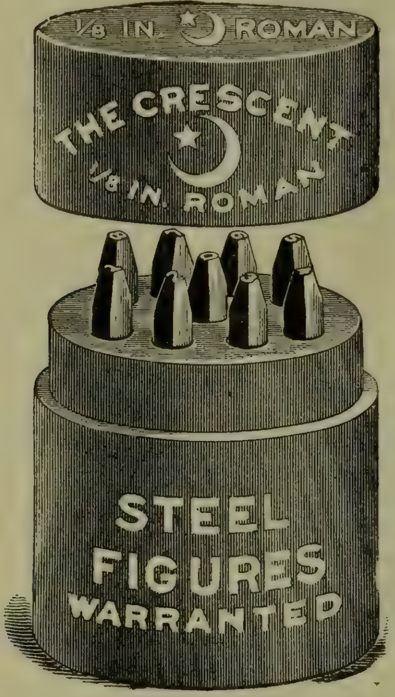

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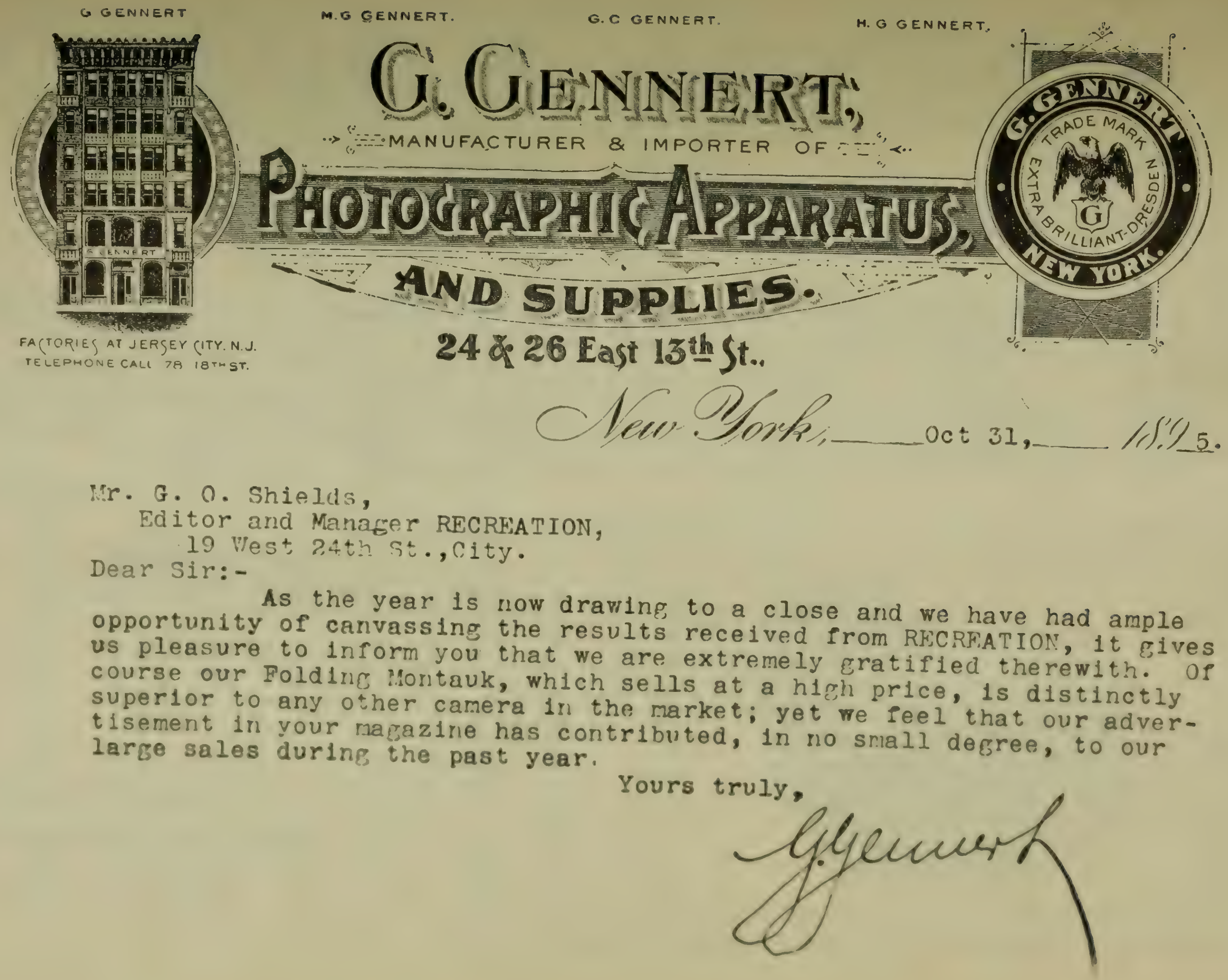

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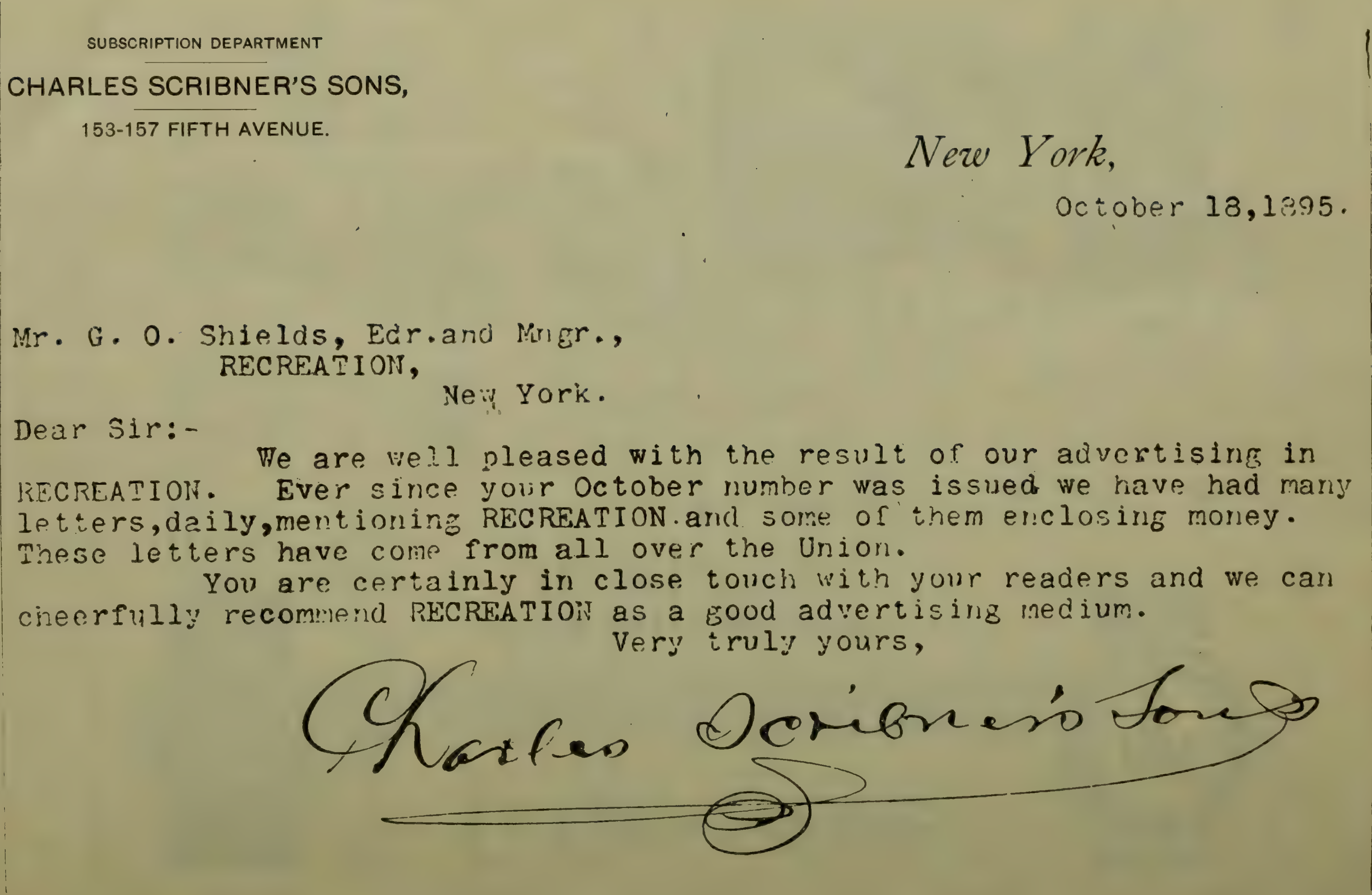

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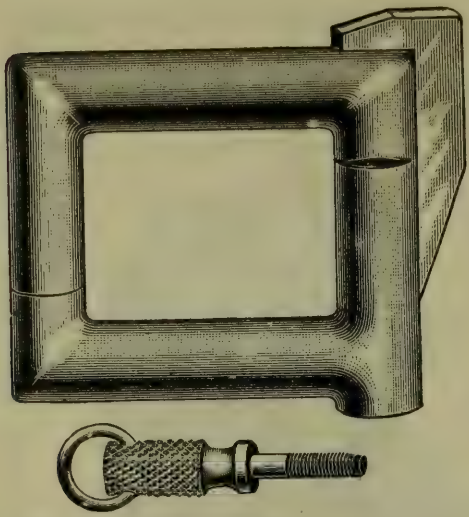

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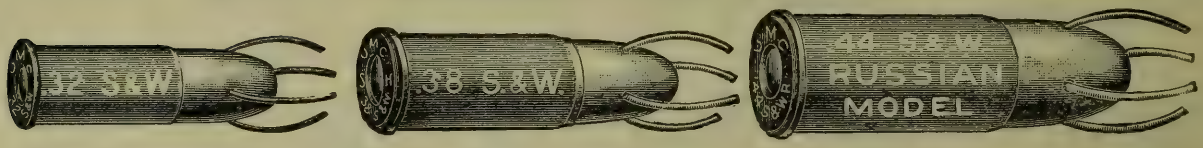
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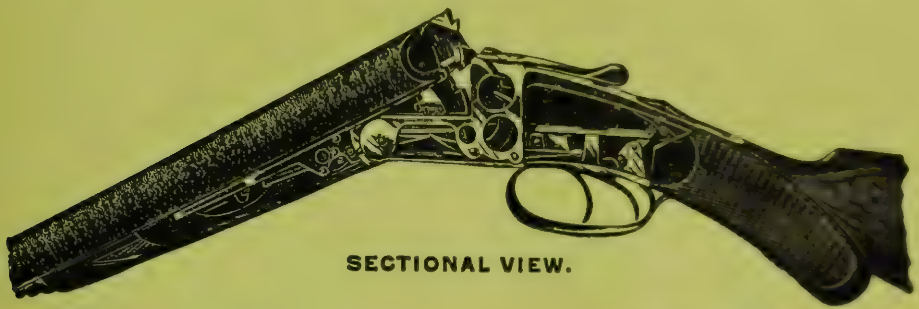

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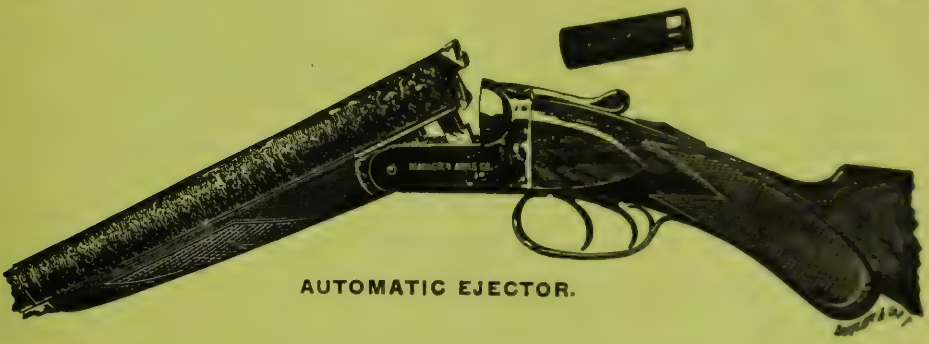

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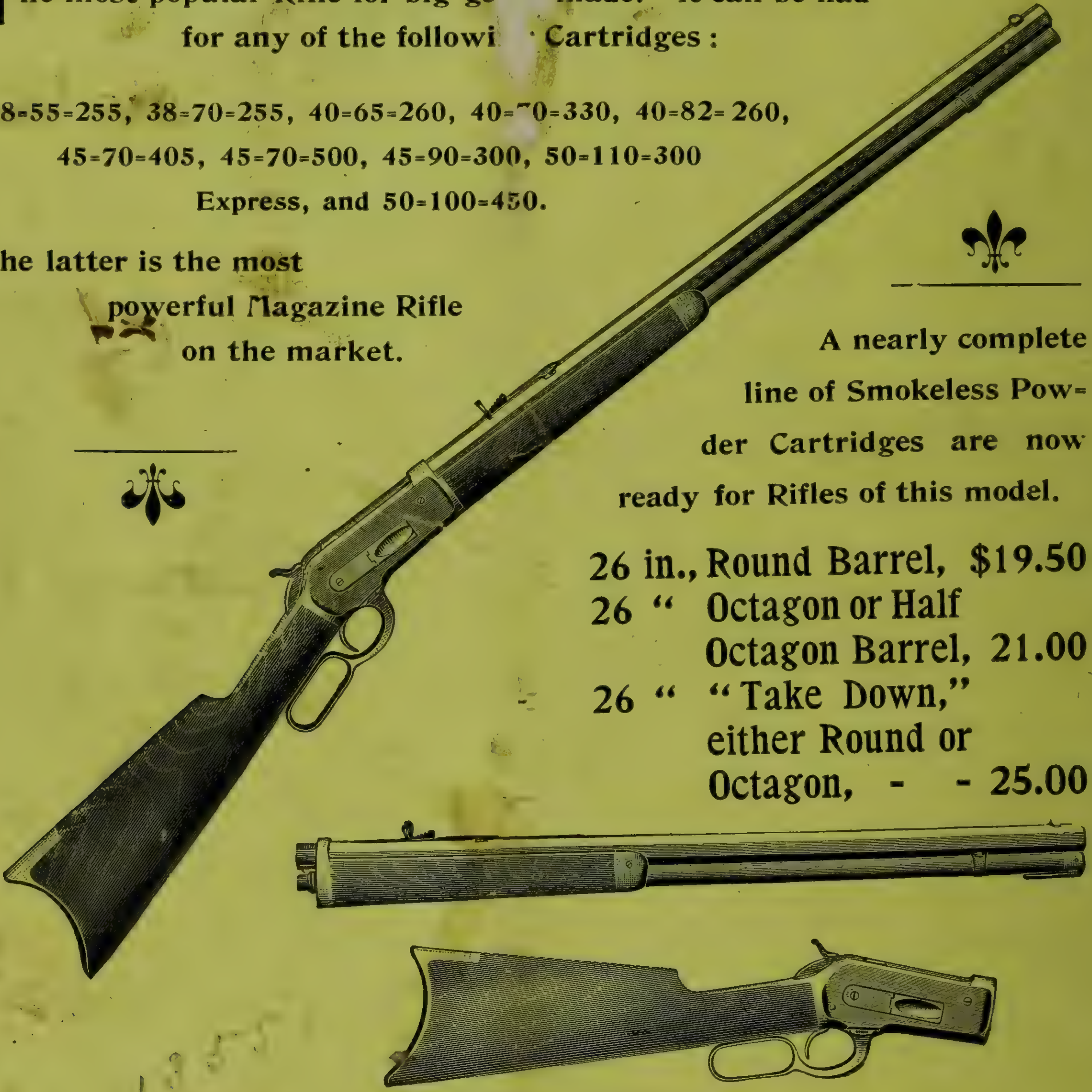

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